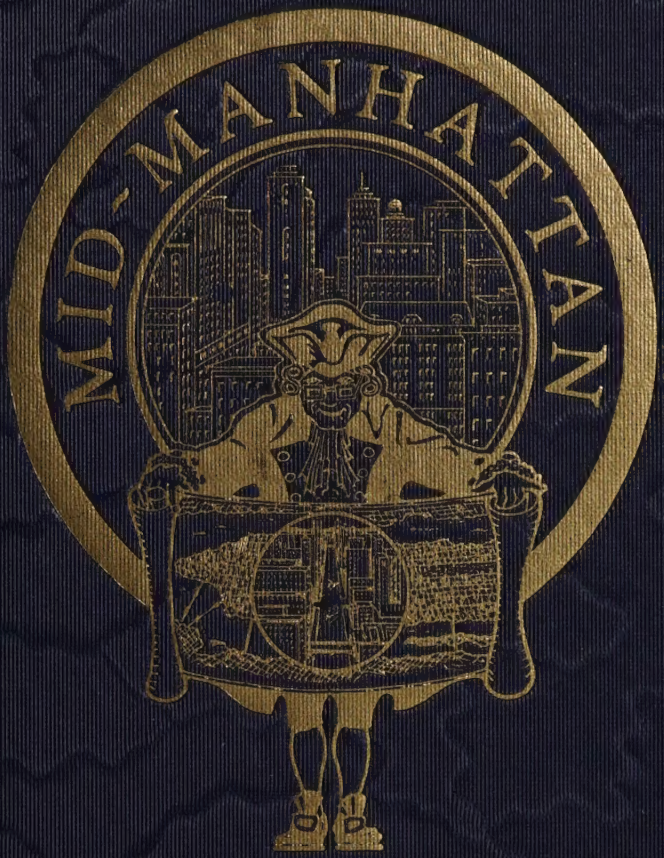

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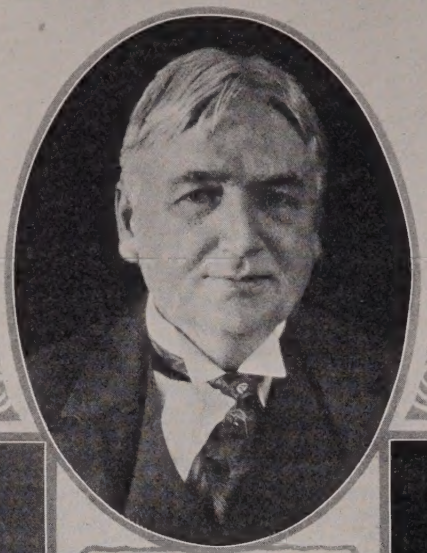

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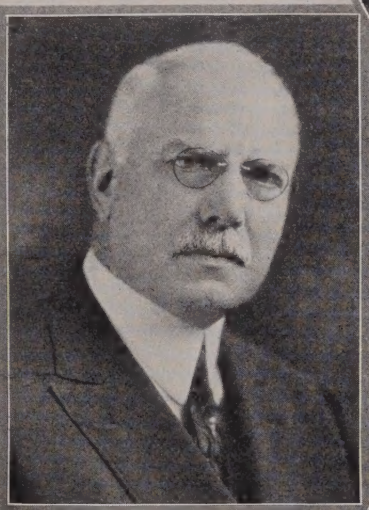

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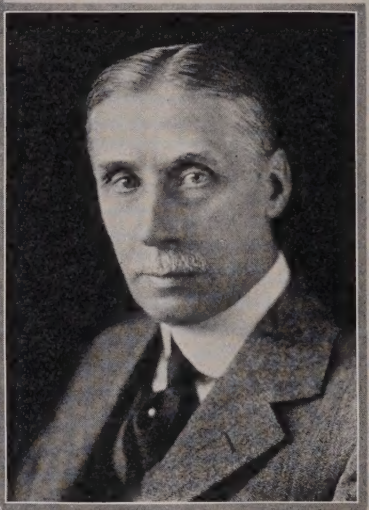

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Mid-Manhattan

THAT SECTION OF THE GREATER CITY OF NEW YORK BETWEEN WASHINGTON SQUARE AND CENTRAL PARK AND THE EAST AND NORTH RIVERS IN THE BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN

By

MARTIN CLARY

PUBLISHED BY

FORTY-SECOND STREET PROPERTY OWNERS AND MERCHANTS ASSOCIATION, Inc.

With the endorsement and cooperation of

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SIXTH AVENUE ASSOCIATION

1929

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

CITY HALL AND MUNICIPAL BUILDING—THE SEAT OF CITY GOVERNMENT

CITY OF NEW YORK
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR

September 17, 1929. g

Mr. George W. Sweeney,
President,
Forty-Second Street Property Owners
and Merchants' Association,
50 East 42nd Street,
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Sweeney:

I am happy, at this time, to commend the members of the Forty-Second Street Property Owners and Merchants' Association on "Mid-Manhattan". It is another evidence of their unflagging zeal on behalf of that most important segment of New York, which extends from Washington Arch to 59th Street and from the North River to the East River. As your book points out, it is more than Mid-Manhattan -- it is Mid-Civilization, where the roads of the world's commerce meet and cross.

I am particularly pleased to know that the vision of the Forty-Second Street Property Owners and Merchants' Association has always extended beyond the confines of their own immediate territory and that they seek consistently to serve the great City of New York in safeguarding and improving the territory in which their interest naturally centers. "Mid-Manhattan" will do much to present the advantages of this area clearly and concisely before the executive minds of the Nation's business.

Very truly yours,

James J. Walker

(/ (Mayor.

DEDICATION

WE New Yorkers who have lived through the rise and fall of the hansom-cab; who have watched a vast underground transit system burrow its way beneath our streets; who have witnessed expansion metamorphosed to vertical growth, view Mid-Manhattan with eyes trained to calculate the trend of its future. We are living in a day of to-morrows—an era of pulsing change.

Mid-Manhattan—the Mid-Manhattan we know—is no longer a geographical actuality. Its boundaries remain unchanged, but its content embraces the achievement of an on-rushing civilization.

To New York we dedicate "Mid-Manhattan"—a record of its 1929 status. To the executive minds in the vast empires of commerce and manufacture; to the leaders in Science and the Arts; to the thinkers who guard the spiritual welfare of mankind we give this volume as a token of surrender. You have taken Mid-Manhattan from us and made it the meeting place to which all nations come.

Arthur Williams

Chairman Publication Committee

FOREWORD

IN preparing this book the editor has sought to present an interesting and accurate account of the section known as Mid-Manhattan lying between Washington Square and Central Park and extending from river to river. The development of this vital section of modern New York has been comparatively recent and few books are at present available dealing with its history and modern aspects.

Mid-Manhattan is planned as a permanent record of the past and present life of this section of the city, in words and pictures. It is designed for the use of libraries, newspapers, Chambers of Commerce, firms, institutions, business executives, and for all those who have shared in the development of our great city.

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Courtesy Edison Company of New York

A Group of Lefcourt Buildings

TYPES OF ARCHITECTURE TYPICAL OF MODERN MID-MANHATTAN

CHAPTER I

Mid-Manhattan the Complex

MID-MANHATTAN is a super area. It is inhabited by a polyglot population. It has lured the best of all things in all the world into its labyrinth of streets. It is a crucible which refines men and minds. It is also a rack upon which both men and minds are broken. It is a playground for players, a laboratory for experimenters, a vastness for explorers and a golconda for the worker. It can be kind to the point of exploitation and beyond. It can be cruel.

One thing and one thing only it cannot do. It cannot stand still. Change is its life. It builds to tear down and rebuilds to bring its rebuilding tumbling down—giving way to a newer, larger, better Mid-Manhattan.

Intimate acquaintance with its famous avenues and cross streets does not equip you to know the real Mid-Manhattan. Nor does a wide acquaintance with its leaders provide the ability to appreciate what it has become. Memories drawn from the years just recently passed will help—only a little. When you realize that it took an entire world and the cumulative achievements of man's struggle for enlightenment to create the area you are beginning to get down close to bed rock.

Mid-Manhattan is more than a changing mass of steel and stone. It is more than a grouping of crowded streets and brilliant stores and shops. It is Mid-Civilization—containing the best the ages have developed. It is a living, thinking, constructive force. It has a soul. It has a mind. It can judge men and it does judge men.

If you have something to sell—something for which an actual need exists—bring it to Mid-Manhattan. If you have a message, come to Mid-Manhattan so you may give it to the world. If you can paint or write a masterpiece—Mid-Manhattan is waiting to weigh it. It is hungry for sweet singers. It has tasks at hand for the men who can build. It calls to the dreamers who dream in terms of action.

There is another side to Mid-Manhattan—its willingness to give of itself to all who ask. Have you a problem? Somewhere within the area bounded by Washington Square, Fifty-ninth Street, the North and the East Rivers you are certain to find the answer, or to be more exact, certain to find the man or men who will provide the answer. A host of problems have been brought into Mid-Manhattan during the past few years. Many of them remained to become institutions after the answer had been found.

There has been no element of accident or chancehap to its awe inspiring growth There can be no effect without cause. There can be no success without the com bining of value and ability. Something created the area's magical growth. And that something, when shorn of its details, is accessibility. A far-flung net of steel rails brings the trains of a continent to its very heart. Its wharfs are the mooring places for all of the ships which ride the seas. The buyers of your goods or of your services throng its streets. They journey from everywhere to this commercial mecca.

Mid-Manhattan invites you to make your headquarters in its modern buildings; invites you to make your home in its famed hotels or in its palace-like apartments; invites you to the ranks of its successful men—men who have learned the true worth of cooperation and profit themselves because they see to it that you profit. Its banks are your banks. Its professional men are your aides. Its keenest executives are your associates. Mid-Manhattan pulses with a vast life but it is never cluttered. It has the ability to grow with its opportunities and with the demands made upon it. Its only condition—and one inflexibly imposed—is value. It welcomes the worthwhile. It exterminates the worthless.

The area has its faults. Its brief history will indicate that so soon as any one drawback begins seriously to impede progress that drawback is speedily eliminated. Without any outspoken policy its population have become what is probably the world's greatest cooperative group. Entire sections have been given over to one branch or industry or trade. It is in all truth a series of distinct commercial classifications—each one a city within itself and each one intermeshing with its neighbors. It is Greater New York's most rapidly growing area and as such points out to the World of Business the conveniences and advantages it gives in exchange for its growing population.

Fifty years ago what is now the center of Mid-Manhattan was practically open country. New York City had its hub at Fourteenth Street. Twenty-third Street was almost the uptown limit of the business area. As business crept uptown the areas to the north and west developed. Farm lands became sparsely populated residential areas. The Nineteenth century had comparatively few years to live when a peculiar combination of circumstances began the building of Mid-Manhattan. They did not build with vision. Always has the area been forced to tear down before it could advance. A reservoir once stood at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue. A hospital occupied the immensely valuable ground at the crossing of this same street and Lexington Avenue. Between Twenty-third and Fifty-ninth Streets a residential area developed. No one could foresee the true destiny of the section. Twenty-five years ago there came a change. The wealthy were making their last fight to maintain their individual homes within the section. Today only a handful remains—notably the Rockefellers and Morgan.

Without question the construction of the first of the subway lines did more to produce Mid-Manhattan than has any other single factor. The four-track tunnel which came down from Washington Heights and the west Bronx, turned east from Broadway at Times Square, swung south again at Grand Central Terminal and then burrowed its way to the Battery and under the East River to Brooklyn, now stands out as the most far-reaching feat of engineering in the history of the country. We had toiled painfully from stage coaches to horse-drawn cars and cable cars.

The overhead trolley speeded up life and business but it had pronounced limitations. Street congestion, with the arteries carrying but a slight fraction of the present traffic, was worse than it is today. We did not realize the importance of time nor did we know how to restore and maintain an even, orderly flow of traffic.

Greater New York took its express traffic underground because it would have strangled to death without the application of what was then considered a daring venture. The first subway built Washington Heights and the West Bronx. It drew the Borough of Brooklyn to within a few minutes of downtown Manhattan and the uptown shopping center. The programme of subway extension continued. Direct routes through the East and the West sides and far out into outlaying sections of Kings and Queens Counties were developed. The population of the entire city grew at a galloping pace. Mid-Manhattan is the result of encompassing growth. It is the point upon which a city and a nation have converged.

It is not dangerous to predict that Mid-Manhattan will continue to add to its glory and wealth. It will be rebuilt and rebuilt again and again, but it will remain the center.

The changes have been so rapid and have been made during a period of such complete readjustment that the task of gathering anything like a comprehensive and chronological account of the development is a monumental and an almost impossible one. A few old landmarks such as the Vanderbilt Mansion at Fifty-eighth Street facing the Plaza, the Stewart Mansion further south, the old reservoir, the old Fifth Avenue Hotel, the Grand Union Hotel and the first Grand Central Station remain comparatively fresh in the memories of many. A host of other and equally important changes have vanished into the crannies of individual and, very often, faulty memories. A great bank building at the southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street has become a landmark in less than fifteen years.

Who recalls the twelve—or was it a fifteen story, tile faced building which preceded it? And what nature of a building stood there before that? For many years a squat, unsightly structure of brick—a combination of bank building and storage warehouse—faced Vanderbilt Avenue from Forty-second Street. A modern monster office building is now being completed on its site. Five years from today its predecessor will have been forgotten by all but a few and these will be exceedingly difficult to find. Probably they will run true to form and disagree on the all important points of exact date, location and description of the building which has just passed.

How many residents of New York City can describe the monumental structure which now stands on the site of the old Park Avenue Hotel? For that matter, how many of the thousands who pass it realize the site was once occupied by that famous house? Who remembers the staff of ancient colored waiters who so deftly served luncheon and dinner on the veranda which extended around the central landscaped court? Of the millions who pass the old Herald Building how many recall the groups of curious who gathered nightly to watch the great presses turn out the following morning's edition? Who remembers when Fifth Avenue was paved with Belgium blocks? Who recalls the high stoops and the spotted intermixture of dwellings and small stores on Forty-second Street facing the Public Library and extending from Third Avenue to Broadway?

It would be a pleasurable task to continue memory animating questions. Old time New Yorkers—the men and women who can "remember when"—would

have a Roman holiday. The younger generation would be entertained and that would be the end of it. Mid-Manhattan has an infant history but it is too earnestly engaged with trying to catch or establish a present to spare the time for the study of the now dim and distant '80s and '90s.

For that reason it is neither possible nor proper to treat with memories of the district's exceedingly youthful past. Mid-Manhattan is in the youth of its early achievement. It has worked a modern magic and it looks with courage into its on-rushing future. We shall profit more—profit in the sense that we shall become of greater service to our city and to the world—by seeking a hint as to what the Mid-Manhattan of fifty years from now shall be. Having burrowed deep beneath its streets to provide avenues for speeding traffic we have but indicated the coming trend. Already these tunneled highways are being taxed. The answer must be found in more tunnels at still greater depths. We have sent our office buildings leaping to constantly greater heights. Have we reached the limit? Some say yes. Others are emphatic to the contrary. Shall we have multiple decked streets? Again opinion is divided.

What does the future of air travel portend? A Mid-Manhattan over which shall move lines of traffic as rigidly regulated as is the bumper to headlight procession of motors now filling the pavements from curb to curb, is easy to suggest and difficult to disclaim. Since there are men of fifty on the streets today who could and probably did argue against all possibility of the present development is it wisdom to declare that equally radical changes are not just around the corner? Are the engineering problems which seem to stand in the way of one hundred and one hundred and fifty story buildings any greater than those which seemed to block the erection of the forty, fifty and sixty storied structures which are now actualities?

Consider the enhanced value of real estate. Has it reached its limit? If you are sure it has, remember your counterparts thought the same thing less than fifty years ago. Has the volume of traffic reached the point where any material increase is all but impossible to handle? That opinion was also held in the "olden days" but somehow we manage to muddle through. The geographic limitations of the Mid-Manhattan area are sharply defined—for the moment. The flanking rivers abruptly halt expansion to the east and west. A greater city is springing up to the north and beyond the river on the east. Equally sensational growth is transpiring across the Hudson to the west—and the pivotal point remains.

Perhaps the influence of Mid-Manhattan will extend far below the Washington Arch and far above Fifty-ninth Street. It may be that eventually the entire island of Manhattan will become an extension of what is Mid-Manhattan now. This is a development which only the future can bring. Whatever happens, every street and every avenue has a destiny to fulfill and each is going about its task with eyes that look forward and have not a moment for backward glances.

As a rule civic pride is regarded as a community-wide sentiment. New York City is rich in this all important element but the pride in the city has its cornerstone in the sectional sentiment which sets neighboring avenues and even single blocks on

the same street in constructive competition. Mid-Manhattan reveals civic pride in its sectional expression at its height. It must not be inferred that this sectional sentiment does not overlap its local boundaries. It is a pride in street or avenue expressed in its relation to the area and through the glorifying of Mid-Manhattan it reaches its final stage in a deep rooted pride in the wellbeing of the city itself.

Each main thoroughfare in Mid-Manhattan is represented by a civic association which aims to protect the interests of its street or avenue—works to improve it and make it a source of greater service to the community at large. These associations work in the most complete cooperation with their neighboring organizations.

This banding of business men and property owners is the logical outgrowth of the constantly mounting land values; the ever increasing crowds which mean patronage in its many forms and the unending need for vigilant watch over the territory. While opinions are bound to differ as to the correctness of the list, an unbiased estimate of the ten most valuable sites in the Greater City placed eight of them squarely within the Mid-Manhattan area. They are not mentioned in order of their value. The list includes Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street; Broadway and Forty-second Street; Madison Avenue and Forty-second Street; Lexington Avenue and Forty-second Street; Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street; Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street; Madison Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street and Park Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. This statement is based upon their present value. What they will be worth fifty or a hundred years from now is any one's guess—so long as the guessers are optimistic in their totals.

Throughout the development of the area is woven what now are seen to be the opening chapters of a matchless romance in rising land values. There is not a single city block or an individual plot of land that does not carry with it a story in amazing appreciations. The Indians sold Manhattan Island for twenty-four dollars. There have been generations of Indians since that memorable transaction. The ability to look backward is commonplace. The vision to see ahead is so rare!

Early in 1929 the newspapers devoted pages to a real estate transaction in which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., leased three city blocks—the area bounded by West Forty-eighth Street, Fifth Avenue, Sixth Avenue and West Fifty-first Street from Columbia University for a period of eighty-seven years. The total rent is $261,000,000. That tract known as the "Upper Estate" was conveyed to the University by the State of New York one hundred and fifteen years ago. It was originally part of the common lands of the city and was purchased by Dr. David Hosack in 1801 for $4,807.36 in cash and a quit rent of "sixteen bushels of good merchantable wheat to be paid every May 1 in kind or its equivalent in gold or silver coin." Dr. Hosack was a leader in the city life. On the land he established the Elgin Botanical Garden. After spending $100,000 on it, his resources were depleted and the Legislature bought it, paying Dr. Hosack a sum which was $30,000 less than his own expenditure.

Although hard pressed for funds on many occasions Columbia's trustees clung steadfastly to the property. They were exercising a rare foresight. True, they did sell a very small portion of the holding but to all intents and purposes it remained

intact. As the city developed and streets were opened the property became a burden to the University. Somehow it managed to hang on. In time it was possible for the University to lease the land. Its policy was to lease for twenty-one year periods only.

The Rockefeller lease is the result of a suggestion that he cooperate in the acquisition of a new site for the Metropolitan Opera House, the Broadway frontage it now occupies from Fortieth to Forty-first Street no longer being deemed desirable. With characteristic vision and scope of operation he acquired the largest and most desirable tract within the area. The details of the plan have not been completed but it is proposed to make the new opera house the center of a development of rare beauty. Spokesmen on behalf of Mr. Rockefeller have declared it is his intention to combine a sound business venture with the opportunity to give Mid-Manhattan and the entire city a group of buildings whose architecture would add beauty to the very center of the area. Work will probably begin within two years. The land taken over by the lease is assessed at $30,000,000—an example of what the accumulating years have added to real estate values throughout Mid-Manhattan.

It is possible to continue in this vein through many pages but not one of the examples presented could do more than emphasize the point already made. It has not been necessary to wait a hundred years or even half that period to find plots purchased for a few thousands of dollars, which have soared into million dollar valuations and beyond. In Pershing Square values have multiplied. Fifth Avenue has done the same. Sixth Avenue is mounting with amazing rapidity. Lexington Avenue, Madison Avenue, Fifty-ninth Street and all of the cross streets from river to river are going up and up with no evidence of the eventual reaching of the ultimate limit.

And these mounting values have developed a new trend in real estate. The huge sums involved are rapidly eliminating the individual leasor. Only a Rockefeller or a Morgan or others of a comparative handful of men of great wealth could carry through such a deal unaided. The result has been the formation of companies and the sale of bonds to the small investor. In this way ownership is passing into the hands of the general public and ready funds are available for adequate development of each tract as it is taken over and put to use. Another result of the mounting values has been the erection of larger and larger buildings and the extension of their height to heretofore undreamed of limits. Only by this practice can an adequate return be earned.

There are probably many who believe the limit has been reached. Perhaps they are right. If they are, the lesson which the growth of Mid-Manhattan teaches has been misunderstood. So, too, have the lessons which have been pounded into the consciousness of several generations of native New Yorkers.

In Mid-Manhattan you see what may seem to be a completely developed area. It so happens that the men who are building its future know it is still in its infancy and that in a few generations will have come changes as monumental as have been those which the last twenty-five years have brought. We have but a scant history and a present which seethes and boils with improving changes. The future—is ahead.

The first, and perhaps the most lasting impressions gained in Mid-Manhattan

are that it is a vast centralization of business and of pleasure. Certainly the City of Theatres is the most pronounced segregation in the entire area. The impressions are correct only in so far as they indicate the area's capacity for work and for play. Dig a little ways beneath the surface and you find a Mid-Manhattan which gives little thought to increased realty values and greater annual volume of business. Practically every religious denomination is represented within the area—or at least within a few city blocks of the area's actual boundaries.

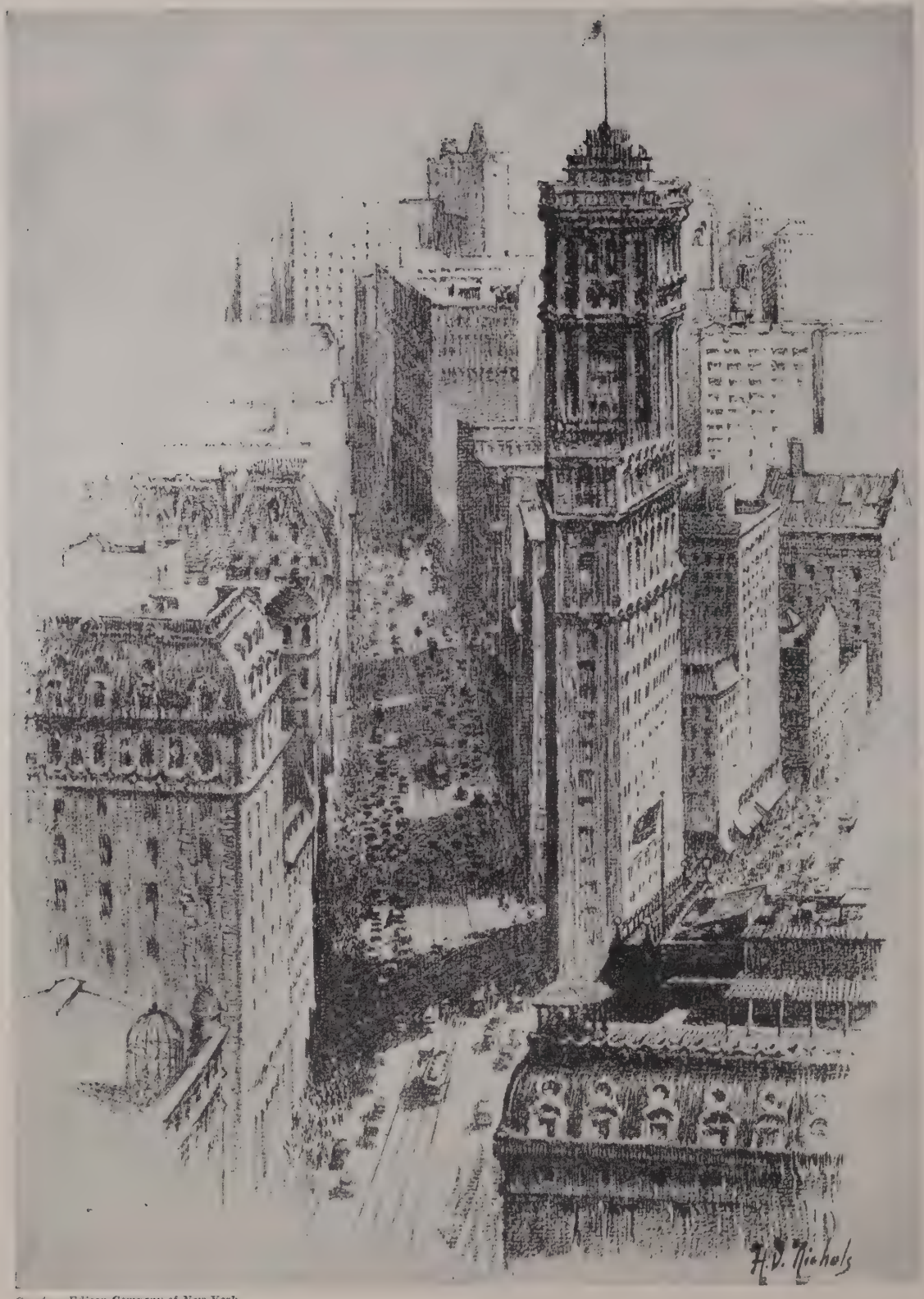
Public schools and high schools dot the entire district. University schools of law and medicine are notable additions to its educational institutions. Some of the finest hospitals in the country serve Mid-Manhattan directly because they are a part of it and are sufficiently well provided with beds and funds to extend their service to the city at large.

In its conquest of business, Mid-Manhattan has not overlooked the need for unstinted support of institutions which protect and educate the thousands of struggling families which make their homes within its area. Playgrounds in summer and neighborhood clubs for winter diversion are provided in ample numbers.

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

TYPICAL OF AN EARLIER DAY. BROADWAY AND FIFTH AVENUE AT 23RD STREET

Madison Square Flatiron Building Fifth Avenue Building



Courtesy Edison Company of New York

BROADWAY AND SEVENTH AVENUE AT 42ND STREET. NEW YORK TIMES BUILDING

CHAPTER II

The City of Business Inter-Relationship

A CITY invisible towers over Mid-Manhattan. It is without boundaries. Its influence rules wealth and progress. Only in recent years has its existence been realized and appreciated. Since we became familiar with its devious twistings and windings we have come to view the inter-relationship of business as one of the basic elements in our economic structure.

Thirty, or even twenty years ago, the inter-relationship was of course recognized but its full purport was not. Neither did we know the true value of competition. We were fiddling around on the fringe of massed production and talking of the possibility of saturated markets. We could see hard times ahead in the trail of machinery. How, we asked, will the men displaced live?

The years have taught us the answer to that question and we have yet to find the point of saturation. So we are learning about the City of Business Inter-Relationship. We know that three of the world's largest department stores can prosper on adjoining sites—prosper to the point that their individual annual nets are probably greater than were their combined profits ten or fifteen years ago. This can only mean that more people have more money and spend more money than they did then. Money to spend is the visualization of the inter-relationship of business.

We know today that larger, better and more expensive hotels can prosper cheek against jowl, that specialty shops with one foyer and two doors can carry the same general lines and wax fat. We know that wages make spenders and spenders make more wages. Watch the ground floors of any new building within the area as the tenants move in, spread their wares, settle down to the serious game of making money. It may seem a matter of chance to the casual observer that the stores he most frequently needs seem always within a block or two of his daily route, but in Mid-Manhattan about the only thing left to chance is the weather.

One place is as good as another to begin tracing out the City of Business Inter-Relationship—Times Square for example. Each day it is the starting point for countless journeys uptown, crosstown and downtown. We are the greatest newspaper and magazine reading city in the world. With a comparatively long haul to Washington Heights or to the Bronx facing the average passenger, almost invariably he provides against boredom as his train roars beneath the city—provides by purchasing a newspaper or a magazine. Transportation and the vending of reading matter are closely related. So close is the kinship that sites for news-stands bring a high rental which in turn create or help to maintain land values, pay a staff of caretakers who each have tradesmen depending upon them. The nickel spent for a subway ride and the three or fifteen or thirty-five cents spent for reading matter take on a new and deeper meaning.

Why are New York City theaters grouped in the heart of Mid-Manhattan—a grouping so pronounced that it is a city within itself? No element of chance

NO. 1 PARK AVENUE. OCCUPIES ENTIRE BLOCK 32ND TO 33RD STREET

dictated the locations. The fifty cents or a dollar the pleasure seeker pays for a ticket which passes the buyer into a movie and the three or thirty dollars paid for a pair of seats to the legitimate theatre are linked to the subway nickel. Again we find an inter-relationship. Stroll a bit further along the Square. Try to think of something you actually need or would just like to buy—check back on your own minor emergencies. A bursted bootlace? Certainly. It can be replaced at a dozen establishments between Forty-second and Forty-fourth street. A run in a silk stocking? A new pair can be purchased within fifty paces of the spot where it is discovered. What began as an expenditure of five cents to reach Times Square runs into dollars, many thousands of times each day.

The interlacing of interests burrows deep beneath the surface over which most people glide with never a thought beyond their own needs or whims. The regiment of theaters has created a colony of business houses and offices which contribute to its success and profit. Booking agencies, scenery studios, draymen and baggage men, photographers, costume designers and makers, engineers in lighting effects, playwrights and skit writers, printers, publicity men are at all sides. They serve and in serving live and contribute to the living of others located far from the glare of the bright lights.

All of this, however, is a street level realization of the inter-relationship of business, which after all is nothing more than close organization on a gigantic scale. Architect and builder are always found in offices within easy reach of each other. One Park Avenue building which is heavily populated by both callings has a complete building material supply organization on the ground floor level. In Fortieth Street an attractive "own your own home" exhibit closely adjoins a bank and the Grand Central Terminal, which is the gateway to its land holdings. Was it accident or blind chance that caused the manufacturer of an oil burning furnace to establish a branch on the same block? Not if Mid-Manhattan knows how to sell efficiently.

An expensive private hospital is located on Madison Avenue. Is it again chance that the offices of many of the City's leading specialists are in the same immediate neighborhood? Most emphatically no. Mid-Manhattan demands convenience even in the troublesome task of being seriously ill. Many other pointed illustrations are readily at hand. Two of the most elaborate establishments dealing in sporting goods —from a trout fly to a harpoon, a target pistol to an elephant gun—are within five minutes' walk from the leading clubs. Search out the leading jewelers. You are bound to find exclusive designers of gowns close by. And near them are beauty shops. Again the inter-relationship of business is exemplified.

Visit the uptown branches of the great banks. The buildings they occupy contain the offices of the country's leading business houses. Nor will you be obliged to search far for a broker's office. Wherever you find a broker's office it is safe to assume you will not have to search long or journey far to find men's shops. The brokerage offices always create business. So close together that they have no distinct boundaries, the sections populated by wool, silk and rayon wholesalers are highly organized to serve their supporting industries—men's wear and women's wear. The furriers and the milliners are also close at hand. Here is the inter-relationship of

Courtesy Edison Company of New York *Warren and Wetmore, Architects*

35TH STREET AT MADISON AVENUE. INTERNATIONAL COMBUSTION ENGINEERING BUILDING

business expressed in its most complete sense. Sewing machine dealers and motor service men dot the entire territory.

It is always the exception which proves the rule. Of all of the closely related groups there is but one which stands alone—the wholesale flower district in West Twenty-eighth Street. It seems to have just happened and could be as advantageously located almost anywhere else. Little is heard of it. Few actually know where it is, when the size of the market it serves is taken into consideration. Yet it is probably the largest flower market in the world. Handling a highly perishable commodity in immense quantities, it moves with almost unbelievable speed and precision. The stock arrives from the Long Island, Westchester and Connecticut greenhouses or flower farms during the early morning hours. The incoming stock is always seasonal—representing the production of a highly organized growing and selling group. Waiting tables and ice boxes are quickly filled from the steadily arriving vans. Buyers are ready to receive the blooms. Bid and ask quotations rapidly establish the prices, which are controlled by the supply and the season. Then the flowers move out even more rapidly than they arrived. The messengers of the small neighborhood dealers are carrying their purchases. Smart delivery autos and less pretentious light delivery trucks scuttle through the side streets and out onto the avenues. In less than two hours the bulk of the stock is on its way to all parts of the city. By noon it would be difficult to purchase an armful of flowers of the momentarily popular species in any one of the wholesale establishments.

Depending upon your viewpoint the wholesale flower market is an expression of luxury or a manifestation of a necessity. To many a single flower or a well filled vase either in the home or the office is vital. A not unconsiderable proportion of the daily import of blooms finds its way to the desks of office workers.

A flower can reveal the inter-relationship of business as readily as any other article produced and sold. You find a sharply defined wholesale district at the junction of direct routes from the growing areas—and you find florists' shops just where you would expect to find them. In Mid-Manhattan's congested sections—the East Side from the Thirties and on the West Side from Seventy-second Street south they are located close to the establishments of the undertakers. It is true that the poor man's home rarely sees a bloom until death has called and taken someone from it. In the center of the business area flower shops lurk and successfully tempt the passerby. It may be only a single flower for the coat lapel or a scant handful for a worker's desk, but the sales are many and the gross intake is well worth while. Along the fashionable avenues large shops are fragrant gardens, waiting to serve patrons whose annual bill is well above the average man's income. The location of other shops close to the hospitals is not chance. Such sites are largely sought after and jealously held.

It is the inter-relationship of business that has made Mid-Manhattan—the simple process of bringing supply close to demand, the needed close to the need. It sets up a never-ending circle of cause and effect, one feeding the other, which in turn rotates to its own requirements and patronizes them. A heavy percentage

of the revenue finds its way into wages or working income which passes on as sales income and again becomes in part wages. So far has been a picture of small retail transactions.

Mid-Manhattan's major examples of business inter-relationship are not so easy to isolate. They take form behind office doors and concern no one but the parties to the transaction. Why, for example, should one of the greatest chemical companies have its main offices in the very heart of Mid-Manhattan? The answer is many sided. Proximity to the rail terminals is one. Being close neighbor to the main offices of many of its customers is another. Prestige is an important element. Convenience covers them all.

One of the largest organizations dealing in office records recently moved into Mid-Manhattan. Here is a basic necessity. The old manner of record keeping is as far behind the times as is the ox cart behind a straight-eight motor car. Business records today must be instantly available—and visible. This particular company found it worth while to pull up stakes and move in the heart of a great market—the inter-relationship of business again. From its new location it is able to fan out its salesmen with a greater economy of time and effort; able to give a highly specialized service in the interpreting of its systems and adapting them to the particular requirements of its clients. Its representatives may be sellers of index cards, trays, filing cabinets and office furniture in the eyes of some of the men upon whom they call. To nine out of ten of their prospects, however, they are purveyors of efficiency—agents of speed and precision.

The coming of this firm to the district is not of sufficient importance as additional business population to warrant such prominent mention. It is the reason behind its coming and the reasons for its relocation within the Mid-Manhattan area which weigh heavily.

Its sole sales argument—and it is enough—is its ability to make modern business absolutely abreast of each day's problems and each day's achievements. Through heady, aggressive selling it uncovers the devious twistings and turnings of antiquated filing and bookkeeping methods. It shows where and how immediate savings in time and unnecessary employees can be accomplished. Then it dramatizes alert efficiency. It condenses the tumbled-about contents of a distant storehouse in one compact tray of cards. It preassures the timely discovery of lowered stocks and tells of uncalled-for surpluses. Of major importance is the fact that Mid-Manhattan offers a ready sale for its service and incidentally its multitudinous products. Anything which helps Mid-Manhattan keep abreast of its own affairs finds ready reception. It is obvious that whatever applies basically to many things must be relative to all. Many purchasers or prospective purchasers of modern record-keeping equipment can have but one meaning—a full appreciation of the value of time and safety from error.

The chapter could be continued through many pages but its message would gain little by further evidence of the closely allied interests of the thousand and one groups within the area. The presence of branches of every important bank in the city—of banks which have their main offices there, of brokerage houses, executive

offices of many of the country's great corporations, of merchants of all types, all totals under the title of this particular chapter. Their mutual interests demand that they be close to each other. The builder of textile machinery and the builder of locomotives are closely joined on a common ground.

Here, if there was no other assurance, is the future's pledge to Mid-Manhattan. Its glory today is but a surface indication of what the next generation or two must bring. Here, too, is a clarion call to all the world—the frank, outspoken invitation which opportunity extends. Whatever you make, whatever you sell, Mid-Manhattan needs and wants it. Whatever your problems may be, Mid-Manhattan holds the profitable solution. Whatever you wish to be, Mid-Manhattan can make you. One quality alone does it demand—merit. Mid-Manhattan is discerning and exacting.

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY. FIFTH AVENUE AND 42ND STREET

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

THE GRAYBAR BUILDING. LEXINGTON AVENUE AT 43RD STREET
HOME OF REMINGTON-RAND, INC.

LOCATED in the new Graybar Building . . . in the heart of Mid-Manhattan . . . but serving business in every civilized country, is a remarkable business service . . . . Remington Rand Inc.

This recent merger of the leading manufacturers of office machines and appliances represents an evolution in business methods as romantic as the evolution of Mid-Manhattan itself.

A quarter of a century ago, when Dobbin drew the buses on Fifth Avenue, the moving of the day's affairs in Manhattan offices, as in those of other cities of the world, was an equally slow process of hand, leg and brain work.

The day's operations were figured and recorded laboriously by pen pushers plodding at high top desks. Clerks were handcuffed to the inkwell and the ledger. Executives required hours to wade through the day's obligations, correspondence, orders and reports.

Today the routine of business is dispatched by machines as bright and efficient as a modern motor car. A tattoo on a shining keyboard, the shift of a roller-bearing carriage, or the pull of a lever produces in minutes a cost accounting record, a statement or an invoice that twenty-five years ago would have meant hours of work.

The business man of 1929 gets his facts—tabulated, verified and simplified—as soon as they happen.

So the ponderous handwritten ledger, the letter press and the high top-desk have been relegated to the business museum and in their stead a score of fast and efficient devices rule. Typewriters, adding machines, accounting machines, visible record systems and the modern vertical file.

And through the means of these essential devices business has been able to quicken its pace. No longer is the business man a tired and irritable office drudge. Today's executive is a thinker. He acts with greater speed and certainty. Because mechanism has freed mind and hand from the routine labor of business.

In this emancipation of business men from the fetters of laborious details, the companies that have been merged into Remington Rand have each played a leading role.

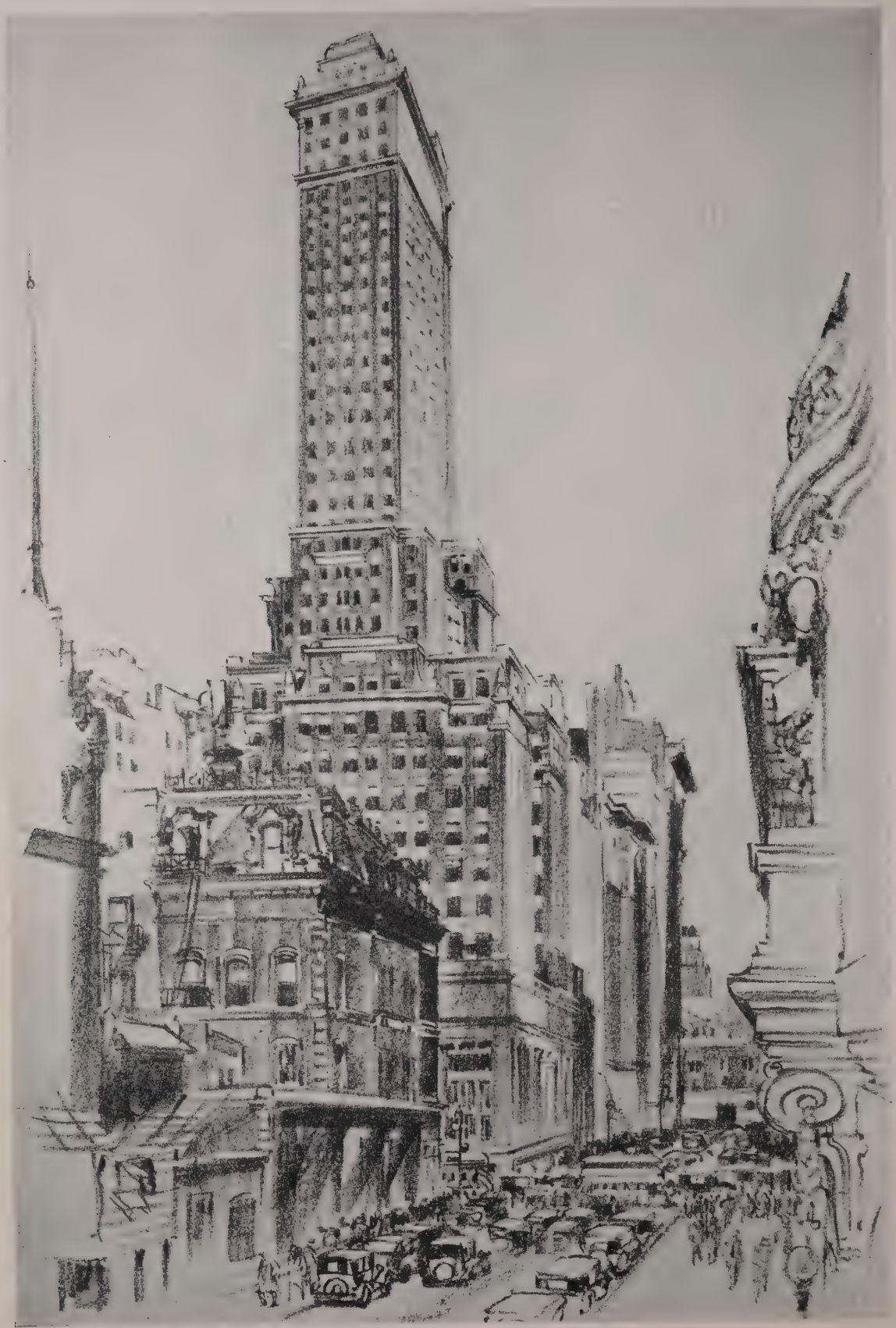
And Remington Rand is carrying this emancipation throughout the world. In every outpost of civilization has been heard the click of Remington Typewriters and in every city of importance, from San Francisco to Singapore, from London to Capetown, is located a Remington Rand subsidiary office or agency. There are more than 1,000 in all.

The history of the typewriter is bound up in Remington. Rand; Kardex and Index Visible perfected the visible record. Dalton pioneered the Adding Machine. Library Bureau developed the file. Safe Cabinet perfected the fire resisting safe. And so on through the list that includes Powers Accounting Machines, and Baker-Vawter and Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Ledgers.

But the simplification of business routine has only begun! Tomorrow's work will be easier than today's. The business man's hours will be shorter, but his projects vaster. His labor easier but his earnings larger. For still greater steps are being taken to facilitate his plans, reduce his hazards and free his time for productive thinking.

One of the most significant of these steps is the organization of the Remington Rand Business Service. It represents not only the marshalling of the leading business machines under one banner—but the pooling of the best office systems experience into one clearing house.

From this clearing house in Mid-Manhattan 4,000 trained business analysts are now radiating to serve business men everywhere, to analyze, counsel and recommend impartially the best and most modern ideas, systems and machines to expedite the operation of any business anywhere in the world.



Courtesy Edison Company of New York

44TH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE

The Fifth Avenue Bank | Bank of United States | Guaranty Trust Co.

CHAPTER III

The City of Finance

IT WOULD serve no real purpose to present—or to attempt to present—Mid-Manhattan's City of Finance in detail. The picture in the concrete would baffle and confuse. It is too broad—too all inclusive in its scope. The City of Finance is Mid-Manhattan. It is the cornerstone of every business organization within the area. It is also the active partner, the adviser and the Man Friday. Unlike the other great divisions of the super-area it defies centralization and it recognizes no tightly drawn lines of service or of market.

A roll call of its individual banking institutions—main offices and branches within the district—is an echo of the great financial center down on the lower tip of Manhattan Island. Mid-Manhattan's City of Finance is the dual expression of what the world recognizes as the financial center. What is below the late Inspector of Police Byrne's famous "Dead Line" is also uptown. The resources of the downtown financial district are at all times available above Fourteenth Street—and Mid-Manhattan is not called upon to go downtown to get them. Many of the greatest downtown institutions are represented within the area by branches which are huge banking institutions in themselves—branches which approximate the gross business of their parent houses. Other banks, the equals in standing and resources of the leaders downtown, have their main offices within the area. In fact it was the stupendous growth of these institutions which brought the branch offices into the area.

The *New York Times* on May 19, 1929, printed a news account which reviews the banking developments of the last five months, and incidentally when you read between the lines, offers a condensed analysis of the trend of modern banking. The *Times* said in part:

"Announcement last week of the plan to merge the Equitable Trust Company and the Seaboard National Bank into an $860,000,000 institution made public the ninth major consolidation of the year. Aside from the fact that the mergers mark the passing of many old names from the roster of financial institutions whose growth during the last century and in the twentieth coincided with the financial and industrial progress of the nation, it is notable that in every case the new combination was regarded as logical since little duplication of service was involved.

"Banks strong in the commercial banking field have combined with institutions whose trust departments were superior to their own and with others calculated to strengthen foreign connections or bond departments. In the case of the acquisition of the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company by the National City Bank, the latter transferred all of its trust business to the former to be operated as the City Bank Farmers' Trust Company under a State charter. The Chase National Bank, in taking over the American Express Company, greatly strengthened its foreign connections, while at the same time operating the express company as a separate entity.

"The Guaranty Trust Company in absorbing the National Bank of Commerce obtained one of the leading commercial banks in the country, and the Bank of America in its merger with Blair & Co., Inc., one of the oldest bond houses in Wall Street, benefited its security affiliate, the Bancamerica Corporation greatly, while at the same time increasing the power of the bank itself.

"One of the most significant facts concerning many of the mergers was the apparent willingness to sacrifice national bank charters in order to operate combined institutions as State banks. The Chemical National Bank, in merging with the United States Mortgage and Trust Company, emerged as the Chemical Bank and Trust Company, and the combining of the Central Union Trust Company and the Hanover National Bank resulted in the dropping of the national charter of the latter when the new institution became the Central Hanover Bank and Trust Company. In the most recent merger, that of the Equitable Trust Company and the Seaboard National Bank, the national charter of the latter disappears with the formation of the Equitable Seaboard Bank and Trust Company.

"The two other major consolidations bringing up the total to nine were the merging of the Bank of United States with the Colonial Bank and the Municipal Bank and Trust Company, and that of the Manufacturers Trust Company with the State Bank. In these two cases the gain consisted chiefly of the acquisition of the well-established branches of the smaller banks.

"The whole theory behind the series of bank mergers has been the necessity of providing increased service for customers. Under the law a bank cannot lend more than ten per cent of its capital to one borrower, whether the borrower be a corporation or an individual. It is obvious, therefore, that with the present era of consolidations in virtually every field of industrial activity greater financial institutions are needed to furnish adequate banking facilities.

"In most instances the combining of two banks has resulted in the capital of the new institution being at least equal to the sum of the capitals of the two, except in one or two cases where shares of one bank have gone in at less than par. In other instances the merger has been the occasion for an increase in the stocks of both institutions.

"Another feature in the merging of banks has been the tendency to reduce the par value of their stocks, with a consequent increase in the number of shares outstanding, accomplished by stock split-ups to correspond to the reduction in the par value. It has been usual to reduce the time-honored par value of $100 a share to $50, $25, $20 or even $10. In view of the present relatively wide distribution of bank stocks and the day-to-day trading which has developed in bank shares, the desirability for low-par stocks is obvious. From the bank's point of view a wide distribution of its shares is good business. The danger of opposing factions of large stockholders is minimized and every holder of a bank's shares is a potential customer, if not actually one."

The elimination of duplication and the broader service to customers are elements which Mid-Manhattan both appreciates and demands. It rewards service with patronage and sees to it that the reward grows in exact proportion.

The banks in turn are eager to repay patronage with service. It is even-handed reciprocity—the harnessing of money under a dual guidance. The banker who lends releases funds not as a personage aloof and secured but as an active partner in every loan. Security he demands and must have, but his greatest security is his knowledge based cooperation.

When you begin to pick the City of Finance apart—to determine the reasons for the numerous segregations or instances of a marked grouping of certain types of clients, a thousand off-branching roads invite you. The groupings are largely geographical and the presence of one or more banks in the section under consideration is almost invariably an indication that the institution is actively in the market for the patronage of the district and the type of business men who predominate there. The garment center gives the vast bulk of its banking business to neighboring institutions. The fur center does likewise. Banks located in the heart of Mid-Manhattan where the business population is polyglot in character reflect the same condition in the scope of their patronage. In the heart of the theatrical district banks remain open until the treasurers of the many playhouses have made up the night's receipts and have banked them.

A slight, even a casual study of the general make-up of Mid-Manhattan when related to the location of its banking institutions will reveal how closely the City of Finance follows the trail of every opportunity to serve. It is never necessary for the business man to go much further than around the corner to find a bank and a vice president ready to give him immediate attention. When he wants to borrow money he never fails to get it if he is sound and if his business requirements are likewise. If he has money he wishes to put to work he can find equally prompt accommodations.

It was not chance which located a great building and loan association in its own building close to the Grand Central Terminal and its seething mass of daily commuters. The opportunity to serve a great mass of people was recognized and grasped. Neither did another powerful institution which frankly bids for the deposits of members of the trade unions blunder upon its location on the West Side.

Mid-Manhattan's banks vary as greatly in appearance and appointments as do the crowds in its labyrinth of streets. It is impossible to pass one Fifth Avenue institution during banking hours and fail to see at least one luxurious motor parked before its doors. If you watch you are almost certain to see a woman well beyond the half way mark of life leave the bank and enter her equipage. She almost invariably wears vici kid shoes—the type with sensible heels. Or it may be a man well advanced in years. He will wear a grey serge business suit or perhaps the traditional Prince Albert. If you dare loiter under the cold scrutiny of two men who, though in civilian garb, are obviously former police officers you will see a smart roadster draw up to the curb. Its alighting passenger will be a debutante who is about to cash a pocket money check. And when the deposit hour draws near—perhaps deposit hours is the correct term—it is no trick at all to single out the trusted messengers of the retail stores as they bring in portions of the day's receipts.

Wander into any of the section's banks and watch the activities about you.

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

MADISON SQUARE. METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO. BUILDINGS

The lines passing before the paying teller's windows are certain to contain groups of employees who are cashing their pay checks—for a payroll service is one of the features offered. It eliminates the transportation of large sums of cash with resultant safety. Watch, too, the receiving teller's windows. It seems the lines before these are just as long. Mid-Manhattan as a unit deposits more than it draws every business day. Then look at the inevitable rows of desks within the fenced off enclosures. Here are the bank's most profitable clients—the men and women who are borrowing—or doing business, as the modern phrase has it. The conferences are earnest ones. Time is a precious element. There is no suggestion of hurry and bustle but you can see decisions made and opinions expressed and accepted. The waiting line does not permit overlong discussion of inconsequentials.

The banks are only one unit of the City of Finance. We once regarded the downtown financial district as the center of the investment business. It still is a center but no longer can it be regarded as the center. The machinery to segregate and total the sum of the investments made every day within the Mid-Manhattan area does not exist. Since all things are relative it must be in staggering amounts. Investment brokers and bond houses abound along Fifth Avenue and in the cross streets on either side, for Mid-Manhattan has millions of dollars to put into real estate bonds, into industrial stocks and into promotional issues.

The downtown brokerage houses have moved apace with the banks. Scarcely a cross street within the area that has not at least one office while the main avenues are dotted with them. More than one branch office does an annual business which exceeds the total of its downtown main office in number of traders and total shares handled. Each has its coterie of professional traders who can be found in the accustomed seats before the quotation boards every morning when the Stock Exchange opens but the bulk of the business which finds its way into the uptown offices comes from business men and executives who are located within the area and prefer to have their trading accounts close at hand. The luncheon period finds space in any of the offices at a premium.

Not a single item which would in any way add to the efficiency of the service and to the comfort of their patrons has been overlooked by the brokers. The Mid-Manhattan traders are as close to the "Big Board" as are the patrons of the downtown offices. In more than one instance the uptown Wall Street has led the way in service appointments. Late in May 1929 an uptown broker installed the first teleregister in New York City. This instrument is in reality an electric stock quotation board which posts all Stock Exchange quotations automatically from a central operating station. In its first demonstration it furnished one hundred quotations a minute and evidenced its complete ability to handle a ten million share day.

The awesome concentration of cash and negotiable securities which the City of Finance has drawn to Mid-Manhattan when combined with the daily cash incomes of the retail shops and great department stores, is a challenge to that class of society which seeks its living with a gun. The world famous jewelry establishments, with their treasure vaults of precious stones are an added lure. It would be folly to attempt to gloss over the danger which constantly threatens Mid-

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

MADISON AVENUE TO LEXINGTON AVENUE, 27TH TO 28TH STREETS
NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO. BUILDING

Manhattan's movable wealth. The danger exists and is ever just on the outside of a hidden wall of finely spun wire.

The Holmes Protective Company probably is the largest single aid to the New York City police in the never ending responsibility of safeguarding this vast wealth. Its uniformed men patrol the streets from sunset until long after dawn. Its burglar alarm system protects the vaults of financial institutions and stores. There is hardly a door or window in the entire area which can be raised after business hours without the instant giving of the alarm.

Because of the unwavering alertness of its protective systems Mid-Manhattan is remarkably free from raids by night prowlers. During the business hours an equally close guard is kept. The occasional theft—successful attempts can be counted on the fingers of one hand—is simply the exception which proves the rule. Mid-Manhattan takes no chances. Considerable sums of money are moved in armored cars and the groups of three or four uniformed men with their hands held lightly on pistol grip is a sight so familiar as to excite little or no attention. The thief and highwayman gives Mid-Manhattan a wide berth—gives it only because he knows the area is always ready to receive him with the utmost efficiency.

The least picturesque of all Mid-Manhattan's great groupings, the City of Finance, is unquestionably the most important and the most far reaching in its constructive influence. The area, it is true, could not endure without any one of its closely related units, but the City of Finance is not dependent upon any one or several of them. All, on the other hand, have their foundation in the banks. The City of Finance has grown and prospered with Mid-Manhattan's growth. It pioneered with the section's trail blazers and with them turned in little more than a half century what was a virtual cow pasture into the most valuable and the wealthiest area in the World.

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB, FROM CENTRAL PARK. SEVENTH AVENUE AND 59TH STREET

CHAPTER IV

The City of Builders

IT ALL depends upon your viewpoint. The City of Builders manifests itself either as an endless source of inconvenience or an epic in steel and stone. Its voice is either the discordant rattle of pneumatic hammers and snorting hoists or a paean of men who are creating in a harmony of beauty and utility. It is a blocker of roadways or the provider of new highways to wealth and achievement.

Since we of Mid-Manhattan are unceasingly eager to reach our destinations of the moment, and having arrived are increasingly anxious to leave so we may go elsewhere, the ponderous lorries laden with steel and building material of all natures are frequently the cause of momentary delay and exaggerated inconvenience. Just as frequently we stand spellbound at the wonders it accomplishes and forget, for what is a boarded passageway today in Mid-Manhattan is a beautiful lobby tomorrow. The City of Builders is a great machine. It is organized to a maximum of efficiency rarely attained by any other organization of workers. It works on a narrow margin of profit and pays heavily for mistakes. Since error is a luxury few mistakes creep in—an amazingly small percentage of them when the many lurking chances for error are totaled.

The City of Builders occupies a very limited area of Mid-Manhattan. It centers in a score of buildings in the immediate Grand Central Zone. It has its natural leaders—firms which nothing daunts. About them are a host of smaller organizations who step in to share their specialized responsibility. It is a closely knit group of absolutely independent units—a structure created by the magnitude of its operations and held together by economic dependence. There are probably a handful of the largest contractors who are equipped in money, men and machinery to carry through a major building operation entirely on their own, but the cost in time and operating administration would be prohibitive.

Trace the set-up of the organization called upon to erect an ordinary sixteen story structure if you would look behind the curtain of the commonplace and view the romance of building in the Mid-Manhattan area. The City of Finance joins with the City of Builders from the very outset. With the financing arranged the architect's sketches visualize what is soon to be a pulsing hive of business activity, a hotel or the modern joining of hotel and apartment house in the newest type of all abodes—the apartment hotel. These three classifications practically limit the scope of building activities within the Mid-Manhattan area. Very little manufacturing space, aside from that going up in the garment centers, is underway. And all the signs point to a gradual lessening of such construction. Land values in Mid-Manhattan are already too high and are certainly approaching the point where they will be too great to render such buildings a profitable venture.

The architect lends the first touch of romance. Doubt it? Consider then the skill, the marvelous attention to detail, the innate salesmanship which considers

and provides every advantage you see when you select your next office space. It was created and deliberately planned down to the absolutely accurate fraction of an inch on paper long before an ounce of man power was expended in actual construction.

"Advertise for Bids"—three words which are a call to battle—an invitation to the jousts where keen wits are the chargers and sharp pencils the lances, and the awarded contract the fair lady's glove. The lowest bidder—consistent with the quality of construction specified—wins. The successful estimator must be and invariably is a general and a strategist. He must know his opponents—who they are most likely to be and what are their strongest points. If the architect is to follow through and carry on construction he becomes the watchful agent of the individual or the syndicate who are putting up the building. The procedure then is to obtain bids on every phase of the construction work. If the architect's responsibility ends with the acceptance of his plans the general contractor takes the bulked responsibility and marshals his knowledge of men and firms, prices and values.

Visit the office of the contractor whose bid has been successful. You will find evidence of the cooperation given by the City of Finance. Banks must lend against secured payments if he is to operate on a scale of any magnitude—do the job with the utmost dispatch in other words. The contractor, having won the first joust now settles down to his fight in earnest. He is committed and there can be no turning back without loss of honor and of funds. He calls for bids—piecemeals the responsibility he has assumed to the sub-contractors. Before operations begin some sixty branches of the building trade have been called upon to estimate and have won on their merits. Responsibility coupled with low price and the stuff which awarded contracts are made of.

Organization is tightened up all along the line. Before the wreckers are at work demolishing the old building—and you must first tear down before you can put up in Mid-Manhattan—the steel has been ordered and is being fabricated at the mills. The wrecker is bonded to complete his task on a specified date. The foundation men appear on his heels as he moves off the stage. A period of steam shovel snortings and the dull boom of explosives accompanied by the grinding of gears as an endless line of trucks cart away the blasted granite. Mid-Manhattan builders always go down to solid rock for their foundations—gnaw out millions of cubic yards of it every year. For several years past and for many more years to come most of the excavated rock will be carried to the bank of the North River where it is being used to fill. The few shreds diverted are those bought up by home developers on Long Island and in Westchester where it becomes fieldstone fire places before which new commuters toast their shins. Excavation and foundation work are group operations and the steel, except in the rarest of instances, arrives almost simultaneously with the erection of the booms which are to lift it into place for the structural steel men who swarm onto the scene. The archmen appear as if by magic—and it is the magic of complete organization—whose task it is to lay the flat arches or rough concrete flooring.

By this time operations are in full swing. The masons arrive with the unloading of the first truck of brick. Scaffold men and hoist men were there before them. Sixty masons for a one hundred foot front building is the general complement and there is a laborer for every mason. Watch them at work. The majority are Italians and Germans. They make the fastest and most accurate workmen. A gang of skillful bricklayers will put up two stories—walls and partitions—in a day and in so doing will keep one floor or at the most two, behind the ironworkers.

With the brick going up in rapid fire precision the working population doubles and trebles, and often multiplies the treble. Fleets of motor trucks put in their appearance. The plumbing and electrical contractors appear with their men and their materials. A bewildering maze of pipes and wires go into place. Specialists have long since set the heating plant in the sub cellar. Elevators are installed. Plasterers, tile layers, carpenters, casement men, glaziers, move forward in orderly precision. To the outsider the scene may appear to be one of confusion and here as usual appearances deceive. A masterpiece of planning is being masterfully executed. Materials did not arrive on time simply because the contract called for it. A thousand mishaps could happen and generally do. Shipments go astray. Delivery trucks break down. Illness and accident attack the working forces. Errors are made but somehow snarls untangle and within six months after the wreckers first laid siege to the old structure the modern building is completed and the tenants are moving in.

Forty years ago the completion of a structure one hundred and ten feet high and a frontage of one hundred feet within six months would have been declared a fantastic dream. We had not learned to fully appreciate the value of specialization and team work. What there was of Mid-Manhattan was a mixture of residential area and islands of business. The brown stone fronts were common. Telephones were unsightly boxes attached shoulder high to the wall and you had to crank industriously to raise central. Thirty-five cents bought an excellent dinner and a bottle of red wine accompanied the meal. The builders—craftsmen then as now—moved at an unhurried pace and as the walls went up so did the outside scaffolding. The buildings were literally reared on the shoulders of men for the man with the hod was as numerous as was the man with the hoe. How long and industriously would we have to search to find a hod on Mid-Manhattan today? How long could the present day laborer stand the gaff if he was required to climb thirteen flights of ladders with the brick and mortar.

When the City of Builders learned to utilize the electric hoist he started to push the clouds upward and shut out the sun. The term "set back" was yet to attain its present day significance and elevators were at the wheelbarrow stage of their development. It was along about that time that the Sunday newspapers received a gift from Heaven in the form of the Flatiron Building. The junction of Fifth Avenue and Broadway at Twenty-third Street became the most talked-of corner in the country—and the world. Vivid articles were written about wind velocity. The Flatiron Building was a yard stick by which size was measured. "Tall as the Flatiron Building" meant altitude. The Metropolitan Life Building has long

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

42ND STREET LOOKING EAST FROM SECOND AVENUE. TUDOR CITY APARTMENT HOUSE GROUP

looked down upon the roof of the old champion and the New York Life Building now joins it and becomes the champion of that immediate area. It replaced the famous old Madison Square Garden—occupies the old Garden's site is better, for in the eyes of old New York nothing can ever replace that gloriously beautiful structure.

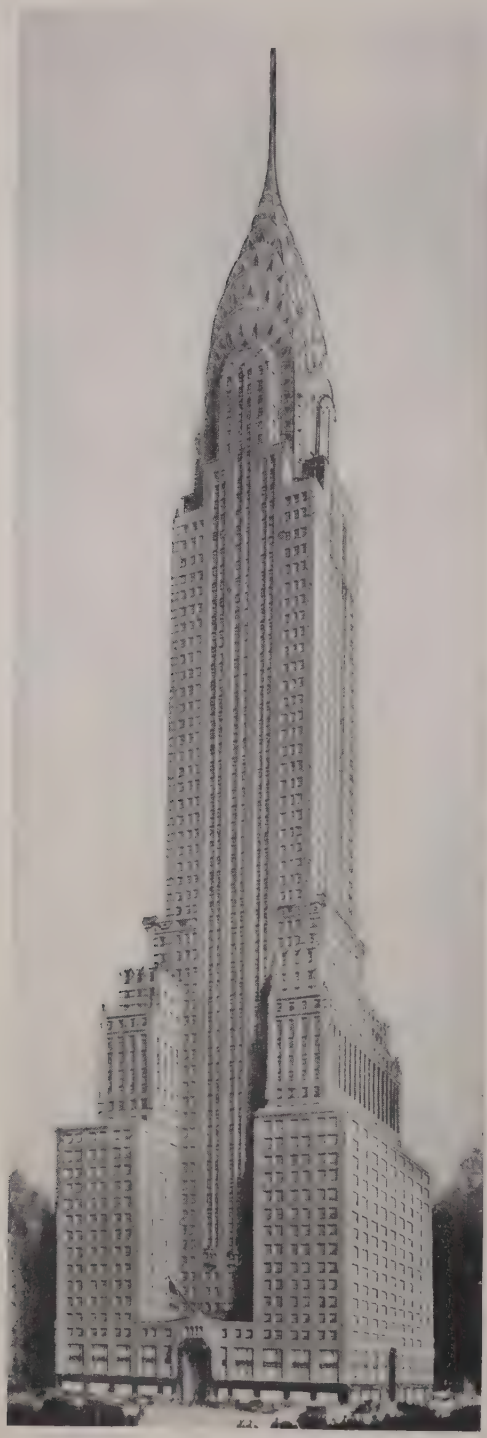
Note that when buildings began to climb the time required to erect them shortened. Mid-Manhattan was beginning to take form—to exert its unescapable urge for speed. It is not imagination that makes you believe the crowds move more rapidly within the area than anywhere else. There is something about the district that causes a subconscious quickening of pace. The City of Builders may believe it is moving at top speed today. Certainly it is working at a sizzling pace. And just as certainly present day methods will be as obsolete in 1950 as are the 1900 methods when compared with today's technique.

The height of Mid-Manhattan's buildings is rigidly restricted by law. We are foresighted enough to protect our street levels—to insist that a maximum of light and air be maintained. Consequently when a height equaling that specified in the zone where the operation is going on is reached the builders must "set back"—move in their building lines before they may send a second flight soaring skyward. Combine this restriction with the great value of the land and the fact that a two hundred feet of frontage is worth more than two one hundred feet units and you begin to see reasons why the City of Builders is destined to move at a greatly increased pace. Where we formerly worked with frontages of fifty and one hundred feet the practice of taking in half and entire city blocks is growing more common. Greater frontage on two and often three and four streets permits greater height. The land owner must reach skywards for revenue commensurate with the value of his land.

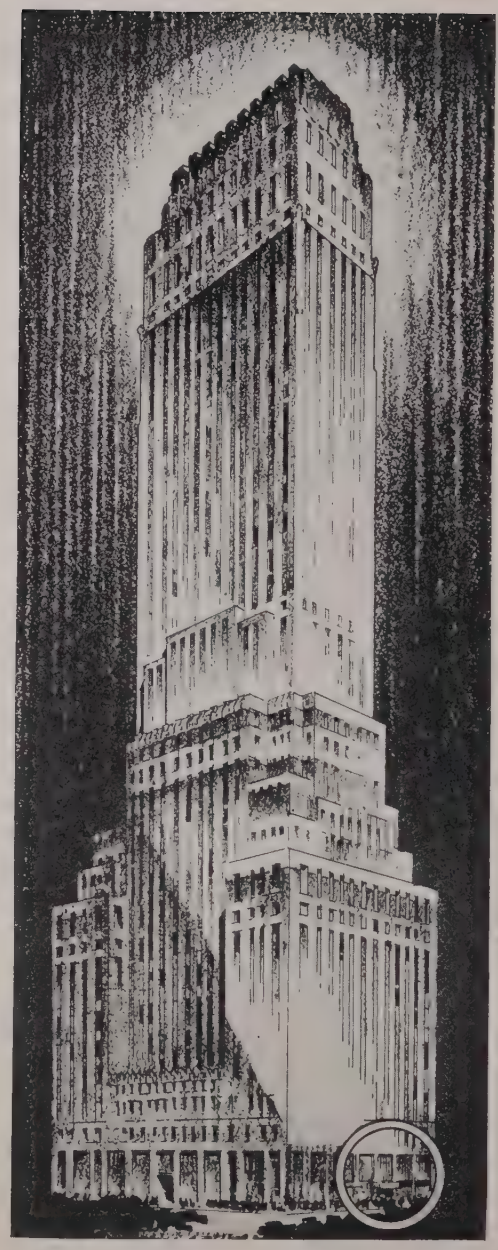
When the Waldorf-Astoria, once considered a lofty structure, was doomed plans had already been made for a building which will tower eighty stories above Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue. The actual construction will rank as the largest job yet undertaken in the Mid-Manhattan area. This great structure will give employment to an army of workmen. It will cost a huge sum of money for materials. When completed it will house a city of office workers. The project may be said to signal the opening of a new era when fewer and infinitely larger structures will be the universal rule.

It seems that to Mid-Manhattan nothing exists which cannot be surpassed. The star-reaching Woolworth Building—Greater New York's proud boast for years will have been eclipsed within the next few months by a new monster of steel and stone—the Chrysler Building at Lexington Avenue and Forty-second Street. This giant will rise sixty-eight stories above the street and easily takes first place as New York's tallest. The towering Chanin Building, at present the tallest in the Mid-Manhattan section, will drop into second place.

This chapter is not intended as a directory of the great buildings within the area. To give each its proper place would be a monumental task and would serve no real purpose. Not one modern structure within the area that does not exactly



THE CHRYSLER BUILDING



THE CHANIN BUILDING

DIAGONALLY OPPOSITE ON 42ND STREET AT LEXINGTON AVENUE

fill a specified need. Not one that is not in harmony with the new idea—and if we have the courage to look ahead a few years, few as time in the life of cities is measured, not one but what is even now destined to come down to make way for the super structures of the next half century. It does require a bit of courage to venture a prediction on the height of the buildings of the not distant future.

Forty years ago Bradford Lee Gilbert, the architect, had a fight on his hands when he proposed New York's first skyscraper—the Tower Building at 50 Broadway. The building was thirteen stories high. He had a difficult time convincing the city officials that his proposal to "stand a steel bridge structure on end" would support the weight of the building. The building laws at that time provided that the weight of a building must be supported entirely by the thickness of the walls. It was months before he succeeded in getting his plans officially approved.

Even then his idea was so sensational that John Noble Stearns, the silk merchant who owned the twenty-one foot plot expressed his fears that it would collapse. Finally Gilbert spiked all doubts by declaring the building would be safest in a hundred mile gale and that he would occupy the top floors himself. The contract was awarded to Dawson and Archer. Operations began immediately and unfavorable comment gained in volume as the structure mounted. The first seven floors were built on the steel frame, the remainder being of solid brick. Crowds gathered daily in Broadway to watch the mad venture. The man who owned the adjoining building became panic stricken and when New York's first skyscraper reached the dizzy height of ten stories he sold his property and moved from the shadow of the towering menace.

The records of the weather bureau show that on the Sunday morning in 1886 when the building was up ten stories there came a windstorm of gale proportions. The wind blew at eighty miles an hour and the street—at a safe distance from the building—was crowded with sensation seekers who came to tarry while the "fool" building came tumbling down. Gilbert himself came downtown to see how his building was weathering the storm. He had a plumb line in his pocket. Viewed from present day standards Mr. Gilbert might even be accused of being a publicity expert as well as an opportunist.

Watchmen and janitors of neighboring buildings who had deserted their posts recognized him and were indignant in their outspoken criticisms of him. Gilbert climbed the ladders to the tenth floor and lowered his plumb line. The uncompleted edifice was solid as a rock. Not the slightest vibration was revealed. The storm and the test silenced all critics. The era of the skyscraper was on. It is interesting to note that Mr. Gilbert continued to occupy the same two top floors until 1913 when the building was demolished to make room for the one which occupies the site now.

Chicago has always claimed the distinction of being the first city to use a steel skeleton for buildings. The records reveal that Indianapolis saw a four-story building of steel frame go up in the '70s. Chicago did take the lead in the use of steel. George A. Fuller, who later built the Flatiron Building, used it in the construction of the Chicago Tacoma Building. Incidentally, Mr. Fuller has just com-

THE LINCOLN BUILDING

EAST 42ND STREET AT VANDERBILT AVENUE

pleted the forty-story Fuller Building at Madison Avenue and Forty-seventh Street.

The development and successful use of the pneumatic caisson was a decided stride forward in the technique of sinking the foundations for the new type of building. It was first used at 66 Broadway in 1893 when the Manhattan Life Insurance Building was erected there. This building was the first in the downtown section to look down upon the Trinity Church Spire and it was the first to have a tower.

Even with this brief background of the development of the art of building high and safely it can be readily seen why a bit of courage is required to predict the height of our future structures. Engineers of highest standing declare there exists no real barrier to the one hundred-story building. They seem to decline to predict higher structures than that. Perhaps we shall have need for the more than one hundred-story building. Did Mr. Gilbert predict the sixty-eight-story Chrysler pile when he was fighting to gain recognition for the steel frame back in 1888? Probably the populace would have taken him out of town on a rail had he dared to say that altitude could ever be obtained—much less needed.

Buildings of one hundred stories have been freely predicted. They have their foes and their champions. No doubt the deciding factor will be the need for such structures. Some who oppose, point to the congestion the population of such a building would cause—the strain it would put on neighboring transit lines.

That hardly seems like a logical objection. The answer is not to be found in lower buildings but in additional transit. If a one hundred-story building can make itself a paying venture it is evidence that such monumental piles are needed. The majority believe the one hundred-story structure is just around the corner and soon they will be occupying one. When it does go up a modern miracle will have been accomplished. Height is the least obstacle to be overcome in the erection of a one hundred-story building. The question of sewers is enough to halt such a project. Running water being essential, extremely high pressures will result and the danger of bursting a sewer would be intensified—that danger is one of the problems with which the city's engineers are struggling at this moment.

The paramount issue is of course the cost. A hundred-story building would be an exceedingly expensive structure to put up. The cost would mount with each story and the total investment in land and materials and labor would be a sum to conjure with. Could the building earn a sufficient return to care for maintenance and pay the owners a profit in proportion to the same sum invested elsewhere? Many business men of broad experience do not believe the monster type of building is justifiable unless it is intended as an advertisement and the loss is charged to that account. A building towering one hundred stories above the pavement would be the advertising beat of the age. It would give a prestige to any product and would result in many millions of dollars worth of business—additional business. It would set the world talking and keep it talking. Whenever a sufficient number of people talk about a trademark the factory producing the article behind it works overtime supplying the demand.

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

LEFCOURT NATIONAL BUILDING (CENTER), FIFTH AVENUE AT 43RD STREET

Without question the opponents—perhaps disbelievers in the future of one hundred-story building projects is the more accurate term to use—can make out a strong case against any such plan. There is sound logic in every point they raise. The question of sewage disposal alone is a towering barrier. Rebuilding the sewers in Mid-Manhattan is a staggering task and calls for an enormous expenditure of funds.

Look, now, at what might be termed a plea for the one hundred-story building. It is not a plea nor is it intended as a defense for such a project. Go further than that and know it is not an attempt to predict the future trend of Mid-Manhattan's building.

We cannot escape the fact that forty years ago the dizzy height of thirteen stories produced chronic cricks in the collective neck of a goodly portion of New York City's inhabitants. We cannot, by ignoring it, erase the matter of record that it required a special enactment to amend the building laws so New York's first steel and stone structure could rear its head. Mankind has always regarded his present as approximating the ultimate. Recall that it was not back in the dark ages that we mounted men upon horses to gallop ahead of steam trains, sounding a horn during the daytime and carrying a lantern at night, to warn people of the approach of the contraption. There are many men barely in the prime of life who recall the wild skepticism with which the proposal to build the first subway was received. Extremists talked of semi-suffocation, the ravages of consumption—tuberculosis was strictly a medical term in those days—the crumbling of the foundations of buildings along the proposed route and the ever present possibility of the streets caving in and crushing the underground passengers. Even after the subway was completed people regarded it as a novelty and many a five cent piece was spent primarily for the adventure and thrill of going underground at Times Square and emerging into the blinding sunlight at Brooklyn Bridge. Did we not turn to our neighbor and, after Bowling Green was passed, comment that we were "dipping under the river now," as the train dashed for Borough Hall, Brooklyn. Truly there were people who were sure the subways could never be built; who did not believe they could continue in operation when they were built. Perhaps there still remain passengers who use the underground and still believe they are in danger of being crushed by the buildings along the route.

Tallest; greatest; most beautiful—are terms which aptly apply to Mid-Manhattan's structures when they are compared with any and all others in the world. Surely these very terms must take on new standards within a very few years. The Mid-Manhattan which the City of Builders has created is the measure of the size and resources of its creator. Looking ahead to the Mid-Manhattan of the future it is not difficult to envision what the City of Builders must become. Its members will have multiplied. So will have its resources and its vision. New problems wait to be first recognized and then solved.

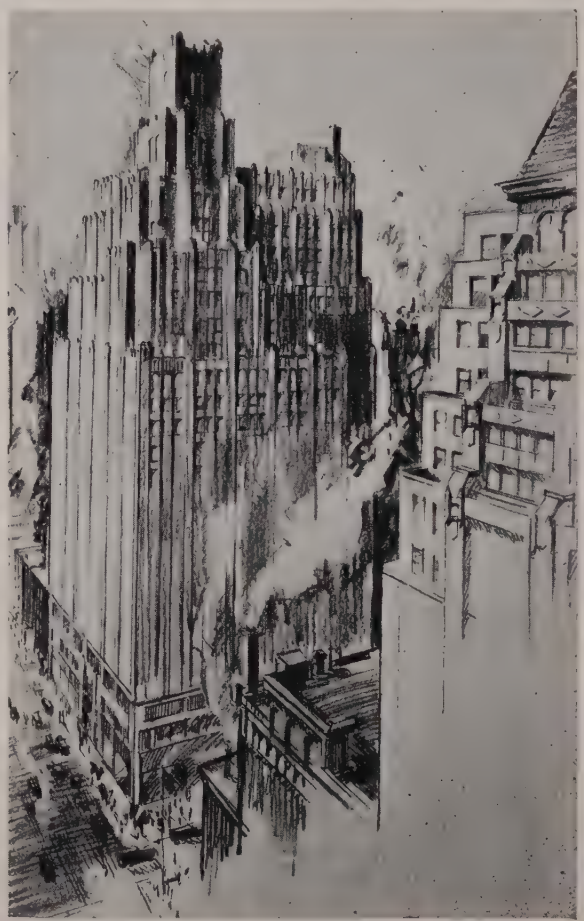
When we first began to send our buildings skyward adequate elevator service at once became a problem. It has grown in stature ever since. If any one thing can hold the buildings of the future to one hundred stories or less it will be the

difficulty of getting the population to and from the upper reaches. Still we are now shooting thousands of people daily to twice the height of New York's tallest building of twenty-five years ago. By what measure may we say the limit has been reached?

Today we are creating a new race of builders. We are reaching for new methods. Yesterday's impossible has become commonplace. It may be that the City of Builders will be called upon to entirely rebuild Mid-Manhattan by the passing of the next half century. The year Two Thousand is but seventy years away. There are infants and sturdy small boys in Mid-Manhattan today who shall see its arrival. What manner of a Mid-Manhattan will have developed is a fantastic dream. If we look back seventy years for a sign or a token we can only fall back on the word "stupendous." It lets every man's fancy go where it will.

J. Chr. G. Hupfel Building

242-46 MADISON AVENUE



Courtesy Edison Company of New York

509-18 EIGHTH AVENUE

CONTRASTING THE OLDER AND NEWER STYLES IN BUSINESS BUILDINGS

HENRY MANDEL RESIDENTIAL DEVELOPMENT, NINTH TO TENTH AVENUES, 23RD TO 24TH STREETS

THE NEW WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL. PARK TO LEXINGTON AVENUES, 49TH TO 50TH STREETS

CHAPTER V

The City of Hotels

MID-MANHATTAN, drawing all manner of men and women from all four corners of the world, has built a City of Hotels within its borders. It provides exactly and with magical promptness whatever the guest is willing and able to purchase. If the visitor wishes the luxury which is called princely and in fact often surpasses the best which a prince of the blood can command on his native soil—the visitor will find it placed within the reach of his hand. If the visitor has but a single piece of silver, accommodations which are clean, comfortable and well ventilated are for sale in abundance. A half dollar piece will procure a room in a modern fire-proofed structure located in the very heart of the area. And within ten minutes walk, are the most sumptuous suites in the world. Mid-Manhattan, the complex, loves its contrasts and with a whimsical perversity delights in making extremes rub shoulders.

Of all Mid-Manhattan's cities the City of Hotels alone is purely a local institution—producing nothing which its patrons can bundle up and ship away, nothing which it may itself sell at a distant point. Yet it deals in absolute indispensables—rest and food. It cannot go to its patrons. It must wait until the guest arrives. At the end of his stay he possesses a sense of well being and a receipted bill.

By the simple process of giving the buyer exactly what he wishes to pay for; by being eternally at his beck and call from the moment he arrives, the City of Hotels exacts an annual income running into hundreds of millions of dollars. It earns every copper of its return and to do so it has invested heavily. It has created an army of men and women who have become expert in the thousand and one duties which sum up under the general heading of "making the guest feel—and be—at home."

The City of Hotels has capitalized the advantages which Mid-Manhattan offers, as has no other of the areas—with the possible exception of the theaters. It has grown magically during the past ten years.

The magic has exacted its fee. We pay it willingly, [—but not gladly]. We pay in the coin of half uttered regrets, for while we have gained in roof area,—in sunlit rooms, in express lifts and an unending list of improvements, all of which come under the headings of massed production, greater value and lowered proportionate costs, we lose in that most priceless of all possessions—sentiment.

The City of Hotels, in its developments of the moment, has caused to be presented what may be properly termed The Great American Tragedy. It is being played with two chief actors and a vast army of men and women who portray the shadowy, spectral mob, their voices never rising above a sullen rumbling, their individual figures never advancing beyond the outermost ring of half light. They are helpless—the victims of the day and age they have created. They are the people who remember. It would be folly for them to voice dissent. They know the new order is the best order. Still, they do not like it.

The chief actors are eloquent structures of steel and stone located within the

HOTEL THE NEW YORKER. EIGHTH AVENUE, 34TH TO 35TH STREETS

span of a toddler's runaway adventuring, with Thirty-fourth Street, west, as the avenue of his excursion. One—the so modern expression of hotel practice and construction that even the fleeting moment for the creating of echoes has not elapsed—is the New Yorker at Eighth Avenue. It is the youth—the climber—the carrier of a message—the champion who has set new limits. It is the tallest hotel in New York—forty-three stories—containing twenty-five hundred rooms, each with a double bed. Many of the suites open out onto green terraces—hotel construction unknown elsewhere. It will employ an army of two thousand persons. The other has become a glorious tradition—the Waldorf-Astoria, haughty and gracious—a defeated institution which can never be replaced. The mere spending of money—spending with the utmost skill can never create another Peacock Alley nor produce another Oscar—nor another apple dumpling with hard sauce. The death of one hotel was not caused by the birth of the other—nor did the passing of the old create the new. Totally disassociated, they clash. A coincidence and the trend of the times has seen to that.

Mid-Manhattan could not progress without the New Yorker. Its development demanded the structure—created it. Mid-Manhattan could not afford to lose the Waldorf-Astoria—chiefly because it could not afford to maintain it. Sentiment is priceless but it has no value in cold dollars and cents. If these statements seem to contradict check them over again. Until the world knew the old hotel was passing we appreciated what it offered in a casual manner and when its passing seemed certain the only remedy—increased profits—was beyond reach. The Waldorf-Astoria was a successful hotel but the land beneath it demanded a higher return—a return which can be had only from the giant business structure which is soon to replace it.

Consequently we stood and watched it make its last gesture—a calm living out of its remaining days and the final checking out of its guests—the first turning of the keys in its entrances since the day they swung inward to welcome the first guest.

The *New York Sun* on March 18, 1929, gave the Mid-Manhattan which knew the Waldorf-Astoria most intimately its first realization that the old ardor was all but passed. True, the newspapers had announced the impending closing of the house but it took the account of the last of Albert Morris Bagby's Musical Mornings at the hotel, a fixture since 1893, to translate the announcement into intimate terms. Under the heading "Bagby's good-bye to the Waldorf" the *Sun* said:

"Every now and then New York manages to demonstrate that it is not merely the largest city in the world, but that it is also a 'capital.' That is to say, perhaps, that it has traditions, poise, and that its society has a memory.

"Today this was demonstrated once more and the occasion was Albert Morris Bagby's 'Farewell Musical Morning,' held at the Waldorf-Astoria (whose days are numbered) for the benefit of the Music Lovers Foundation, which aids the musical artist of yesterday whose active days are done and who must depend in some measure on the gratitude of those who knew them at their greatest. At eleven o'clock the grand ballroom of the Waldorf, resplendent in crimson velvet and slightly tarnished gilt, was filled. Every box in the two tiers bore its freight of society people, most of them a shade elderly, who had come to this farewell

musicale either because they wished to revisit for the last time a place they have known so intimately, because they wished to honor a really worthy musical benefaction, or, perhaps, because they knew that the impeccable Bagby would do as well by them in his selection of a program as he had their mothers, and, in a few cases, their grandmothers.

PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 WEST 36TH STREET

"Mr. Bagby himself seemed just a trifle flustered, just enough so to impress one with the idea that this was really an occasion. Yet he was here and there, straightening out this and that, and greeting almost everyone who came by name and often as not by their first names, and after only a few minutes delay the concert began.

"Bagby, all glistening in white hair and mustache, rosy face and beautifully tailored morning clothes, led to the platform Eddy Brown, the violinist. The audience had not quite settled down as he swung into his first, Bach's Aria on the G string, but he soon commanded attention. Then 'Vogel als Prophet,' which was somewhat interrupted by a booming voice practicing in a side room, a voice which later proved to be that of Lawrence Tibbett. After a dazzling performance of Bazzini's 'Ronde des Lutins' Brown yielded the platform to Mme. Gina Pinnera, who pleased her audience mightily with a selection from 'La Forza del Destino.'

"Lawrence Tibbett appeared, looking somewhat juvenile among this gathering of oldsters, and sang 'Eri Tu' from 'Ballo in Maschera,' and an inconsequential encore. We were to hear more of Mr. Tibbett later, and in a mood more suitable for the occasion.

"The reminiscent nature of the musicale was evidenced when Mme. Frances Alda took the stage in a hearty round of applause. Mme. Alda was decidedly in voice, and gave two numbers of Puccini. Her second was the familiar aria from 'Butterfly,' but as she sang it in the old ballroom, all its vaudeville associations seemed to drop away from it, and the music stood forth as fresh and clear as it must have at its premiere.

"Then came Mme. Schumann-Heink, the best loved singer of the era that has passed. Slowly she mounted the stage, recalling perhaps that her second appearance in this country and her first on the American concert stage was at one of the prehistoric Bagby musicales. Without prompting the auditors, many of them men and women of Schumann-Heink's age, rose in a body, giving the singer a tremendous ovation.

"As she sang 'Before the Crucifix' and 'Trees,' more than a few heard not the silvery voice that filled the ballroom, but the golden voice that in the yesterdays had been unleashed for them, even in these same surroundings. She was recalled and recalled, until fatigue forced her to refuse to make the trip to the stage again.

"Josef Lhevinne, shaggy-headed and bearish, took his seat at the piano, warmly applauded. First he played the 'Gondolier' of Liszt, who was remembered to have been the teacher of none other than our own Mr. Bagby, author of the Musical Mornings. Liszt was also the father of Frau Cosima Wagner, one of the recipients of an endowment from the Music Lovers' Foundation. Wonderfully unctuous, yet filling his instrument with vivid life, Lhevinne poured out the limpid notes in a glistening shower.

"Then he played a piece which, on the program, promised to be somewhat trite, but when heard today in the Waldorf proved to be rich in associations, the Blue Danube waltz. What pictures it revived! Couples slowly whirling, whirling,

THE OLD WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL, FIFTH AVENUE, 33RD TO 34TH STREETS

at a debut of the eighties or the nineties, at some of the great balls the Waldorf has held, even that tragic one which was held as the panic loomed, all slipped by the mind as Lhevinne, sensing its import, drew from the tinkling waltz an element of drama, a thunder of the past.

"Tactfully, Bagby had chosen to let memories rest with the waltz of the Blue Danube. As Lhevinne descended, Bagby escorted to the stage the radiant Lucrezia Bori, slim and poised. In a manner which in no way detracted from the older singers who had preceded her, she sang, effortlessly and with easy sophistication. 'Connais-tu le Pays' from Mignon, 'Primavera d'Or' of Glazounow, and a gay encore. She was called back thrice by her audience, and then Mr. Tibbett sang again.

" 'Retreat,' a song composed by La Forge, his accompanist, and 'A Kingdom by the Sea,' both were pleasantly given. Then another vaudeville piece was brought forth, and like the 'Butterfly' aria, had a new birth in its surroundings drenched with memory. It was 'The Road to Mandalay,' of course, and the older spirits in the audience warmed instinctively to it. Reminiscent it was, but reminiscent in a virile, lively sense. The song had been young when they were young, when Kipling was the poet of youth. Had Tibbett sung it in Choctaw, the effect would have been the same. As it was, he sang it well, was heartily applauded, and the concert was over.

"Many remained to speak to Schumann-Heink, to Alda and to Bagby, some wandered about the ballroom after the crowd had cleared. None wanted to go at once. Finally Bagby was brought to the front of the stage, where he made a little speech of thanks.

"Down the marble staircase moves a crowd of dowagers, some of whom stop a moment for a peep at the board of the stock broker's office half way down to the street. Then a long and glistening line of cars, the solid and older type, not the flashing cars of the new New York, and one realizes that Albert Morris Bagby is something real in the city, a cohesive cultural force, one who commands a following of people of importance, position and some culture, and who has given a cliche to the Waldorf as he will to the next home of the musical mornings.

"He is one of the things that tend to make New York a capital."

The following excerpt from the *New York Times* of April 28, 1929, sings the famous inn's requiem—and tells the high lights of its history as it should be told here—in an "I remember" vein, for the Waldorf-Astoria has gone and left behind a legion of homeless preferences and traditions. They were created and nourished within the four walls now crumbled beneath the blows of the wreckers' sledges and crowbars. They will die, for nowhere else could they live.

(*New York Times*, April 28, 1929)

AN EPOCH PASSES ON WITH THE WALDORF

LIFE OF THE HOTEL HAS TOUCHED THE HISTORY OF NEW YORK AND OF THE NATION

"Soon the Waldorf-Astoria will be no more. Not a new name will be inscribed on the pages of its historic register—the value of which is such that it is to be given to the New York Public Library—after May 1. On the second day of the month the auctioneer's voice will sound through the wide halls, 'Going, going, gone!'

Four weeks later wreckers will begin to destroy the monumental building, which has played a distinguished role in the social, political and business history of the city, and even of the nation.

"But the old Waldorf will not pass completely out of existence; it has entered too deeply into the lives of those who have been associated with it. From east to west and north to south it has spread a network of memories. Hardly a person who crossed its threshold will fail to give it a special niche in the sanctuary built of personal recollections. Histories will keep its fame and name alive, for it marked an epoch in the development of an empire city. In its day it gathered together a remarkable clientele; at its banquets the wit and wisdom of the New World and the Old intermingled, stimulated by savory viands and sparkling wines (in pre-prohibition days) from a well-stocked cellar.

"The Waldorf-Astoria came into existence at a time when the country was ready for a hotel that could vie with similar institutions in European capitals. To be sure, New York had plenty of hotels, good ones, too, but they lacked the cachet that George C. Boldt gave to this, his own creation. It was his vision that shaped the career of the house. Chance, too, had its finger in the game; it happened auspiciously that during the opening season of the hotel the Chicago World's Fair took place. In New York 'state apartments' awaited the notables who came from abroad to visit the fairyland of white buildings and lagoons on the shores of Lake Michigan. Was it not fitting that the first visitors to arrive should hail from the country that sent Christopher Columbus to discover America? In the group were the Duke and Duchess of Veragua, Christopher Columbus y Aguilera, Charles Augilera, Maria del Pilar Christopher Columbus y Aguilera, Barbolis and his son, Pedro Columbus de la Corda. Princess Eulalie, who charmed all who met her, came a little later.

"The name of the Waldorf was established. From then on it maintained a prestige that no other hotel could capture. It became the unofficial 'palace' of New York. As a matter of course visiting royalty occupied suites whose very names suggested the palaces of Europe. The World War gave impetus to its fame. After the war came Albert and Elizabeth, King and Queen of the Belgians, and later, Edward Albert, Prince of Wales. From its Fifth Avenue balcony General John J. Pershing reviewed the victory parade. Unquestionably, the Waldorf-Astoria had won a singular place.

"Not only did the hotel establish itself in the political and business movements of the time; it created a cultured milieu which it has retained to the end. In the Waldorf ballroom—all white and gold—morning musicales were held. Artists were 'made' in the concerts that took place in that hall, and in the larger one that was opened when the Astoria was added to the Waldorf.

"But days of splendor and brilliance are not the only ones that will be recalled when the Waldorf-Astoria is spoken of. The hotel has held a place in the lives of many people who regarded it as something more than a mere lodging. The apotheosis of the Waldorf-Astoria (there is to be a new one, but it cannot be the same) has come during the last month in expressions, written and verbal, that have been

sent in from this country and abroad. They voice regret at the passing of such an institution, and protest against the laws of progress which demand it. From many quarters requests have come for keepsakes to recall hours spent under the hospitable roof. They range from requests for a china clock to bids for a bedroom set. And, by the way, souvenir hunters have already invaded the hotel. In the past month the management has been obliged to lay in a new stock of towels because many of those embroidered with the hyphenated name have been carried off.

"The hotel witnessed the end of a remarkable century and the birth of a still more thrilling one. In the span of its existence the telephone was perfected; its flunkies, trained in the art of assisting beauty to alight from a brougham, had to master the swifter technique of opening and closing the door of a horseless vehicle; on the roof one of the first wireless stations was installed. Even as the hotel moved in the wheel of change so did the lives spent, wholly or in part within its dignified walls, run the gamut of human experience. That is why the last days of the Waldorf-Astoria have been tinged with a certain sadness.

"In its ballrooms debutantes made their bow to the social world. Such was the hold that the place had upon heart and imagination that the same girls went back to spend their honeymoon in its familiar surroundings. Time passed. When their daughters reached the age of beaux and bouquets, sentiment prompted them to give a supper dance at the Waldorf-Astoria, with Oscar officiating as he had done twenty-five years before. 'I would like to buy the furniture in —— suite,' wrote one of the sentimental. 'It was there I spent my early married days. And I am an old woman now. . . .'

"A fragile little woman came to the hotel one day recently. All she asked for was a ballroom chair—one of the gilt chairs into whose tapestried seat a lute is woven. She fumbled for a second in her purse, then drew out a yellowed bit of newspaper. On it was a picture of a slender girl, standing beside one of the chairs she wished to own. The resemblance between the girl and the woman who held the clipping in her hand was strong. She left knowing that the chair would be hers.

"Wherever beautiful women gather there are mirrors. So there were in the Waldorf-Astoria, mirrors that reached from floor to ceiling—three decades or so ago decorators were more lavish than they are now. If they could have stored up reflections now to give them out, what a record of fashion they could show. Waistlines and bustles and trains; pompadours and fichus and frills; straight lines and bobbed hair and knees. The Spence School alumnae, strongly attached to one of the mirrors in the Waldorf apartment (in which many of their number have studied their charms from the short to the long skirt age, and back to the short skirt era again), have sought to preserve it, a polished memory of their youth.

"On the first night that Boldt opened the Waldorf, which stood on the southerly half of the block between Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Streets, the Astoria to the north not having been added until four years later, the curious thronged through its state apartments, looking with wonder at the Old World splendor and the New World luxuries Boldt had so successfully blended. The occasion was a benefit for St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, with Mrs. Richard Irvin heading the list of

patronesses. The music of the evening was provided by Walter Damrosch and his symphony orchestra. The ushers were chosen from among gilded youth of society. They conducted the guests through the half a dozen or more dining rooms and into the state apartments, where visitors lingered in admiration of the French bedroom with its canopied bed set on a dais. The entire room was said to have cost $35,000.

"Now that the death-knell of the building has been sounded an equally curious, if somewhat more democratic crowd, has called daily to go through the same suites. The visitors have wandered through the state apartments in the old and the new buildings, also those in the sumptuous wing occupied by John W. Gates and through the paneled dining room that was used for gala functions; and they looked in the same mood of cynical amusement that the tourist affects when he visits the palaces of defunct royalty in Europe. If, perchance, they were lucky enough to meet Oscar in their wanderings he might have pointed out to them the white and gold china used for the Bradley-Martin ball, of almost mythical fame, and the tall ruby glasses in which sparkled vintage wines.

"The pantry in which the best china was kept was once the breakfast room. It adjoins the Waldorf dining room, so called because it was originally in the home of William Waldorf Astor, which was torn down to make room for the hotel. The dark oak paneling, carved in the best manner of the early Victorian period, the paintings of wild bird life and the quaint bronze fixtures that served first for oil, then for gas and finally for electricity, were preserved at the order of William Waldorf Astor. Mr. Astor never more than twice entered the hotel which he was instrumental in creating, and then he walked through it with eyes downcast, looking neither to the right nor to the left. The dining room is to be moved for a second time and will find its place in the new hotel on Park Avenue that is to bear the distinguished name.

"With it will go the china of countless banquets and the plates known as the royal set, because on each piece a portrait of a crowned head was painted by Dessard. Sightseers have always been interested in the Henri IV room, smaller dining hall of the state apartment, over the mantel of which smiled a portrait of Marguerite de Valois. She could never have been bored by the company that dined there or been offended by the pungent odors that rose from the viands set on the tables. For the Waldorf chefs, Emil Redener, Xavier Kuesmeier, Rene Anjard, Eugene Thomann and Oscar himself invented savory dishes theretofore unheard of. There were such things as chicken a la king, Waldorf salad, coquille gadsky, all new.

"But never could Marguerite have been so mystified as when in August, soon after the opening of the Waldorf, a magnificent mandarin and his retinue took possession of the state rooms. Li Hung Chang, the Chinese soldier and statesman, returning from the coronation of the Czar of Russia, paid a visit to the 'very young world.' He brought with him his own red velvet chair (some even whispered that he traveled with a coffin) and his three cooks! With their cook stoves, their kettles and their skillets, and Chinese food enough to tickle the palate of their august

master until he again touched his native shores, the cooks went up Fifth Avenue and were stared at by half a million.

"In the French chef's domain the three slant-eyed culinary experts had a corner of their own. There they prepared birds' nests, sharks' fins and rice. What ingredients they put in their stew pans will never be known, for even in the polyglot institution that the Waldorf was no one understood their language. 'Li Hung Chang,' so stated the *New York Times*, 'transformed the Waldorf into a Chinese inn that might be called "The Sign of the Dragon".'

"The Chinese statesman went on his way, leaving Marguerite de Valois enough to think about until the Prince of Siam came along, and later Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the Kaiser, then the King and Queen of the Belgians—who preferred to dine in the Salle Henry IV because they felt at home. Later the Prince of Wales entered upon the scene.

"Edward Hungerford relates in his book about the hotel that the servants had been drilled carefully in preparation for Prince Henry's visit. When the Prince, dressed in an Admiral's uniform, made his entry at the Thirty-third Street door everything was supposed to be in readiness. The impressive figure walked up the red carpet. At that moment an unobserved upholsterer, who was on his knees mending a hole in the same carpet, sprang to his feet and, grasping the princely hand, bade its owner welcome to the land of the free. A little later in the day another disaster came upon the hotel; the hot water refused to run into the royal tub and it had to be filled by means of buckets brought up from the kitchen.

"Though the Renown was the official residence of the Prince of Wales, he used the suite placed at his disposal in the Waldorf-Astoria. Sometimes he made his escape via the basement or the public corridors out into the streets, where he enjoyed mingling unknown and unobserved with the crowds. At other times he would stand in appraisal of American beauty as it preened itself in Peacock Alley.

"What are the 'peacocks' going to do without 'the street of all streets'? New hotels not so prodigal of space cannot offer its equal. Still, in its last days, a trysting place, Peacock Alley has been more than an arena for Cupid's wiles. It has been the hospitable foyer of the hotel, welcoming strangers, giving them a place to linger in. Scores of persons who have never spent a cent in the hotel have occupied its chairs. And now the loiterers sit with an air of determination, as if by sheer will they could keep the chairs forever. Or else they wander in a forlorn fashion around the spacious corridors, stopping occasionally to ask a gray-haired bellboy if it is really true that the old place is coming down, adding when they get an affirmative reply: 'And where are you going?' 'Where are you going?' is repeated around the Waldorf-Astoria like the main theme of a symphony pathetique. In variations it is taken up in the guest rooms and is repeated in the servants' halls. Many of the patrons have occupied their rooms for one, two and even three decades. Some there are who have come from out of town to the hotel year after year since it opened. As for the employes, many of them have spent there the productive years of their lives. Oscar, whose family name is Tschirky, is the dean of them all. He got the 'hunch' that he would like to join the staff when the Waldorf was a 'hole in the

Courtesy Edison Company of New York.

HOTEL SAVOY-PLAZA, FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET

ground.' At the time he was with Delmonico's. Augustus Nulle, managing director, was Mr. Boldt's secretary twenty-eight years ago.

"Then there is Joseph Smith, old Scotland Yard man, whose vigilant eye has kept a sharp look-out on crooks who work inside and outside of hotels. 'Just Luck' Smith he might be called, for when he is complimented on the fact that he has safeguarded the lives of some of the Presidents of this country, of royalty, of millionaires, society folk and just 'plain people' without any untoward happenings, he modestly replies: 'It's just luck.' George Schaefer, head waiter in the Empire Room, entered service on the eve of the Bradley-Martin ball. Others of the older men, like Brady, the doorman, who has been at his post for thirty-four years, refuse to pour out the treasures of their memory: 'We've been a part of the establishment, that's all,' they say.

"One after another they slip into the office of Zimmerman studios, in charge of the advance sale of furnishings, which occupies the space of the once famous bar, asking for some keepsake. As for the guests they have bought whole room sets.

"Habitues of the men's cafe are getting the chairs they have sat in, dealers are buying furniture from the Jade Room. From out of town, trucks have been rolling up to the door to carry away furniture to some wayside inn. Humor and pathos are intertwined in the office where the square bar stood. One man came in for an order of cuspidors to be used as fern bowls, another who had done his share of wearing down the brass rail tried to buy a section of the heavily carved ceiling and still a third, whose home the hotel has been, remarked: 'I know how out of place any of this old furniture would be in my new surroundings, but I must have some memento. Do you think you could save me a brick from the barroom wall? At least I could use that as a paper weight.'

"The old-timers linger, if they can get an audience, to chat about the day when the bar was called the uptown Wall Street, and when it was unnecessary to page anybody who was 'anybody' after four-thirty in the afternoon because he was sure to be found at the bar. It is the proud boast of the Waldorf-Astoria that the conversation between John W. Lambert, John W. Gates and Max Pam, that presaged the formation of the United States Steel Corporation, took place in its corridor. 'Betcher-Million' Gates rose to fame and wealth during the years he spent in the hotel. Former Head Waiter Meyer of the cafe recalls an evening when he came in and took his usual seat; ordering a bowl of crackers and milk for his evening meal. 'And would you believe it,' he adds, 'that day he made $1,000,000 on the Street!'

"Behind the mansard roof on the fifteenth floor of the Thirty-fourth Street side a man holds forth who has had a close-up of millionaires in the making. As long as he lives he will remember them: before and after! He is Fred Tasker, head valet. He looked after Judge Gary and Mr. Gates when their millions, though they may have been dreamed of, were not yet made. Valeting was quite a job when Tasker was a lad. Men changed their clothes more often than they do now. They wore morning suits; came home in the afternoon to change to a cutaway and striped trousers; and later slipped into evening clothes. But Sunday was Tasker's

busy day; silk hats had to be pressed and ascot ties tied. John Drew was the best dresser he ever took care of. What a job to keep him in white linen spats! When it came to tying the evening cravats of James R. Keene, the race-track man, Tasker thinks he earned his tips.

"Every President from Cleveland to Hoover stopped at the Waldorf-Astoria, though the last, to be sure, was only a nominee at the time of his last visit. James Farrell, office manager, for years a clerk at the registration desk, has known them all, and some before they attained their high office in the White House. 'Mr. Wilson often came here, so did Mr. Harding and Mr. Coolidge, too.' At the mention of the last name Farrell's eyes twinkle. 'Upon one occasion I had not seen him for nine years, but when he came to the desk he called me by name.'

"When Oscar, that past-master at the art of setting banquets, is asked which were the greatest ones he ever prepared, he looks a bit wistful and then goes back in his memory to one of his earliest triumphs. In his opinion, there will never again be anything like the Rudolph Guggenheim dinner. The president of the Municipal Council, in 1899, had invited forty of his friends. Nightingales sang in rose bushes. Grape vines grew over arbors; from them hung purple clusters that might have delighted the taste of Bacchus. In the center of the table was a lake that reflected the pale blossoms of orchids growing at its side. Ten thousand dollars this prandial extravagance is said to have cost. Of the less exclusive affairs Oscar believes that the banquets given two American Presidents were the most notable, the one held in honor of President Taft by the Yale Club, the other given to President Roosevelt. Then, he adds, there was the banquet given by the German Society of America to Prince Henry of Prussia, and the great dinner H. P. Davison held for the Prince of Wales. Added to these were the countless dinners of the societies, such as the Ohio, the Southern, the St. Andrew's, the St. George's and the Pilgrims, to which the hotel made a specialty of catering.

"These festivities took place in the resplendent ballroom on the Astoria side. No effort was spared to make it the finest thing of its kind in the country. The best contemporary artists were called in to decorate it. Its ceiling is from the hand of E. H. Blashfield; the ovals that form a part of the decorative scheme over the stage and around the walls are the work of Will H. Low. The crimson draperies and the tapestries add a regal note. From the ballroom opens the Astor Gallery, more French and lighter in its treatment. Its arched windows and doorways, its balconies and its mirrors recall the period of Louis XV and the Salle Soubise in Paris. On gala occasions the two could be thrown together.

"For the last time the resplendent halls will do service on the night of May 1. In them will assemble, for a final banquet, representatives of the forty-eight societies that have held their festivities under the blue skies painted by Blashfield. What memories will be called forth of great men, of their ringing speeches and of the toasts that got echoing cheers! Oscar will throw wide the doors; the music will burst into full swing; the diners will take their places, and for the last time in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria the spirit of today will commune with the spirit that was yesterday's."

In its passing the Waldorf-Astoria simply suffered the fate of each of New York's famous hostelries. When the Eno family built the Fifth Avenue Hotel—first known as Eno's folly, on the site of Franconi's Hippodrome in 1859, it set in motion a chain of events which were to become history and lead to another passing of the old order in 1908. The house was known as Eno's folly because it was considered too far removed from the center of wealth and fashion. Success marked its opening day and for generations the Fifth Avenue Hotel was the hub of New York's activities. The infamous Boss Tweed suffered the probing known as the Woodin investigation when the committee of, and appointed by the Legislature met there.

Tom Platt—New York's "easy boss"—made the place his headquarters, and around him grew the famous "Amen Corner" in which sat at one time or another every politician of his particular creed in the country. It was in the Fifth Avenue Hotel that the Rev. Dr. Burchard and Blaine met on the night that the phrase "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," which cost Blaine the Presidency of the United States, was coined.

The hotels of the Mid-Manhattan area have, as would be expected in the even course of events, been closely associated with our Presidents and with distinguished foreign figures. It is necessary go slightly below the southern limits of the area to speak of President Lincoln. He addressed a great gathering of the citizenry from the balcony of the old Astor House.

But the Fifth Avenue Hotel knew Garfield and Grant. Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding and Coolidge were frequent visitors at the Waldorf. Practically every member of the Royalty who visited New York from the time it opened its doors in 1893 and the Astoria was added four years later, stayed at the house which has so recently passed into memory.

The list of hotels which have had their day—and glorious days they were—is a forbiddingly long one. Who remembers his father's or his grandfather's accounts of the Metropolitan Hotel, owned by Boss Tweed and managed by his son Richard, of the Crystal Palace banquet given there for President Pierce; of the ball to the Japanese Ambassador in 1860? And while we are recalling even the stories of the bygone days, who has heard of the St. Nicholas Hotel and its proud boast of "the most magnificent barber shop in the world;" or the ultra fashionable Clarendon Hotel at Fourth Avenue and Eighteenth Street where the Grand Duke Alexis made his headquarters back in 1871?

There are many who will recall the Brunswick Hotel—headquarters of the New York Coaching Club and other ultra exclusive groups. They may even pull from some dusty cranny of their memory its sudden eclipse in 1882 after a notorious character named McGlory—an Allen Street dive keeper, succeeded in giving a dinner there for a large group of his patrons.

The Hoffman House—mention of the name conjures visions of the cigar of that name and its advertising—a man about town—high hat and an expanse of immaculate shirt front—visions, too, of its famous bar, its banquet hall and its well-stocked wine cellars. The St. James in Twenty-eighth Street also marches

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

THE SHELTON

Lexington Avenue at 49th Street

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

THE BEVERLY

Lexington Avenue at 50th Street

back to the days of Plunger Walton, its manager, who owned the first American horse to win the British Derby. Jay Gould's rendezvous, The Windsor at Fifth Avenue and Forty-sixth Street, and the holocaust which marked its exit from Mid-Manhattan's life are never to be forgotten.

Such were the old guard in the Mid-Manhattan area a few years ago. They were replaced and their more recent successors have followed them. The Manhattan, the Knickerbocker, the older Park Avenue and the Grand Union have been blotted out. Do the many thousands who pass the huge office and banking buildings which replace them remember back a very few years? Perhaps. The Belmont looks across Forty-second Street and sees its former companion in glory a modernized building housing innumerable business organizations. The Knickerbocker at Forty-second Street and Broadway is so completely an office structure that it is a safe wager not one in 500,000 who pass it ever recall the crowded lobby where swains met lassies back in 1915.

The Knickerbocker held a double and unique distinction—an outstanding feature which had nothing to do with its wonderful cuisine or its delightfully homey atmosphere. It will always be known in memories as New York's meeting place. Situated in the then very heart of the Great White Way, it was a landmark and a convenience.

Evening after evening just as the minute hand of the clock over the desk in the lobby crept past five-fifteen they began to flock in—rarely a pair and almost invariably the first comers were men. Within fifteen minutes the lobby would be crowded—so much so that bellboys would bring out uprights and stretch lines to hold the keepers of appointments in two solid groups on each side of an aisle which led to the desk and assured arriving guests clear access to the register and thence to the elevators.

By five-thirty traffic through the wide doors became dense. A man or a woman would enter, hurriedly scan the sea of faces turned doorwards. The person who formed the other half of the date would step from the crowd—hurried greetings and—exit. As the hour neared six, and then crept on to six-thirty the arrivals grew in number and their pace quickened. The late ones were appearing. Then the crowd began to dwindle. By seven o'clock the lobby would be deserted save for its customary complement of house guests. The respite endured but briefly. Those were days—or nights—of eight-fifteen o'clock curtains at the theaters and the Knickerbocker Lobby nightly served also as a meeting place for hundreds of couples bound for an evening before the footlights.

Along about eight-twenty there would come the nightly tragedy—the disappointed two or three whose companions for the evening failed to appear. Finally these would slink away and the bellboys, having put away the uprights and coiled the lines, would settle down to the comparative humdrum of caring for the needs of a house filled with guests.

The hotel's other unusual claim to fame is one which any hotel of the day would have willingly paid high to gain, but it was beyond price—it was the residence of

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

THE RITZ TOWER, PARK AVENUE AT 57TH STREET

Caruso, the tenor of tenors. For years he maintained his own suite, his chef and staff of servants there.

It must be that echoes of his golden voice still linger in what is now a series of long office lined corridors, for the Knickerbocker almost literally belonged to the great singer and to the artists from the Metropolitan Opera House, diagonally across Broadway, who flocked about him. His generosity was a byword. His great, jovial personality won him the genuine love of every employee in the house.

A thousand incidents actuated as many stories of his life there. Everyone knew him and he loved the attention he received. Visitors came in a seemingly endless stream—struggling artists who hoped for an audition—composers who hoped he would sing their songs and so bring fame and fortune to them—beggars with their pitiful tales—and men and women of wealth and highest position who could count him as their friend.

Like all that was Mid-Manhattan of yesterday the Knickerbocker faded from the scene. Caruso's voice lives only in the phonograph records. Soon the old Metropolitan Opera House will join its most colorful figure and the hotel of his choice in the great beyond where they must be waiting for the last of the New Yorkers who knew them—waiting so the old life may begin again beyond the reach of this era of feverish scramble.

It is a fanciful conceit—but every race and age has envisioned its own Valhalla—a place where change is halted in its tracks and time endures to more firmly entrench that which suits the believers best. Could it be that this changing area is simply a way station on the route to a distant city where each passing regiment rebuilds itself as it was; a Mid-Manhattan that has retained all the quaintness and charm which have given way to modernism, magnitude and lavish splendor? Shall the generations of New Yorkers that have passed be able to continue their strolling through familiar scenes? To many the thought will come as a vain wishing that such a place could be—a place where change is powerless and, perhaps, where Madison Square is still ringed with hansom cabs and O. Henry continues to stroll out each night in search for atmosphere.

While the Waldorf-Astoria served to mark the passing of a yesterday and the New Yorker, because it is the latest and so far the most ambitious expression of the new order, symbolizes the dawning of a fast on-rushing tomorrow, it does not signify that the City of Hotels does not serve a today. The art of maintaining a home for the world which journeys calls for individuality. No two men like exactly the same things, and no two hotels, regardless of the fact that the same general policy and the identical methods govern them, are exactly alike. A hotel unit in a general sense is an abode. It reflects the composite personality of its patronage.

The old order of hotels reached its zenith soon after the turning of the century. Few were able to read correctly the visible signs of their impending doom—the building of Mid-Manhattan's pivotal points, the Grand Central Terminal and the Pennsylvania Station. Realized or not, the turning of the first spades full of earth for these structures sounded taps for the old guard and one by one they reached the end of their march.

HOTEL MCALPIN, 34TH STREET AND BROADWAY

Twenty years ago—even ten years ago, Mid-Manhattan did not fully appreciate the priceless value of sixty seconds. We were a bit careless of the other fellow's minutes. We did not realize that once he set foot within our territory his minutes were really ours—ours to make profitable for ourselves by making them highly profitable for him. To make them profitable, we learned we must help the visitor economize in time and effort. We actually put his bed at his journey's end. We even went further and made it possible for him to reach it from his train without going out of doors or having set foot on the sidewalks of New York.

Judged by twenty year old standards one world-famous inn is in close proximity to either rail terminal. It is even safe to say that statement applies to ten years ago. The hotel serves a larger following of the highest type and like the glorious house which has just been catapulted into a memory, it will continue to hold its patronage until the same conditions make it front page news for a week and a memory for generations to come. Today it is on the outer fringe of the area of Mid-Manhattan's City of Hotels.

The Grand Central Terminal—Pershing Square—is the center of one hotel area and The Commodore, The Belmont, The Roosevelt, The Biltmore, the Murray Hill, The Ritz Carlton hedge it in. The total of their rooms bulks large. The limit of their service and the ability to serve is bounded only by the whim or actual necessity of their guests. No one can be singled from the others as possessing or offering more than its neighbors. Each one places close at hand every expression of modern luxury, and each draws its quota of guests who may be classed as people of great wealth—people who figure as doers and producers in the world events. Nor can they be classed solely as gathering places of people of great wealth. The executive, the successful business man, the leaders in the professions from all parts of the country and from abroad, are certain to be found as guests of the group each day of the year.

The array, condensed in one brief paragraph would overcrowd many of the world's greatest cities, yet they do not begin to present the complete picture of Mid-Manhattan's City of Hotels. A few city blocks to the west and south another group fringes the Pennsylvania Terminal. The Hotel Pennsylvania in its relative position parallels the Commodore which hugs the Grand Central Terminal. The giant New Yorker does the same. One block east is the McAlpin and the Martinique. Directly facing the Terminal the Governor Clinton is the Pennsylvania's close neighbor. The Herald Square, one of the veterans, is just around the corner and it holds its quota of guests who have made it their home for many years. A word of prophecy is permissible and timely at this point. What the past fifteen years accomplished for the City of Hotels in and around Pershing Square, is destined to be duplicated within the immediate zone of influence of the Pennsylvania Terminal. The same period which brought about the sensational upbuilding of the Grand Central area revolutionized conditions at the other terminal. We must regard the immediate locality of Grand Central Terminal as permanent for a few years at least. Reconstruction there, will be an enormously expensive undertaking, although it will eventually come to pass. It is questionable if more hotels could be added. On the other hand, while new construction in the form of business structures is moving at high speed in the Pennsylvania zone

Courtesy Edison Company of New York.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND AND SAVOY-PLAZA HOTELS FROM CENTRAL PARK
FIFTH AVENUE AND 59TH STREET

there is ample space and a daily increasing call for hotel construction as well. The reason for the selection of the Eighth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street site for Mid-Manhattan's largest hotel was neither sentiment nor a gamble. It was put there because the world which comes to Mid-Manhattan asked for it.

Even this second grouping of hotel structures does not complete the City of Hotels. A few blocks north—six at the most, finds another clustering of havens for the thousands who journey to the Mecca of the world's workers and the seekers after pleasure. When the City of Theaters moved north it created a situation which could exist no place else in the world. But that is a part of the narrative which is best told in another chapter. Only the hotels and their amazing growth in number are timely here.

Broadway and Seventh Avenue, the former being New York City's longest street, cross each other at Forty-second Street, forming Times Square. The Hotel Astor dominates the Square, with the Claridge and the Cadillac sharing the distinction of being the three with a Times Square frontage and a view of the myriad lights and the unrivalled picture of the nightly blazing of the Great White Way beneath their windows. Few will dispute the prestige of the Hotel Astor as an outstanding beacon in the theatrical district. It is the most widely known, one of the oldest—although it is of modern construction in every sense of the term.

Less than ten years have elapsed since this third centralization of hotels began. New houses sprang up seemingly overnight. The Park Central and the Hotel Manger on Seventh Avenue just above the northern limit of the Square. In the off shooting Roaring Forties a new Hotel Knickerbocker, a Lincoln, a Paramount and a Times Square, mentioning only the most notable of the new construction, seemed to rise overnight and to be magically filled with guests. These are only the leaders of the new group. Scores of older houses of first rank, notably the Bristol, the Woodstock and the Great Northern have catered to a clientele of the highest type for years. Without doubt the area bounded by Forty-second Street, Fifth Avenue, Eighth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street contains, and permits to prosper, more hotels than any other area in the world. In some the patronage is drawn almost exclusively from the theatrical folk, or the "profession" if you speak the language of the Great White Way. Others are filled with visitors who are in town for no other purpose than to shop and see the leading hits and visit the night clubs. And there are still others which have a constantly changing population consisting of buyers from all parts of the country and business men who must be close to the playgrounds when the deals and conferences of the day are ended.

Not yet has the City of Hotels been presented in its entirety. There remains the ultra exclusive handful—the Hotel Plaza, Mayfair House, the Ritz Carlton, Hotel Ritz Tower, Savoy-Plaza and the Sherry Netherland—where the City of Hotels strives for and achieves a constantly heightened degree of distinctiveness. Here in fact, cost is the last and the least consideration. Service has been raised to a degree of excellence impossible to find elsewhere, with dignity as the keynote and a lack of ostentation the dominant element.

So far the City of Hotels has been presented from but three of its modes of

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

HOTEL LINCOLN, EIGHTH AVENUE, 44TH TO 45TH STREETS

expression—the segments which cater to great wealth, to the transient business man and his family and to the visitors who journey for pleasure. Behind this structure is a fourth expression—a newly developed phase of hotel construction and management—the apartment hotel.

Fulfilling an existing need, the apartment hotel is secure in its future. Basically it is a luxurious apartment building such as stand shoulder to shoulder on Park Avenue, Mid-Manhattan's Street of Wealth expressed. It provides suites of whatever proportions the visitor may require, be it two rooms or forty. Soft treading, perfectly trained servants are at instant call. A family with means to pay for the service may close the town or country house, dismiss the servants and by simple process of arriving at one of a score of apartment hotels an hour behind the trunks and bags, may dress for dinner with a full complement of maids and valets—members of the house staff—and thereafter continue their accustomed mode of life without the slightest break in the calm course of their living. A pen and a check book are the sole requisites of housekeeping or home making. Because the atmosphere of the transient guest is cleverly camouflaged the most exclusive and correspondingly expensive of the apartment hotels are in high favor and their vogue has spread rapidly. Each is constantly filled and new structures attract their following almost before the plaster on the walls has properly set.

This most modern expression of hotel service is rapidly forming a ring of examples about the high type hotel as we have come to know it. Park Avenue, the exclusive East Forties and Fifties are dotted with them. They compete successfully with the outright hotel and with their close kin rivals, the apartment houses themselves.

It is certainly sound logic and, too, it seems eminently fair to class Mid-Manhattan's ultra fastidious apartment houses as an institution in this dazzling City of Hotels. If for no other reason than the fact that outside capital has created them for a profit unto itself the inclusion is proper. Hospitality as we knew it twenty-five or thirty years ago is all but extinct.

A roll call of the famous mansions which lined Fifth Avenue, Madison Avenue—which dominated Murray Hill back in the '90s, will find but a corporal's guard remaining. Names which for generations have never known an address other than one in that territory—and by address is meant an imposing pile of masonry—have given way to trade. Only the giant power of the house of Morgan has been able to keep intact a single small area of Murray Hill. Madison and Fifth Avenues have long since fallen completely under the dominant force of business. Business drove the mansions northward along Fifth Avenue before it, from Fourteenth to Twenty-third Streets and sent them scattering around the Madison Square we know today. Then it continued the chase. Neither the sacred precincts of Madison or Fifth Avenue could stand off the onset. To Thirty-fourth, to Forty-second and then to Fifty-ninth Streets went the wealthy in search of a home. Business followed and continued to score almost at will. Finally the mansion made its last stand in Mid-Manhattan. Fifth Avenue above Fifty-ninth Street became Millionaire's Row. At last it seemed the city's wealthy would be left in peace—all it asked was a place

Courtesy Edison Company of New York.

PARK AVENUE AND 59TH STREET. BOARD OF EDUCATION (FOREGROUND). HOTEL DELMONICO (TOWER)

to live, to be alone. It threatened no one and in its years of migration it seemed to say almost pathetically "Is this the last time?"

The old order changeth and the pace quickens. As the mauve age took on the deeper tinge of the Naughty Nineties and that innocent period became the Restless Teens and gaining momentum leaped into the Flaming Present, hospitality as the old New Yorker knew it became a memory.

The coachman has become a chauffeur and the cook is a chef. The seemingly soul-killing pace of 1900 and the next ten years was destined to be recognized as the leisurely amblings of an unambitious snail. Once Mid-Manhattan struck its true stride the mansion received its death blow. The modern apartment had topped the horizon and Park Avenue became one of the last trenches of Wealth at Home.

Courtesy Edison Company of New York.

HOTEL GOTHAM, FIFTH AVENUE AND 55TH STREET

Courtesy Edison Company of New York.

STEWART HALL, 10 MITCHELL PLACE

CONTRASTING HOTEL ARCHITECTURE OF ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO WITH THAT OF TODAY

HOTEL GOVERNOR CLINTON, SEVENTH AVENUE AT 31ST STREET

Weary of fighting off the encroaching business buildings and stores the dwellers in mansions walked out through the doors for the last time, and going around the corner entered apartments which represented an investment of from fifty to two hundred thousand dollars. It was true economy. Fortunes tied up in land holdings made immensely valuable by the very force which drove their owners away, were put to work and one of the newest of Mid-Manhattan's institutions, the statuesque doorman, was established. The cooperative apartment house grew in favor. They leased for high figures and found many eager to sign for the space. New fortunes—new millionaires were being made overnight and many of the old New York families, becoming almost alien in their new surroundings have made their last stand on Manhattan Island—the extreme east side with Sutton Place as its center. Here we find a touch of irony for the view with which those who command a stunning total of wealth must be content is a view of the traffic heavy East River and the serrated skyline of factory-fringed Williamsburg and Long Island City.

The maximum ability to pay can buy no more in vista than Tony and Mike, Erick and Isadore who swim from the docks, regard as familiar scenes. Land values have soared. The new order is in the saddle—and what has become of the Old New Yorker? A few remain. Their uptown New York has become Mid-Manhattan—the Mid-civilization of the age.

Benjamin Wistar Morris, Architect

AT LEFT:

THE NEW CLUBHOUSE OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S ASSOCIATION AT 353 WEST 57TH STREET. IT IS BUILT AROUND A GARDEN PATIO AND CONTAINS 1250 ROOMS EACH WITH PRIVATE BATH, A GYMNASIUM, SWIMMING POOL, SIX ROOF GARDENS, AN AUDITORIUM, LIBRARY, SPACIOUS LOUNGES, DINING ROOMS, CAFETERIA AND MANY UNUSUAL FEATURES.

COLUMBUS CIRCLE AND CENTRAL PARK IN THE DISTANCE.

Courtesy Edison Company of New York.

WASHINGTON SQUARE—WHERE FIFTH AVENUE BEGINS.

APARTMENT HOTEL, NO. 1 FIFTH AVENUE, AND THE WASHINGTON ARCH

CHAPTER VI

The City of Merchants

NOWHERE else in the world has one dollar or a million such power to purchase variety. The Mid-Manhattanite and visitors within its portals have but to wish aloud. Nor does he need to exert himself to that extent. Merchandising sense as keen as Toledo steel is adept in reading his subsconscious mind and displaying the wares which provoke the wish to own.

A pearl or a peach, a rake or a ranch, a boat or a butterfly—all are on sale and at hand. You may buy a boat on 45th Street, the butterfly on lower Fifth Avenue, the rake and the ranch on 42nd Street and peaches are on sale every day in the year. Madison Avenue will sell you a Rembrandt or a red lily.

Motors are on sale at Fifty-seventh Street. East Twenty-fourth Street still has its horse mart and West Fortieth Street its cattle yards. Do you want Irish Bacon or is it Irish Lace? Fifth Avenue has the latter and a Tenth Avenue butcher specializes in the bacon. He even fills mail orders and is progressive to the point of advertising the fact with expertly written copy that is carried in publications reaching the discriminating type—the people who relish the tang of the peat with which it is smoked, and gladly pay the premium.

Before the modern Bagdad is presented it may offer a bit of pleasure to wander back through a few years, or many, as haphazard and random memories dictate. It will serve no purpose to strive for precision as to dates and exact locations. What we do need is an approximate picture of the old so the present glory of the City of Merchants may be lifted from what we have been educated to regard as the usual. The City of Merchants has undergone the most magical of all transformations.

Visit the City of Merchants of thirty years ago—when Sixth Avenue, Twenty-third Street, Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street were the shopping centers. Picture the streets crowded with hansom cabs and victorias—the horses restive every time a steam propelled "L" train puffed and snorted and belched sparks as it made its way overhead. Horse runaways were news items—then ranking in importance in accordance with the prominence of the owners who may or may not have been in the equipage when the horses bolted.

Do not overlook the brave and obese policeman who risked his life to halt the plunging animals—or was it an alert and honest artisan who sprang to their heads and was handsomely rewarded? Nor must we overlook the inevitable "dear old lady" and the "golden haired child" who was always whisked from their path. Rescued in a runaway started many a romance in those days.

Le Boutilliers on Twenty-third Street was an exceedingly smart place to shop, particularly if one required French kid gloves or dress goods of the finest quality. McCutcheon's then as now was noted for its fine linens. Higgins and Seitier was considered one of the best places to purchase china and glassware. The names of the leading stores in the district flash rapidly in review. O'Neill-Adams, Siegel-

Courtesy World Wide Photos

VIEW FROM CHANIN BUILDING, LEXINGTON AVENUE AND 42ND STREET, LOOKING WEST

Courtesy Edison Company of New York.

LOOKING NORTHEAST FROM 15TH STREET AND THIRD AVENUE

Cooper, Simpson Crawford, Greenhut have since passed from the scene. Altman, then at Sixth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, McCreery, Oppenheim and Collins, Best & Company, Stern Brothers, W. & J. Sloane, Kaskel & Kaskel, Peck & Peck, Arnold Constable, Brentano's, Jaeger, Kurzman, J. & J. Slater, were familiar names and familiar establishments. Only one of the many mentioned and the many others of merit but smaller in size which made New York's Shopping Center then has remained not only in the same district outlined but in the same buildings—Hearn remains—"Fourteenth Street west of Fifth Avenue." The others have moved deeper into Mid-Manhattan and out of old New York.

The City of Merchants had in the years following the civil war moved up Broadway. Reaching Union Square it crept across Fourteenth Street both east and west. Sixth Avenue, largely because of the "L", became the backbone. Broadway and Fifth Avenue held a share of the business houses but the great stores of the period were closest to the points where the crowds from uptown and downtown alighted first. Crawling up Fifth Avenue and Broadway as population increased the shops and the leading stores marched up to Thirty-fourth Street and the first steps in the real development of Fifth Avenue as the world's most famous avenue had started. Fourteenth Street lost prestige. Twenty-third Street suffered the same fate. Sixth Avenue seemed to fall under a blight. Viewed impersonally it must be admitted the very factor which built the shopping center of yester-year later killed the thoroughfare from one end to the other. That factor is the "L" structure. When it comes down, and it must within the next few years, there will be an almost instantaneous change. The precedent has been established. Sixth Avenue from Fifty-third Street to the edge of Central Park was all but covered by a spur of the Sixth Avenue overhead line. When it came down land values mounted, one of the city's most beautiful theatres appeared. So did splendid apartment houses. The grub became a butterfly and the beautifying process had barely started.

Sixth Avenue today is an interesting street to study and wander about.

Sixth Avenue is the Rip Van Winkle of Mid-Manhattan's streets and avenues. Like Rip it went to sleep and for twenty years and then ten more it slumbered peacefully while a new world sprang up about it. Truly has the sapling to which it tied its Schneider grown to sturdy oak. While the roar of the "L" trains overhead played the counterpart of the thunder which echoed through Rip's beloved Catskills it remained virtually unchanged in outward appearance. Broadway and Fifth Avenue, the outer edge of the City of Merchants when Sixth Avenue was in its heyday were quick to profit by the other thoroughfare's misfortune—the "L" structure—and frankly battening upon it, drew the crowds which rode over but not through it. The "L" served to bring the people downtown and uptown but light and comparatively quiet streets lured them away.

The public had changed but Sixth Avenue could not change with it. The small and moderately large establishments along Sixth Avenue could not grow with the times. Actual sunshine and the figurative sunshine of increasing patronage were denied them. They lingered in the shadows for a time and then gave up. In the meantime Fifth Avenue was learning how to sell merchandise—learning with an

ARNOLD-CONSTABLE CO. BUILDING, FIFTH AVENUE AT 40TH STREET

aptness and dispatch which never shall cease to be a source of amazement to its competing shopping centers.

Today the contrast between the aristocrat of all avenues and its equally well located neighbor is pathetic. That a new day era is dawning for Sixth Avenue is admittedly true. It is fast coming and nothing can stop it. In fact conditions demand that the change be quickly put into effect.

Both Fifth and Sixth Avenues are thronged from early morning until night. Both avenues are lined solidly with mercantile establishments—retailers of all manners of wares. Probably you can buy on Sixth Avenue anything which Fifth Avenue has to offer. There is a wide difference in quality in many instances but that does not mean Sixth Avenue cannot nor does not deal in the best. The direct statement is that Sixth Avenue does not cater to Fifth Avenue trade and the patrons of Fifth Avenue stores and shops do not walk one block westward when they seek a gown or a fur coat or a diamond or a pearl. Less than a furlong apart in actual distance they are a thousand miles apart in makeup.

Literally the Rip Van Winkle of Mid-Manhattan's avenues has begun to toss in its sleep. It has even lifted its head for a drowsy look about. Up at Fifty-ninth Street new construction has forged ahead. As far south as Fifty-third Street there has been an amazing change. Land values in these few blocks have climbed to wonderful levels. The ultimate removal of the "L" structure cannot do else than bring about a similar change throughout its entire length. The dingy two, three and four storied brick buildings—most of them remodeled residences of a day long past—will be erased by an avalanche of progress. The employment bureaus where hotel help, domestics and the unskilled laborer flock in droves and now all but block pedestrian traffic as they hang over the bulletin boards announcing "cook—eighty dollars a month and keep" "dishwasher—eight dollars a week" "waiter—eleven dollars a week and tips" "bricklayers, out of town, labor trouble" will be sent scuttling away to some other region of cheap rents.

Fortunes will be made in the building and the rebuilding of the Sixth Avenue of today. Nor has the opportunity for future profits been overlooked. Most of the land is being held—not for sale, except at a figure entirely out of proportion to its earning power at the present time. A goodly proportion of it has been held for generations by the same families. Much of it is owned by the old families whose fortunes were made in real estate. This in a large measure assures the future of the Avenue. When the new construction begins it will not be cheap in character. Some day—and that day is not in the distant future—we shall have the natural rival of both Fifth Avenue and Broadway actively competing for its share of business and it will be firmly entrenched for the fight.

The proper development of Sixth Avenue will have a beneficial effect upon the cross streets. Precedent preassures it. Fifty-seventh Street, Forty-second Street and Thirty-fourth Street are the authority for the statement and the belief. True these are main cross arteries, but walk a few yards west from Fifth Avenue on any other of the cross streets and read the surface indications for yourself. Shops of the highest type, conducted by keen merchandisers, are thriving because they serve.

Courtesy Edison Company of New York. *Warren and Wetmore, Architects.*

EMPIRE TRUST COMPANY BUILDING, FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH STREET

They are filling a need and more of them are required. With the natural growth in population during the next decade, or at the outside two decades, the possibilities for expansion are unlimited. In Mid-Manhattan the small shop of the last generation is the great store of the generation to come.

Study briefly the makeup of the City of Merchants. The leading establishments —princes of the blood—average considerably less than one hundred years in age. And those which can show the date of their founding to approximate that span are very few indeed. In their present estate they are a far cry from their beginnings. Not one of them during their very early years could compare with some of the smaller establishments which are their neighbors either on Fifth Avenue or in the side streets.

Fifth Avenue enjoys a natural leadership. It is the undisputed and unqualified leader. An address on that Avenue of Avenues is an asset which ranks above good will in value. There is something about that congested ribbon of asphalt which runs straight as a crow's flight that stands for success—and skill and integrity which are the foundation of all success. In itself it should not be called a successful merchandising center. Rather is it the center of successful merchandisers. They know, and as is always the case "knowledge is power." There the best minds are given unlimited scope. It is populated by a race of better mousetrap makers and whether the world has made a beaten track to their doors or whether they have brought their mousetraps out where the world passes is entirely beside the question.

To be of and on Fifth Avenue necessitates an out of the ordinary mind and an out of the ordinary viewpoint. Space is too costly, opportunities for profit—which are also yawning pits into which the unskillful will fall—are too numerous to permit the presence of novices or impractical dreamers who might kick Opportunity's shins instead of making her welcome and enticing her to remain as a permanent resident.

Fifth Avenue is a world within itself and it serves the best and at the same time the most exacting and difficult group of buyers in creation. More automobiles of the most expensive makes are to be found along it than could be found in any five great shopping centers. More wealth is daily represented between Thirty-fourth Street and Fifty-ninth Street than ever has or ever can be congregated anywhere else. And here is the capstone to the arch—more actual buyers spend more money along the east and west sides of Fifth Avenue on any given shopping day than is spent anywhere else.

These are not unsupported statements. The actual figures could probably be approximately compiled but there exists no real need for the laborious task of doing so. Stocks of jewels known to be the largest in the world are to be found in famed establishments which total nearly a score. Dealers in art who have been said to have all but denuded Europe of its available masterpieces are of and on Fifth Avenue. Furriers whose agents send the finest of skins are there. The sheerest of silks, the finest of leathers—every commodity that spells luxury is waiting for the beckoning gesture of those who can and do command them.

Mere quality in quantity has not made Fifth Avenue. It is what Fifth Avenue

Courtesy Edison Company of New York.

42ND STREET LOOKING EAST FROM SIXTH AVENUE, 1928. THE CHRYSLER, LINCOLN, CHANIN AND ARNOLD-CONSTABLE TOWERS PIERCE THE SKY IN THE 1929 VIEW. STERN BROTHERS, LOWER LEFT

has succeeded in doing with quality in quantity that created such an estate. Quality alone is inanimate. It lacks appeal. Quality given a distinctiveness—that added element which performs a modern alchemy—is the lure which brings a nation to its doors.

Fifth Avenue cannot be justly called exclusive. Distinctive, yes. Exclusive not at all—unless the ability to appreciate may be called an exclusive trait. And that ability is too widespread to permit linking it with the word and the condition. For the one woman of wealth whose social position places her near or at the zenith there are thousands of women of moderate means—wives of men who are making a comfortable living, women who are making their own livings in offices and in other fields, who go to Fifth Avenue to make some of their purchases. It is this great grouping who are the foundation of Fifth Avenue's great retail establishments. Indeed Fifth Avenue is not solely a place where great wealth spends its money. The humble dime and its bulkier little brother the nickel are deeply rooted in three large stores on the Avenue. The ten cent drinking glass outsells in infinite numbers the crystal goblet offered in a famed house a short distance further south. Paper napkins in bundles are more heavily in demand than are the finest napery for which a firm founded generations ago is noted.

Still, they all serve to build business and while Fifth Avenue offers neckties at one hundred and twenty dollars a dozen and tailored suits which cost in three figures and are ordered in dozen lots it also sells a smart tie for one dollar and you can buy one suit for thirty-five dollars without apologizing for your existence.

Without the slightest intent to detract from Fifth Avenue's importance—remove it and Mid-Manhattan could not be—this most noted of paths along which men tread stops a long way short of being the area's City of Merchants. It is the upper crust of the pie; retail trade in its highest exemplification; the group extraordinary—it would be possible to phrase its superiority indefinitely—but it is not and does not make the slightest pretense of being the alpha and omega.

Mid-Manhattan is a vast cohesion of all manners of people. Its merchants must serve them to live. Fifty-seventh Street for a block or two east and west of Fifth Avenue is given over almost entirely to establishments which cater only to the wealthy. Even here the exception crops up for the section also contains moderately priced tea rooms, small florists and a tiny store or two where cheap novelty jewelry is sold.

With the exception of the neighborhood stores the City of Merchants in Mid-Manhattan begins at Third Avenue on the East Side and extends to Tenth Avenue on the West. Its northern boundary is Fifth-ninth Street and it extends clear to the southern limits of the area.

A great department store doing an annual business of many millions of dollars is at Fifty-ninth Street and Third Avenue. Go south on Third Avenue and you may buy clothing, household furniture, foodstuffs—everything a population of limited means and correspondingly limited wants demands. Review the two cross sections between Fifty-ninth Street and Forty-second Street haphazardly. Lexington Avenue—a jumbled mixture of apartments, rooming houses, antique shops and

Courtesy Edison Company of New York. *Warren and Wetmore, Architects*

FIFTH AVENUE LOOKING SOUTH FROM 60TH STREET, HECKSCHER BUILDING AT 57TH STREET

what not. Madison Avenue—antique shops, art galleries, deluxe establishments where sporting goods for the week-end hiker or the big game hunter are expertly sold by men who have done both. Further south, close to Forty-second Street are great office buildings. The shortest avenue in the area must not be overlooked—Vanderbilt Avenue—even though most of its frontage is taken up by the Yale Club and hotel buildings which face upon side streets. Towering office buildings occupy each extreme corner, an auctioneer's sales room on the ground floor of one and a drug store on the same level of the other. Vanderbilt Avenue is unique, too, in that only one side of the street is given over to general occupancy. The Grand Central Terminal approaches occupy the east side.

Cross Madison and Fifth Avenues and you're at Sixth, the Rip Van Winkle of Mid-Manhattan. Restaurants, small stores which run the gamut from artist's materials to hardware, foreign language books and newspapers to fancy fruits. The second floors of the buildings, mostly two and three stories, are given over to employment agencies mostly, but a health institute has managed to elbow its way in. Some of the buildings are rooming houses above the second story. It would not be fair to overlook two pet shops, a number of dealers in old silver and gold jewelry and a caterer, a score of delicatessen shops and a unit of a great chain grocery. You can buy a drink of pineapple juice at the northwest corner of Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue. Cigars are sold at the southwest corner. Newspapers from your home town are on sale across the street to the east. Just below the corner on the west side is Bryant Hall, once the smartest of places for dances and weddings and now a rehearsal hall for tab shows and vaudeville jazz bands. An automatic restaurant occupies the ground floor. Occasionally the hall is used for weddings and neighborhood associations such as the Jolly Three or other equally generic designations occasionally hold their "annual balls" there—functions distinctive in that the Floor Committee and Master of Ceremonies generally wear badges of blue ribbon with the captions emblazed thereon in gold letters.

Although the incident occurred about fifteen years ago it is still distinct in the writer's memory—the hurrying to the hall from the city room of the *New York Herald* to get the details of a reported riot at a dance. The Master of Ceremonies was indignant because the police and reporters were present. He said it was "Jes' a little argument. One of th' guys got sore because some one grabbed his moll and took de fire axe offen de wall an' went to woik on de bloke. He oney hit him four times before we got de axe away from him."

To the west is the City of Theatres, which is presented in detail in another chapter. Eighth Avenue is another street in the throes of growing pains and rehabilitation. A subway extends beneath its pavement and buildings erected thirty and twenty years ago are soon doomed to vanish. Nor will their going be mourned. Ninth Avenue is another "L"- blighted thoroughfare. Small stores and tenements line it. Tenth Avenue, because of its greater width and the absence of a deadening overhead structure, is more cheerful but again are small establishments and tenement quarters on the floors above. These stores are vital factors in the lives of the people they serve. Low rents, cash transactions, limited stock and frequent turn-

Courtesy Edison Company of New York.

FIFTH AVENUE LOOKING SOUTH FROM 42ND STREET

Courtesy Edison Company of New York.

NORTH SIDE OF 42ND STREET BETWEEN
BROADWAY AND SIXTH AVENUE.
REMINGTON BUILDING

Courtesy Edison Company of New York.

WEST SIDE OF PARK AVENUE LOOKING NORTH
FROM 31ST STREET.
2 PARK AVENUE AND VANDERBILT HOTEL

over permit the owners to make comfortable livings and sell at prices somewhat lower than are asked elsewhere. True enough their merchandise is not always of the highest standard but it is honestly priced and sold and is basically good. Furniture, shoes, clothing and "malt and hops" stores abound. Below Forty-second Street Tenth Avenue is nine-tenths tenements until a point near Fourteenth Street is reached. Here begin the great piers at which the ocean liners dock.

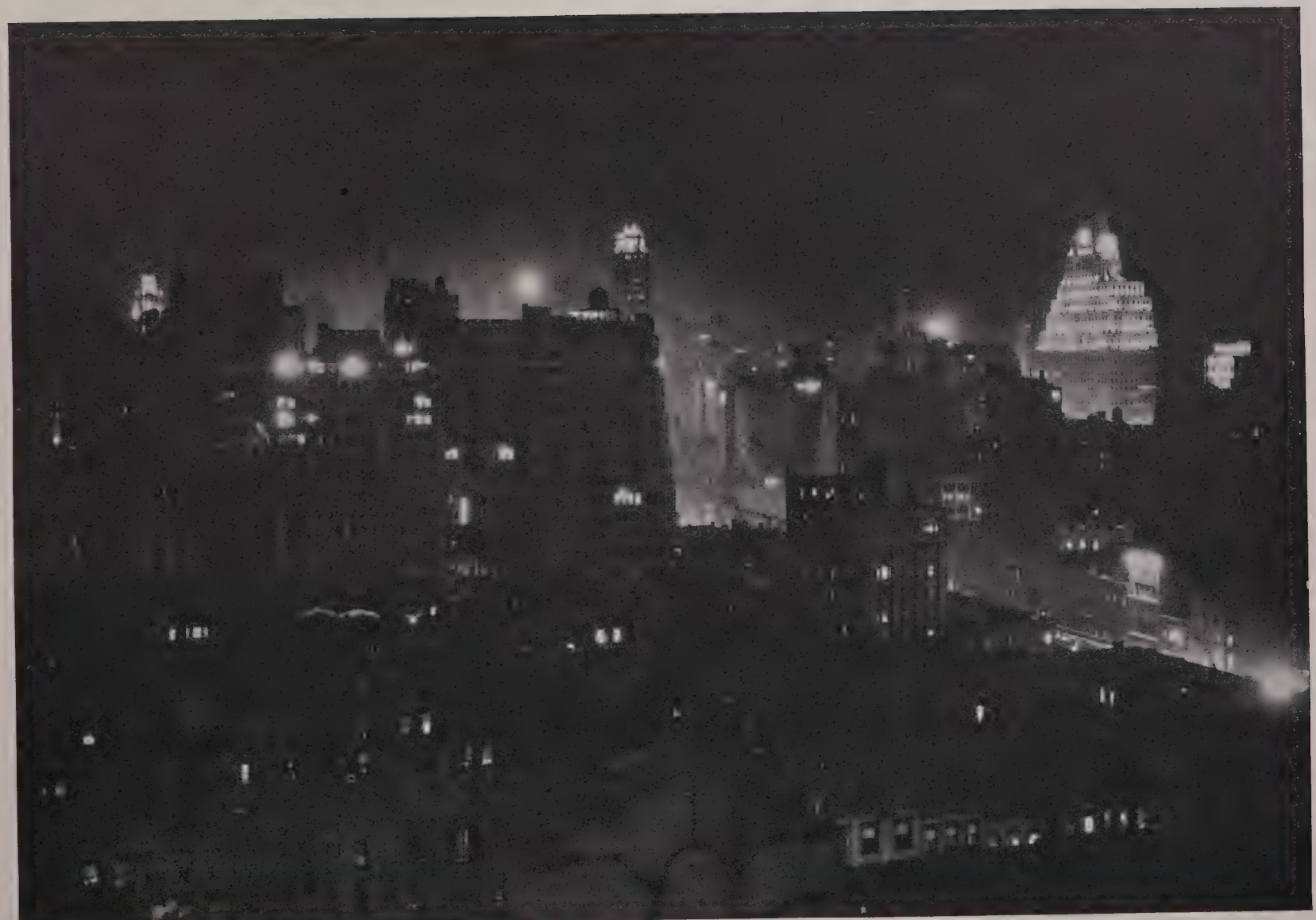
Tenth Avenue in the upper Forties and Fifties is the scene of New York City's west side curb market—pushcarts and pack peddlers vieing with the storekeepers for the trade of the Saturday night crowds who come with pay envelopes in their pockets and a joyous air as they spend their limited appropriations. This is the original "Paddy's Market" so named years ago when the West Side was largely populated by the sturdy Irish laborers who lived along the Avenue and in the side streets. "Paddy's Market" still survives but it is a sadly changed institution. Its merchants still sell from packs and pushcarts but their wares are confined mostly to minor articles of wearing apparel, household utensils and fruits and green groceries.

Many confuse the curbstone market located on Ninth Avenue and extending from Forty-second Street down to Thirty-sixth Street with the original "Paddy's Market." It is an identical copy of the Tenth Avenue institution. Both were suggested by the famous Ghetto out-of-doors trading stands on the lower east side and as may be expected the majority of the stall keepers are Jewish.

The Ninth Avenue center is worth an evening's adventuring. For years a strident voiced woman has sold assorted nuts during the winter months and fruits during the summer from the northeast corner at Forty-second Street. She has successfully held the stand against all attempts at invasion by other merchants. Sometimes it has been a matter of outright willingness to defend her stand with force. Always has she been required to be a diplomat and a politician of rare quality. Unquestionably hers is the most desirable of sites. She catches two lines of traffic and has the added advantage of getting her customers as they enter the area and again as they leave. Pedestrians bound for the uptown "L" station are another source of patrons. The corner directly across the street is not nearly so desirable.

Venture into the milling, shouting mob of Saturday afternoon and Saturday night shoppers. Both curbs are lined with flat topped carts and upon them are displayed a weird array of merchandise. Do you care for pickles, relishes and herring? Reach into the barrels and trays and select your own portions. Do you need mirrors, brooms, razors, knives, oil cloth, hardware, opera glasses, silk stockings, cotton socks, carpet slippers, shirts, collars, neckties (they are not cravats on Ninth Avenue), or is it potatoes, tomatoes, pineapples or cheeses? Ninth Avenue has and sells them all in large quantities.

A mistaken opinion must not be formed as to the financial status of the pushcart merchants. Each cart is an institution, conducted very often by the second generation. The stocks displayed may seem to the passerby to be all the worldly possessions of the merchants. Watch them as business grows brisk and the shouting, wrangling crowds move from one cart to another. As the stocks dwindle men emerge from convenient cellars, their arms laden with goods to replace the depleted



Courtesy Edison Company of New York.

WHERE "NIGHT MERCHANTS" REIGN SUPREME. LOOKING SOUTH FROM 51ST STREET BETWEEN FIFTH AND SIXTH AVENUES

stocks. It is not considered, nor is it good merchandising to permit the stocks to get low. The buyers like to see well filled carts.

The street market's buying public is a highly interesting institution to watch. Voluminous housewives, reinforced by the entire family, arrived early in the evening armed with sharp tongues and sharper wits. Always do they first tour the market comparing prices and quality of the goods offered. Often they will walk away from a cart—shouting their best bid in defiance to the lowest asking price the merchant will make. Not always is the exchange of opinions couched in the most polite of terms. Between hunting the lowest prices and keeping track of her brood of two, three or four children her weekly shopping excursion calls for an expenditure of energy which would send her less sturdy sisters who shop further east to bed for a week.

Eight-thirty o'clock is the peak of the rush. The next half hour brings a marked decrease in the crowds and as the buyers dwindle in numbers the voices of the peddlers mount in volume. The contest for the dollar becomes even keener than it was earlier in the evening and prices shrink. No sale that offers the slightest margin of profit is refused as the hour grows late.

By ten o'clock the bargain hunters—seekers after low prices who simply have not the money to go above an imposed limit. Go over to Ninth Avenue on any Saturday night after ten o'clock if you are curious to see how the submerged Tenth do their marketing. It is not altogether a pretty picture for the purchases are few and far between and the reluctant shaking of heads and half wistful, half resentful refusals to buy are many. Spending fifty cents can become a mighty difficult problem when cash is low and the ability to earn is even lower.

The final moments of the picturesque scene come at midnight when even the most energetic of the curbstone merchants are willing to call it a night and begin to put away their wares. Lights go out and stocks are carried down into the neighboring cellars. The green grocers and the fruit vendors toss such of their stocks as is stale or decaying into the roadway. Furtive figures slink in from the side streets and paw over the piled-up refuse. Each carries a paper bag or a burlap sack. Oranges and bananas are eagerly sought after. So are tomatoes and potatoes. Most of the scavengers are indescribably filthy and broken in spirit and body. Occasionally you will see an old man or woman who still carries the unmistakable marks of better days. Perhaps some Saturday night a practical philanthropist will visit the scene close onto midnight—a cold blustery midnight in January and single them out. The income from just a few thousands of dollars would suffice to keep them in bare necessities until their narrow roads make the final turning.

In winter time firewood is an eagerly sought boon. The pushcart merchants have each an improvised stove, generally a metal ash can which has been perforated close to the base to give it drawing qualities. When they have served their last customers the scavengers emerge from the gloom of the side streets and carry off empty and discarded crates and whatever bits of wood may remain when the pushcart men have gone for the night. This Saturday night search for broken-up

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

THE FRED F. FRENCH BUILDING, FIFTH AVENUE AT 45TH STREET

crates and barrels is a bit of stark realism—evidence of the bared fangs of the wolf of poverty that stalks on the outskirts of the richest center in the world.

This picturesque segment of Mid-Manhattan cannot long endure. Official plans for the improvement of the area have been approved and actual work has been started.

Eighth Avenue throughout its Mid-Manhattan sweep is poised for a period of sensational development. For several years it has been in the hands of the human moles who were burrowing their way to victory in the form of another subway line. Their achievement, now in the final stages has been literally blasted out of solid granite. When it is in operation it will relieve for a time at least the congestion on the Seventh Avenue branch of the city's underground railway system.

The new line will add another broad road for the onmarch of the City of Merchants. Just as the Seventh Avenue line gave Broadway below Forty-second Street a reviving jolt and sent it on to a new day and estate so will the Eighth Avenue line create new and higher values along Eighth Avenue. Like Sixth Avenue it has everything to gain and it is alert to the possibilities which the future offers. Today it is lined with old buildings—structures of the type which are old New York. Considerable new construction has already been completed in anticipation of the future trend. Loft buildings from the City of Furs and the City of Garment Workers are already tenanted. Close to Thirty-fourth Street and below it is practically virgin territory awaiting the funds of developers who are masters in the science of mapping the future. Seventh Avenue today presents a picture of its sister Avenue within a very few years.

Thirty-fourth Street may be properly termed the southmost major street of the retail division of the City of Merchants. At Sixth Avenue it sees the grouping of gigantic department stores. As is always the case it has attracted its quota of smaller merchants and they present a solid array of fine merchandise for the scrutiny of the vast army of shoppers who daily throng its broad sidewalks. It has been held by some that Thirty-fourth Street would eventually suffer the fate which overtook Fourteenth Street and Twenty-third Street. There is not the slightest shred of sound reasoning to serve as a foundation for such a belief. The great Pennsylvania terminal and the magical growth in population of Greater New York and its suburbs preclude all possibility of retrogression. Thirty-fourth Street will change and the new Thirty-fourth Street will surpass the old.

Madison Avenue below Thirty-fourth Street is destined to follow the trend of Fourth Avenue which merges with Park Avenue just a few paces to the south. A number of modern office and light manufacturing buildings have been in service for years. It is only a matter of a comparatively brief time before Madison Avenue from the Square to Fifty-ninth Street will be solidly within the limits of the City of Merchants.

The City of Merchants now takes on the garb of the wholesaler. Fourth Avenue is the headquarters for the silk and wool merchants. Practically every pound of either commodity turned into fabric in the United States is represented along Fourth Avenue, Madison Avenue and in the cross streets between Thirty-

Courtesy Edison Company of New York. *Warren and Wetmore, Architects*

AEOLIAN BUILDING, FIFTH AVENUE AT 54TH STREET

Courtesy Edison Company of New York.

THE MADISON AVENUE GORGE, NORTH FROM 38TH STREET

fourth Street and Twenty-third Street. Obviously neither the silk nor the woolen centers could locate their manufacturing plants in New York City. Neither could the cotton division of the textile industry. All three branches of textiles do the next best thing. Practically every mill in the country is represented either by main offices or branches in the area just mentioned. The inter-relationship of business demanded the grouping. Mid-Manhattan is the center of the garment industry—a division which receives detailed attention in another chapter of this survey—and as such consumes a gigantic amount of fabric.

There remains little of the City of Merchants to present without encroaching upon fields which have their orderly presentation elsewhere, unless it is the oddities which crop up in unexpected places just as oddities should. Would you care to purchase the shrunken head of a South American Indian? There is a shop on Fifty-seventh Street which displays one or two. There is no element of fake in the offering. A short distance further east are the offices of a casket company and just beyond is an exclusive shop noted for its dainty apparel. Continue further along Fifty-seventh Street and several of the most expensive of motor cars are available. Would you care for a new nose or an expertly lifted face? Plastic surgeons are to be found not far away. Monkeys, gold fish with marvelously colored fins and tails? Sixth Avenue has them. Perhaps your morning's shopping includes a life insurance policy and a cart horse. After you have visited the main office of one of the world's largest insurance companies you have but to walk a short distance and what remains of Mid-Manhattan's horse mart will do its best to give you what you want. Or it may be nothing less than a rare Chinese rug will satisfy your desire to spend. Drop down Fifth Avenue and some of the world's finest examples will be displayed for your approval. Then if you care to buy artificial flowers that practically defy detection when viewed at arm's length a beautiful store is close at hand. Care has been taken to delicately scent the air so you may shop in almost complete delusion.

Courtesy Edison Company of New York.

FORMER HOTEL MANHATTAN, NOW UPTOWN NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING. 42ND STREET AND MADISON AVENUE

Courtesy Edison Company of New York.

AMERICAN RADIATOR CO. BUILDING, 40 WEST 40TH STREET

CHAPTER VII

The City of Distances

WHERE will you go and when? How will you journey—rail, air or water—or will you travel on rubber? The City of Distances—the most important of Mid-Manhattan's institutions will sell you the world's distances. It will do more—is doing more every instant, for it has brought the distant doorsteps of the world to Forty-second Street and to Thirty-fourth Street. It has paved broad avenues for the great and the lowly—made the way easy for those who would come to Mid-Manhattan.

It is probably the least considered of all the great cities which make Mid-Manhattan the center of wealth and achievement—the stamping ground of the producers and the dreamers. Blot out its two great terminals and obliterate its great steel piers where the greyhounds of the ocean come to rest and discharge their cargoes, and Mid-Manhattan would be a shambles in a week—a desolation in thirty days.

Without it Mid-Manhattan could not have been. The development of Manhattan Island—Greater New York—would have been impossible. And having built a metropolis and a super area within the metropolis, the City of Distances now fights to maintain the fruit of its labors—fights to meet its ever increasing demands and needs.

Mid-Manhattan went to sleep on the night of May 1, 1929, with two great rail terminals. It awoke on the morning of May 2nd to the mass realization that it needed a third. What was undreamed of to the rank and file became through the medium of one of the most significant news items ever published, an improvement which eventually must come. To gain the proper perspective it is necessary to go back forty years—to the time when Gustav Lindenthal, the eminent builder of bridges, had yet to carve out his career; and when the late Samuel Rea, for years president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was a young man. The need in those days for a New York City terminal for the Pennsylvania Railroad was the urging motive and these men were the leading figures among the group which obtained a charter for the North River Bridge Company. They planned to bridge the North River.

Time shuffled man and events. The Pennsylvania Railroad gained its terminal, going under the Hudson instead of over it. The North River Bridge Company which was to have built the bridge was forgotten. Mid-Manhattan was forming.

The New York Central Lines, the Pennsylvania, the New York, New Haven and Hartford, which is the gateway to New England, alone held approaches to the streets of New York. The Baltimore and Ohio, the Nickel Plate, Erie, Lackawanna, Lehigh Valley, Reading, Central Railroad of New Jersey and other lines were held just a few hundred yards short of their goal and their complete service to the world metropolis. Who will contest the opinion that in failing to deliver their passengers and their cargoes into Mid-Manhattan directly and without delay, that their own development was not being retarded and that their loss was also a loss to the area?

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, although its terminal is beyond the boundaries of Mid-Manhattan, has achieved a signal success in their solution of a

STATION ENTRANCE

LOCATED IN THE
CHANIN BUILDING

TICKET OFFICE AND
WAITING ROOM

JERSEY CITY
TERMINAL

THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RR'S MID-MANHATTAN 42ND STREET STATION

difficult problem. Passengers in Mid-Manhattan making use of their lines have only to go to their delightfully appointed waiting-rooms in Forty-second Street, where a fleet of luxurious motor buses maintain a punctual schedule between waiting-room and the actual train sheds across the North River.

During these years Gustav Lindenthal did not abandon his plan to swing a bridge over the North River. If the project had died in the minds of the masses it remained alive in his. He became president of the North River Bridge Company. Years piled up and so did traffic. The need for added terminal facilities multiplied its intensity. Then came the momentous news dispatch from Washington on the morning of May 2nd. It is reprinted just as it appeared in the *New York Times* under a heading which told of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad backing the application of the charter company for permission to build a bridge connecting New York and New Jersey and to build, also, a huge terminal at Fifty-seventh Street. The dispatch:

"WASHINGTON, *May 1.*—The North River Bridge Company, in association with the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, has made application to the Secretary of War for the approval of plans to build a railway and highway bridge across the Hudson River from Fifty-seventh Street in Manhattan to the New Jersey shore.

"This gigantic project, long contemplated, whose estimated cost would be $180,000,000, aims to relieve the traffic situation across the North River and afford the Baltimore & Ohio and other railroads access to the heart of New York City.

"The company estimates that its gross revenues from vehicular tolls, passenger tolls and rental from rights, real estate, &c., in 1932 would be $17,000,000 and in 1940, $29,000,000.

"Major Gen. Edgar Jadwin, Chief of Engineers of the army, is having an examination made to determine whether the plans for the bridge should be approved. Various considerations are involved, such as whether the piers of the bridge would interfere with shipping and especially whether large ocean liners would be able to get in and out of their berths without being impeded by the piers of the bridge. Suggestions that the bridge should have its New York end above Fifty-seventh Street on account of these considerations have been met by the North River Bridge Company with representations that the Fifty-seventh Street location was the only one available in the city of New York except the neighborhood of the Fort Lee Bridge. The company represented that the costs of the right of way on both sides of the river above Fifty-seventh Street would be prohibitive.

"According to the plans submitted to the Secretary of War, the proposed structure would have two decks, one above the other. The upper would carry twenty lanes of vehicles of all kinds, including trolleys, between two promenades, fifteen feet wide, for pedestrians. On the lower deck there would be room for twelve railway tracks. There would be room also for two moving platforms for local passenger traffic.

"At the Fifth-seventh Street end, at about Ninth and Tenth Avenues, a union passenger station would be erected. This would accommodate through passenger service of all New Jersey railroads as well as some of the traffic of the New York Central. It is contended by the bridge company that the two existing large passenger

terminals in Manhattan, the Grand Central and the Pennsylvania, have nearly reached the saturation point and that with increasing traffic on railroads additional accommodations become imperative.

"The bridge would be of the suspension type, with a single river span of three thousand, two hundred and forty feet and two side spans of one thousand, five hundred and ninety feet each. The total length from abutments would be seven thousand two hundred and ten feet. Chiefly on account of the fact that the rocky bottom of the river bed is more than three hundred feet below water level, the bridge company estimates that it would be cheaper to have a single span of more than three thousand feet than to put piers in the middle of the river.

"The project has received a new impetus through the action of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in joining the North River Bridge Company in its effort to obtain approval of the plans. Since it terminated its lease of the use of the Pennsylvania's North River tunnels and Manhattan terminal, the Baltimore & Ohio has reverted to the use of its ferries for through passenger traffic and carries passengers to and from the heart of Manhattan in buses which cross the river on ferryboats.

"The advantages that would come to the railroad with a terminal in Manhattan would be great. One estimate is that a passenger who did not desire to cross the bridge in a train could get from the Jersey City terminal to the Manhattan end of the bridge in from five to seven minutes in a taxicab, and to the Times Square section in about twelve minutes from Jersey City.

"An estimate of the cost of the bridge with highway approaches submitted by the North River Bridge Company, is as follows:

Bridge proper	$115,000,000
Bridge approaches	6,000,000
Total cost of construction	$121,000,000
Real estate	34,000,000
Interest during construction, legal, engineering and contingent expenses	35,000,000
Total cost of bridge and approaches	$190,000,000

"This bridge project has been contemplated for more than forty years. Among its original charterers was Gustav Lindenthal of New York, the eminent bridge engineer, who is now president of the North River Bridge Company. Another of the original charterers was the late Samuel Rea, for many years president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The project was originated chiefly or partly in the interest of obtaining a New York City terminal for the Pennsylvania.

"Should the plans be approved, the promoters, it is understood, would contemplate extending the structure over Manhattan Island, with a bridge across the East River to Long Island which would give through railway passenger and freight service from New Jersey.

"According to a statement of the bridge company filed in the offices of the Chief of Engineers, no commuter traffic would be handled from the union station at the Manhattan end of the bridge, but convenient connections between the station and the transit facilities of Manhattan could be provided for.

"The plans provide that the tracks after leaving the bridge on the Manhattan side would descend into a subway and remain underground throughout the loop over which the trains would return after passing from the station. Only the station building proper would be above ground. Above the station yard and station proper office buildings, hotels, etc., might be located.

"On the New Jersey side the through tracks would be diverted to a belt line connecting the railroads. It is estimated that 'a liberal tentative analysis shows the cost per passenger will not be higher and ultimately less than the cost of passing a passenger through the Pennsylvania station.' The demand for better terminal service by the traveling public is one of the commanding factors that will eventually induce every New Jersey railroad to seek accommodations in the proposed union station,' suggests the bridge company. 'The Hudson and Manhattan tubes, which now handle over fifty per cent of the passenger traffic from New Jersey terminals on four tracks have about reached the point of saturation.'

"It appears to be the expectation of those behind the project that in addition to the Baltimore & Ohio the proposed bridge would be utilized by the Nickel Plate, Erie, Lackawanna, Lehigh Valley, Reading, Central Railroad of New Jersey, and probably all roads running to Jersey City which desire an entrance into New York City. As to freight facilities, the bridge company says:

" 'The bridge tracks can be connected with any system of freight terminals that may be developed in Manhattan. As the tracks descend below ground at the Manhattan end of the bridge they may be connected to an underground system as planned by a Port of New York Authority, or tracks can ascend to above ground.

" 'The freight facilities planned in connection with the bridge are conceived on the basis of unified management of all freight terminal operations in Manhattan. It has realized that with the creating of these facilities, having track connections with all railways and with the Manhattan shipping front, unified operation promises substantial economies over present methods pursued separately by the various railways.

" 'The proposed freight terminal in Manhattan as planned consists of an almost continuous building some two hundred feet long and five or more stories high and located along the east side of the marginal way from about Forty-second Street to Cortlandt Street. The freight tracks, after leaving the bridge, descend into a subway and emerge from the latter west of Tenth Avenue, rising from the first and second floors of the freight terminal building. They will be entirely out of sight and hearing. The freight station is crossed underneath by Thirty-second Street, from which the freight can be brought or taken away. This would effectively prevent congestion of teams and trucks.

" 'Rail freight from steamship piers is to be handled largely by tractors and trailers over ramps which will connect the freight terminal building with the steamship piers across the marginal way. The continuous freight terminal building will then be a headhouse for the steamer piers and to and from the piers, and will not touch the surface of West Street at all.

" 'Detailed estimates show that 18,000,000 tons per year can safely be handled

from this terminal at an average per ton considerably less than present facilities.

" 'The water front is the proper location for a joint freight terminal. . . . All the railway piers can be converted into steamship piers for ocean traffic. This will result in a very large gain in shipping frontage with a very large increase of rentals to the city from the converted piers.'

"It is explained by the company that the freight terminal planned in Manhattan is not a necessary part of the bridge project, 'but that if the freight terminals are intended to be above ground, the bridge offers the most serviceable connections capable of most economic operations.' The company says that of course only electric power is contemplated for operation of any part of the bridge system.

"One of the important questions involved in the application of the bridge company is explained by it as follows:

"The other reason why a single span is necessary is that the War Department, which has jurisdiction over all navigable water ways, will not allow any structure that would obstruct navigation between the established pierheads.

"The original plans of the company provided for a height of one hundred fifty feet above water level at the center of the span, which is fifteen feet higher than the Brooklyn Bridge or the Delaware River Bridge at Philadelphia. The present plan of the company calls for a central height of one hundred seventy five feet.

"According to the representations of the projectors, the bridge would cost much less than to build equivalent tunnels under the North River, of which, they say, twenty-two would be required to equal the bridge.

" 'It is above all the rapidly growing vehicular traffic across the Hudson which is in the most immediate and greatest need of relief,' says a document filed with the Chief of Engineers by the North River Bridge Company. 'But relief for the rapid transit passenger traffic and rail traffic of every kind is not less urgent.'

"The company stresses that ferries are inadequate to handle the traffic.

"The location of the bridge will be in line with Fifty-seventh Street in Manhattan. . . . The location is also in line with Queensboro Bridge across the East River, and thus will be established a short direct route between New Jersey and Long Island across Manhattan. Topographically, the selected location is favorable because the high shores on both sides of the river require only short highway approaches. The river channel is as narrow here as at any other location.

"On account of the great dead weight and a certain minimum width required for lateral rigidity and stability, a bridge with a span of 3,240 feet is the more economical the greater its traffic capacity.

"It is estimated that the bridge will accommodate 40,000,000 vehicles, 400,000,000 passengers, and 25,000,000 tons of freight per year. At least 150,000,000 of the passengers can be carried over the highway deck in buses, trolleys or other surface vehicles.

"A scheme for distributing the enormous highway traffic which the bridge would handle into the street systems on both sides of the river has been worked out. Says the North River Bridge Company in this connection:

" 'On the Manhattan side, the problem can be effectively solved by providing

a big bridge plaza and ramps from which, with proper police regulation, the traffic can be discharged into or collected from several avenues (that is, from Twelfth to Eighth Avenue) in such manner as to avoid congestion.

" 'On the New Jersey side, it will become necessary to increase the capacity of the street system by widening some of the cross streets to form a wide boulevard for convenient access to all the north and south avenues on top of Bergen Hill. In addition it may be found desirable to build a boulevard from the end of the bridge down to the Hackensack Meadows, where it would connect with a system of highways radiating in the principal directions. Such a boulevard can readily be built above the railway tracks in a cut through Bergen Hill. The surface streets would have to be carried on bridges across the cut so as not to be interrupted.

" 'The North River Bridge Company in the thirty-nine years since it was chartered by Congress has been acquiring property for approaches to the bridge on both sides of the North River.

" 'One of the questions involved in the petition of the company for the approval of its plans is whether the Secretary of War alone or both the Secretary of War and the Chief of Engineers must pass upon the application to build the bridge. The act granting a charter to the company specifies only the Secretary of War as the approving authority, but it is contended by the Chief of Engineers that under the river and harbor act of March 3, 1899, known as the general bridge act, authority to pass upon applications for building bridges over navigable streams is vested also in the Chief of Engineers. This act became law nine years after the charter was granted and the contention of the Chief of Engineers is that it supersedes the special act chartering the company.

" 'Should the bridge be built, it will be the highest bridge over a navigable river except the Fort Lee bridge over the Hudson and the Sydney bridge in New South Wales.

" 'The construction of a great railway and highway bridge from New York City to New Jersey across the Hudson River at Fifty-seventh Street is now waiting on the consent of the War Department, which is expected within the next few days to fix the minimum clearance of the bridge over the river surface," Gustav Lindenthal, president of the North River Bridge Company, said yesterday.

"The proposed clearance was raised from one hundred fifty-five feet to one hundred seventy-five feet to satisfy the New York City engineers in 1927, Mr. Lindenthal explained, and since then the bridge company, with the cooperation of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, has been arguing against the War Department position that it ought to be raised further to two hundred feet, the clearance of the Fort Lee Bridge now in course of construction.

"The argument made to the War Department by the bridge company is that the two hundred feet clearance of the Fort Lee Bridge is accidentally determined by the height of the Jersey shore at that point, whereas such a clearance at Fifty-seventh Street would mean grades on the bridge approaches too steep for railroading.

"On behalf of the bridge company and the railroads Mr. Lindenthal has urged that the bridge should not be pushed up to an uneconomical height to give clearance to ocean liners which could be equipped with telescoping topmasts at relatively

small cost. Warships now pass under the Brooklyn Bridge by telescoping their masts.

"Mr. Lindenthal said he would apply for the necessary franchise from New York City as soon as the War Department approved the plans.

"Arthur S. Tuttle, consulting engineer of the Board of Estimate, said that the project had not been before the city since 1927, when its engineers required the clearance to be raised to one hundred seventy-five feet, and then approved the plans with the reservation that arrangements to solve the traffic problems resulting from the bridge must be adequate before a franchise would be granted."

Mere application to build a bridge does not mean an assurance that the structure will go up. The Federal Government jealously guards its waterways. Hearings and negotiations which are villainous consumers of time, are inevitable. How long must be the elapsed time before a single rivet is driven is any man's guess. Only one thing is certain. The railroads which have their terminals in New Jersey must eventually be afforded direct and unbroken access to Mid-Manhattan. It is sound business to provide it—and sound business is both Czar and dictator here. It made Mid-Manhattan and considers the present achievement a gesture—little more than a milestone on the way to the eventual super area—an area which shall make our present day wonder as puny in comparison as is the New York of fifty years ago when compared with today.

Both the Grand Central Terminal and the Pennsylvania Station have become serious problems to the engineers whose duty and occupation it is to plan ahead—plan to maintain their efficiency and for their expansion. It is difficult to imagine anyone who will maintain that either structure will be adequate ten, or at the outside, twenty years hence.

The Grand Central, as it is known to millions who drop the word terminal as superfluous, was opened in 1913. Then, it was announced, the New York Central Lines had anticipated traffic growth for forty-five years. In May, sixteen years later, a company representative with full authority to make the statement, declared the terminal was taxed to its capacity both in the number of trains as well as the number of passengers being handled.

Before we consider the size and facilities of the giant structure which daily handles the equivalent of the population of a major city it will be well to trace briefly the history of the early terminals which served New York City when Mid-Manhattan was the northern frontier.

What was probably the first real railroad passenger terminal in New York City was leased in 1839 by the New York & Harlem Railroad, now a leased line of the New York Central, at the corner of Center Street and Tryon Row, on the site of the southern portion of the present Municipal Building, some three miles further downtown than the present Grand Central. About eleven years later the old building was taken down and a five story depot and office building was erected. When the tide of population and traffic had begun to move uptown a new station was built at Twenty-sixth Street and Fourth Avenue, on the former site of Madison Square Garden—now the magnificent structure of the New York Life Insurance

Company—in 1856. This station was then considered a fine structure and was used jointly by the New York & Harlem and the New York & New Haven roads, being the first union depot in the United States. Incidentally, this building could be comfortably set down in the express concourse of the present Grand Central Station. In 1857, the use of steam locomotives south of Forty-second Street was discontinued; so freight cars and passenger coaches were drawn by horses both to the old Center Street Station and to the Twenty-sixth Street Terminal.

The terminus of the Hudson River Railroad, now a part of the New York Central System, in 1851 was on the corner of West Broadway and Chambers Street and horses were used as motive power up to a station at Thirtieth Street. In 1868 the Chambers Street Station was abandoned and the Thirtieth Street Station was used as the passenger terminal until the opening of the Grand Central Depot in 1871. Traffic soon outgrew the Twenty-sixth Street and Thirtieth Street Stations, and after great discussion over the site for the new terminal, Commodore Vanderbilt decided the question by selecting a piece of ground on Forty-second Street, which he called the Grand Central, because of its accessibility. Used by the three railroads, the Grand Central Depot was enlarged by the construction of an annex between 1884 and 1886, and in 1900 the station was again enlarged, this time to accommodate about 60,000 passengers daily. The number of tracks was increased and three stories were added to the main building.

Particularly with the tremendous growth in suburban traffic it soon became evident that the facilities of the old Grand Central Depot could not be expanded to meet future traffic demands without building an entirely new terminal on a much larger scale. Sentiment was developing for the electrification of the roads using this station and in January, 1902, the case was crystallized by a serious accident which occurred in the Park Avenue tunnel between Ninety-sixth Street and Fifty-Sixth Street connecting with the elevated structure northward where the road crosses the Harlem River from Manhattan Island. As a result the New York Legislature passed an act requiring the railroads, after a certain date, to operate their trains by electricity through Park Avenue and attention was given to the plan of reconstructing the terminal. In 1903 plans were begun for the present development.

With the requirement to electrify and with the necessity of providing tremendously larger facilities to handle the traffic of future years came the idea of the present development: a two-level yard and the reclamation of all the space over the tracks. Actual construction was begun in the Autumn of 1903 with the widening of the yard entrance at Fiftieth Street, before excavation was begun to establish a lower level. To carry out the construction under traffic and change the entire plant so that not a vestige of the old remained, to keep eight hundred trains (including work trains) running per day, with a traffic of from 75,000 to 100,000 passengers, required the closest co-ordination between operating and engineering departments in the division of space for construction and operation. For this purpose and to provide for the larger terminal facilities the first thing required was more room and large purchases of land were made adjoining Lexington, Park and Madison Avenues, increasing the terminal area from twenty-three to seventy-nine acres, including both levels

GRAND CENTRAL STATION, FLANKED BY NEW YORK CENTRAL BUILDING (DISTANCE)
GRAYBAR BUILDING AND HOTEL COMMODORE (RIGHT), UPPER ROADWAY RUNS THROUGH GRAND CENTRAL BUILDING

of tracks. Articles on the original construction appeared in *Engineering Record* of February 8, 1913, page 144, and in *Engineering News* of May 1, 1913, page 883. The story already has been told how this construction, involving the excavation of 3,250,000 cubic yards of material (about 2,000,000 cubic yards of which was solid rock), over 50,000 tons of structural steel and about 1,000,000 barrels of cement, was carried out without interruption to service rendered the thousands of passengers who used the terminal daily while the old structure was being taken down and replaced with the new terminal.

With the opening of the new station in 1913 there already had been built over the yard tracks Grand Central Palace, and the Post Office and office building. In 1914 the Biltmore Hotel and the incoming station, which it surmounts, were completed. The main power plant at Fiftieth Street, including heating and electric sub-station units to serve all of the buildings of the group, had been completed and put into operation previous to the opening of the main building. Between 1916 and 1918 the apartment buildings over the tracks between Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Streets and Fiftieth and Fifty-third Streets were completed, following the building of the superstructure carrying the city streets across the yards. The Commodore Hotel, connecting directly with the main station building, was opened in 1919. To provide the additional heating capacity necessary a power plant ninety feet below the street level at Forty-third Street had been built. During this year the viaduct connection between Park Avenue and the south approach around the main building was also completed. In the meantime the Yale Club, the Vanderbilt Concourse Offices, and the Hotel Chatham had been erected.

It is not exactly accurate to refer to the main building with its two levels and many passages as a labyrinth since the station was so carefully laid out that the movement of the traveller is a progressive one in which different levels are reached by ramps of easy grade with the ready guidance of legends—which were placed after a most careful study—whether the passenger enters from the street, the subways, or the connecting hotels or offices. On entering the main concourse one is instantly impressed with the great size of the room and even the sophisticated commuter must sometimes marvel at the pains expended in working out the architectural detail. The walls and columns, finished in Botticine marble and Caen stone, with arched windows 75 feet high at each end of the room, support an arch roof, the ceiling of which is blue-tinted and laid out to represent the constellations of the heavens, in their true relativity of direction. At night the ceiling is illuminated so that the individual stars which are represented correspond in intensity exactly with the corresponding ones in the heavens.

The floor level of the main concourse was established as identical with the level of the mezzanine floor of the Interborough Subway Station since investigation had developed that about eighty per cent of the passengers entering and leaving the terminal use the subways. From the concourse may be reached almost directly the incoming station, the Commodore, Biltmore and Roosevelt Hotels, the Yale and Princeton Clubs, the Vanderbilt Concourse Offices, the offices of the two railroad companies, as well as the subways and various shops and numerous other facilities

located in the main building for the convenience of travellers. Without leaving the building, one can purchase any forgotten thing he needs on his journey, or to use during his first hours in New York.

The incoming station, located beneath the Biltmore Hotel, to the west of the main concourse and separated from it by a passageway beneath Vanderbilt Avenue on a level with the main concourse, has separate passageways leading to the subways, the street and the cab driveway (also located under the hotel) so that passengers arriving in the terminal will not interfere with the flow of people on the way to trains. A stairway from the incoming station leads directly up into the Biltmore Hotel. Soon the need became apparent for an additional hotel connected directly with the main building to serve the convenience of travellers, and the project was launched to build the Commodore Hotel on the corner of Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue, with 2,000 rooms in addition to the 1,000 rooms in the Biltmore. This elaborately appointed hostelry, with its great lobby giving the impression of Babylonian hanging gardens, is reached directly from the main building passageway to the east of the concourse. The railroad offices in the head building, connected to overhead bridges with the railroad office building surmounting the Post Office, are reached directly by two sets of elevators on each side of the train gates directly off the main concourse. A private underground entrance to the Yale and Princeton Clubs connects with the Vanderbilt Avenue passageway to Forty-fifth Street, which also gives direct access to the Vanderbilt Concourse Offices adjacent to the building occupied by the two university clubs. All of these passageways, on a level with the main concourse, connecting it with the street, subway and building entrances, are brought into their fullest use by virtually making them "inside streets" on which may be found shops and stores dealing in almost every conceivable want that would occur to anyone using a passenger terminal—or for that matter to almost any shopper. Here are found small places of business which deal not only in the usual commodities on sale in any passenger terminals, but also in musical supplies—even pianos—haberdashery and clothing, ladies' wear, electrical appliances—including electric washing machines—luggage and trunks, stationery and printing, dried fruits and nuts, and French pastry. Here may also be found a shoe repair shop, a shop which deals exclusively in safety razors and shaving accessories, a milk and dairy stand, a delicatessen store, elaborate candy shops, a circulating library, drug stores, lunch counters and restaurants, and a sub-postal station. At first the development of the business of these shops was slow, but in the past few years it has increased by leaps and bounds. Last year the company operating the haberdashery and clothing shops in the terminal building did a business amounting to very nearly one-half million dollars, and the indications are this year that gross receipts will total somewhere near three-quarters of a million.

Far more important than these concessions inside the main building, from the viewpoint of revenue-production, is the development of the "air rights" over the yards to the north, and the opening of Park Avenue. With Park Avenue opened throughout its entire length by building the cantilever viaduct over Forty-second Street, and by carrying the elevated roadway around the west side of the station

Warren and Wetmore, Architects

TOWER OF NEW YORK CENTRAL BUILDING, FROM PARK AVENUE. PARK AVENUE TUNNELS THE BUILDING. LEFT AND RIGHT SHOW TYPES OF MODERN APPARTMENT HOUSES

and thence northward on its normal course over the terminal yards, a great plaza is opened north of the head building. Outstanding among buildings located almost entirely over the terminal tracks to the north of the head building is the Mansions Apartment House (more popularly known as the Paterno Apartments) consisting of two sections of thirteen stories each, located on the rectangle bounded by Park and Madison Avenues, and Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Streets. This building, which was completed in 1918, contains one hundred and four apartments, twenty-three stores, ten doctor's offices, and sixty-five extra servant's rooms, and brings in a total annual rental of $1,100,000. Upon entering its courtyard, consisting of an elaborate formal garden, it seems almost inconceivable that it is built over the yards of a railroad terminal. Similarly appointed apartment houses, but of smaller size, are located over the two plots on the west side of Park Avenue, between Fiftieth and Fifty-second Streets. Another apartment house which brings in a total annual rental of $900,000 was constructed by Fred T. Ley & Co., Inc., on the plot bounded by Park Avenue, the extension of Vanderbilt Avenue and Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Streets. The building has been financed on the co-operative ownership and management plan without the aid of a mortgage and is the first application of the co-operative plan to an apartment dwelling of such large size. Still another apartment building, which brings in a rental of $900,000 per year, was built between Park Avenue, the extension of Vanderbilt Avenue, and Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets. Louis Sherry's restaurant occupies the entire ground floor of this building.

In its development the Grand Central Zone amazed even the experts who believed they foresaw its future. Which among the real estate men whose every working day for years has centered about the various available sites,predicted that the last available business plot would be built upon and eighty-five per cent occupied in May, 1929? The unique distinction goes to the New York Central Lines for the New York Central building occupies it, spanning Park Avenue and covering the entire block between Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Streets, from Vanderbilt Avenue to Depew Place. It towers thirty-five stories or approximately five hundred and forty feet above the street level, and gives Mid-Manhattan what many regard as its most beautiful and imposing tower. Viewed from the south the building seems to blend with the terminal itself. From the north it forms an exquisite background for the wide, swinging march of Park Avenue. Uptown and downtown motor traffic plunges through it in a never ending stream.

The Pennsylvania Station in New York City, at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-second Street, covers more territory than any other building ever constructed at one time in the history of the world. The Vatican, the Tuilleries, the St. Petersburg Winter Palace, are larger buildings, but they have occupied centuries in their construction. The Pennsylvania Station is unique, covering as it does eight acres of ground, with exterior walls extending approximately one-half of a mile, all told, and having been erected in less than six years' time.

This station is not only the largest structure of its kind in the world, but it epitomizes and embodies the highest development of the art of transportation.

Every practicable convenience, the most ingenious of mechanical and electrical inventions, every safeguard against danger—all, in fact, that has so far been learned in railway transportation and station perfection has been availed of for the benefit of every passenger, no matter whether he is to take a short ride to Long Island or is to journey thousands of miles.

While the cost of the improvement represents a greater expenditure than was ever before incurred by a private corporation for a single undertaking, nevertheless the outlay was required to unite the principal parts of the thickly populated area in and around New York City, and to provide unsurpassed facilities, in the very heart of the city, for reaching the entire country.

Built after the Roman Doric style of architecture, the New York Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad covers the entire area bounded by Seventh and Eighth Avenues and Thirty-first and Thirty-third Streets. The depth of the property on both streets is 799 feet, 11¼ inches, and the length of the building is 788 feet, 9 inches, thus allowing for extra-wide sidewalks on both side streets and avenues. The walls extend 430 feet, 6 inches, from Thirty-first Street to Thirty-third Street, the Seventh Avenue facade signalizing the main entrance.

While the facades of the station were designed to suggest the imposing character of the ancient Roman temples and baths, the impression intended to be made upon the layman approaching the station, in full view of the exterior of the general waiting room with its huge semi-circular windows, is that of one of the leading railway stations of the world.

In designing the exterior of the building, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, the architects, were at pains to embody two ideas: To express in so far as was practicable, with the unusual condition of tracks below the street surface and in spite of the absence of the conventional train shed, not only the exterior design of a great railway station in the generally accepted form, but also to give to the building the character of a monumental gateway and entrance to a great metropolis.

Apart from these two ideas, the plan of the station was designed to give the greatest number of lines of circulation. The structure is really a monumental bridge over the tracks, with entrances to the streets on the main axis and on all four sides. In this respect the building is unique among the railway stations of the world, affording the maximum of entrance and exit facilities.

The Seventh Avenue facade is composed principally of a Roman Doric colonnade, double at the carriage entrances at the street ends and at the main front entrance for pedestrians in the center; each of the columns is 4 feet, 6 inches, in diameter, and 35 feet high. Above the central colonnade is an entablature surmounted by a clock with a dial 7 feet in diameter. The center of this clock is on the axial line of Thirty-second Street, and 61 feet above the sidewalk.

This Seventh Avenue facade was conceived especially to symbolize in most imposing fashion a monumental gateway. It may be compared, with due allowance for its more massive proportions, to the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin, through which passes so much of the traffic of that city. The central entrance on Seventh Avenue leads to the main waiting room through an arcade 225 feet long by 45 feet wide.

PENNSYLVANIA STATION, SEVENTH AVENUE, 31ST TO 33RD STREET TO EIGHTH AVENUE

flanked on both sides by shops. At the farther end of the arcade are the restaurants, lunch rooms and cafe, and beyond are the general waiting room and concourse, the latter being on the first level below the street.

The main body of the building approximates in height the Bourse of Paris, reaching 76 feet above the street level. With entrances through the two corners of the station on Seventh Avenue there are carriage drives, each about 63 feet wide, or almost twice the width of a standard New York City street, fronted by double columns and pediments. The narrowest opening between the columns is practically equal in width to the arched driveways in the Louvre, through which the omnibuses of Paris pass. The frontage is the same on Thirty-first and Thirty-third Streets. The walls of the exterior of the carriage drives are of pilaster treatment for a distance of some 279 feet.

The central features of the facades of the Thirty-first and Thirty-third Street sides for a distance of about 230 feet are formed by a colonnade opening into the carriage driveways below. Over the central porticos of these colonnades are ornamental clocks and eagles, similar to those in the Seventh Avenue front. From the opening in the center, bridges for the use of foot passengers entering from the street level lead directly over the carriage driveways to the general waiting room. West of these carriage courts, and along the Eighth Avenue front, the general scheme of design is continued by the use of pilasters in place of columns, except at the three entrances to the concourse and offices. This entire section of the building is composed of four stories of offices given over to the use of the local executive staff of the Railroad Company.

The Eighth Avenue frontage is treated on the plan of pilasters except for 44 feet, 10 inches; this part is broken by columns into intervals of three spaces to mark another spacious entrance to the main floor of the concourse.

One of the distinctive features of this building is the waiting room, which extends from Thirty-first to Thirty-third Streets, its walls parallel to Seventh and Eighth Avenues for a distance of 314 feet, 4 inches. The height of this room is 150 feet and its width 108 feet, 8 inches. The walls of the waiting room above the main body of the building contain on each side three semi-circular windows of a radius of 33 feet, 4 inches, and 66 feet, 8 inches wide at the base. There is also a window of like size at each end of the waiting room.

The dignified design of the interior of the waiting room, while fully adapted to modern ideas, was suggested by the great halls and basilicas of Rome, such as the baths of Caracalla, Titus and Diocletian, and the basilica of Constantine, which are perhaps the greatest examples in history of large roofed-in areas treated in a monumental manner.

The main waiting room on the concourse level is the largest in the world. Within its walls are located the ticket offices, baggage checking windows, and telephone and telegraph offices, so conveniently arranged that a passenger may proceed from one to the other with a minimum amount of exertion and without retracing his steps. Adjoining the general waiting room on the west side are waiting rooms, each 58 by 100 feet, for men and women. These open into retiring rooms.

The grand stairway, 39 feet, 6 inches wide, is constructed of Italian "travertine" stone. It leads from the arcade into the general waiting room, and from it one gets a view of the main entrance to the arcade and of the entire waiting room. At the head of this stairway, in the travertine wall is placed the statue of Alexander Johnston Cassatt, the dominant personality in the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel and station project. No greater tribute could be paid to his genius than the inscription at the base of the statue, which reads as follows:

ALEXANDER JOHNSTON CASSATT
President Pennsylvania Railroad Company
1899 1906
WHOSE FORESIGHT, COURAGE AND ABILITY
ACHIEVED THE EXTENSION OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD SYSTEM INTO
NEW YORK CITY

The statue is the work of Adolph Alexander Weinman, the sculptor.

The Roman travertine used in the arcade and general waiting room of the station for the walls, and for all columns, pilasters and stairways, comes from the quarries in the Roman Campagna, near Tivoli, Italy. It is the stone of which imperial and modern Rome is principally built, these quarries having supplied the major part of the building stone of Rome for many centuries. Notable examples of its use are the Coliseum and St. Peter's Cathedral. It was imported into this country for the first time by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for use in the Pennsylvania Station in New York.

Travertine stone was used in the construction of the station for the reason that while it is very hard and durable, it has an openness of texture which makes it particularly suitable for use in areas of such unusual dimensions as the Pennsylvania Station, giving a character and distinction to the surface which could not be obtained with a stone of more uniform appearance. Moreover, the stone tends to take a polish when rubbed up against rather than absorb dirt, which makes it very practical for public station uses. Its warm, sunny, yellow color is pleasing, and in this respect it is distinctly superior to almost any of the stones available in the North American continent, which are, as a rule, of a cold gray color. Through the use of this stone, the general waiting room has a mellowness of tone which is very noticeable, even on the cloudiest days.

The main baggage room, with 450 feet of frontage, is located on the same level with the general waiting room. This is for inbound and outbound baggage carried by cabs and transfer wagons, and covers the full area occupied by the arcade and restaurants on the plane above. Baggage is delivered to and taken from trains through a special subway. From the baggage room trunks are delivered to the tracks below by motor trucks and elevators. Motor cabs are stationed on this level.

Parallel to and connected with the main waiting room by a wide thoroughfare is the concourse, a covered assembling place over 200 feet wide, extending the entire width of the station, and under Thirty-first and Thirty-third Streets. It is

directly over the tracks on which the trains arrive and depart. The concourse is the vestibule to the tracks; stairs descend from it to each of the train platforms. All of this area is open to the tracks, forming a courtyard 340 feet wide by 210 feet broad, roofed by a lofty dome of iron and glass. In this dome the architects have attempted to give a simple architectural expression to structural steel without the use of ornament. This has been done considerably abroad, notably in the railway stations at Frankfort and Dresden, Germany, but it has never before been attempted in this country. The design, which involves intersecting arched vaults is, from a structural view, distinctly more complicated than the European examples cited.

In addition to the entrances to the concourse from the waiting room, and from Eighth Avenue, there are direct approaches from the two side streets. Midway in the block between Seventh and Eighth Avenues and opposite the entrance to the Station on Thirty-third Street, is a wide private street, which affords direct communication with Thirty-fourth Street, an important crosstown thoroughfare. Leading up from the exit concourse of the station to this private street is a moving stairway.

Underlying the main concourse and located between it and the tracks is the exit concourse, 60 feet wide, which is used for egress purposes only. This exit concourse is eighteen feet above the train platforms and is connected with them by two stairways and one elevator from each platform. From the exit concourse ample staircases and inclines lead directly to the two side streets, Thirty-fourth Street and Eighth Avenue. In addition, there is direct connection with subways in Seventh and Eighth Avenues.

The northern side of the station extending along Thirty-third Street is assigned to the Long Island Railroad. Into this part trains run from all points on Long Island by way of the East River tunnels. Separate ticket offices, entrances and exits are provided, so that this suburban traffic is handled independently of the rest of the station.

The third level for the passenger is the train platform about 36 feet below the surface of the street. This station is the first one in America in which a trunk line adopted the raised platform construction, similar to that used in England. The confusion, delay and awkwardness of people entering and leaving railway carriages by steep steps is entirely done away with, and the rapid handling of large crowds very materially facilitated.

A description of this vast improvement is incomplete without figures showing just how enormous it really is. The area of the station and yard is twenty-eight acres, and in this there are sixteen miles of track. The storage tracks alone hold 386 cars. The length of the twenty-one standing tracks at the station is 21,500 feet. There are eleven passenger platforms, with twenty-five baggage and express elevators. The highest point of the track in the station is nine feet below sea level.

The station building is 784 feet long and 430 feet wide. The average height above the street is 69 feet, while the maximum is 153 feet. To light the building requires 500 electric arcs and 20,000 incandescents.

More than 150,000 cubic yards of concrete were required for the retaining

Airview by Airmap Corporation of America, N. Y.

UPPER SECTION OF MID-MANHATTAN, THE UNDEVELOPED WEST SIDE IN THE FOREGROUND. THE LARGEST OCEAN LINERS DOCK FROM THIS POINT SOUTH A MILE OR MORE. DISTANCES AND CONTRASTS CHARACTERIZE MANHATTAN

walls, foundations, street bridging and the sub-structure. There are 650 columns supporting the station building, and the greatest weight on any one of these is 1,658 tons.

The river tunnels leading to the station are, all told, 6.8 miles long, and the land tunnels have the same length. From the Bergen Hill portal in New Jersey to the Long Island entrance of the tunnels it is 5.3 miles. It is 8.6 miles from Harrison, New Jersey, to the station in New York, while from the latter point to Jamaica the distance is 11.85 miles.

The maximum capacity in trains per hour of all of the Pennsylvania tunnels is 144, and the proposed initial daily service consists of about 600 Long Island Railroad trains and 400 Pennsylvania trains.

The total number of passengers handled at the Pennsylvania Terminal in 1928 was 60,906,252.

The stone work of the station, covering some eight acres of ground, was completed on July 31, 1909. To enclose this vast area has necessitated the building of exterior walls aggregating 2,458 feet—nearly half a mile—in length, and has required 490,000 cubic feet of pink granite. In addition, there have been utilized inside the concourse 60,000 cubic feet of stone. A total of 550,000 cubic feet of "Milford pink granite" have thus been utilized in the construction and ornamentation of this building. It took 1,140 freight cars to transport these 47,000 tons of stone from Milford, Mass.

In addition to the granite, the construction of this building has called for the use of 27,000 tons of steel. There have also been set in place some 15,000,000 bricks, weighing a total of 48,000 tons. The first stone of the masonry work on the building was laid June 15, 1908; the entire masonry was thus completed in approximately thirteen months after the work was begun.

And this is but a part of the setting of the City of Distances. The great railroad terminals are Mid-Manhattan's gateways to the continent. From them fan a network of steel rails which extend with many branches but unbroken continuity to every city in the country. Perhaps many of us have never played for a moment with the thought that the vast, lofty ceilinged waiting rooms are the welcoming halls to a vast army of pilgrims who have planned for years to go to New York, the first great achievement in the lives of many who have fixed their eyes on mid-civilization's center and determined to some day reach it and work out their future.

Mid-Manhattan has made it easy to buy distances. All of the great railroads maintain executive and travel offices in or within easy striking distance of the terminals. Supplementing them are scores of travel bureaus which have made a highly specialized profession of selling journeys. A quester after pleasure, may, by the simple expedient of voicing his desire, have a round-the-world tour or a route to the most obscure hamlet that huddles beside steel rails arranged for him with less personal effort than would be entailed in the purchase of a cravat or the ordering of a dinner.

Although the great ocean carriers have centered in permanent quarters along lower Broadway—the U. S. Custom House, which squarely faces the end of that

thoroughfare, accounting for the grouping, the real point of embarkation for the bulk of the traffic for Europe and other parts of the world is Mid-Manhattan. Giant piers to accommodate the ocean greyhounds fringe the North River from a point below Fourteenth Street to Fifty-seventh Street.

A few blocks east from the river the presence of this great shipping center is difficult to suspect and all but impossible to detect. The cargoes of freight which are discharged onto the docks do not get into Mid-Manhattan's thronged streets. West Street and Eleventh and Twelfth or marginal avenues which are really continuations of each other, handle it all.

In fact, were it not for the daily flights of taxicabs, each laden with trunks, bags and eager voyagers, costly private cars and the less pretentious family car in which Dad drives "the folks" along Fifty-seventh Street, Twenty-third Street and Fourteenth Street enroute to the piers there would be nothing to indicate the world's greatest seaport to a passerby two blocks from the waterfront. Such is the way of Mid-Manhattan.

There remains but one mode of travel for which Mid-Manhattan has not provided close-at-hand accommodations—the air. The best it affords is direct connection by motor and speed boats from East Forty-second Street with the Long Island airports and motor buses with airports in New Jersey. In such it is in keeping with the development of the air passenger traffic. The United States is trailing far in the rear of Europe in the financing and patronage of air transportation lines and Mid-Manhattan can but reflect the backwardness.

A glimpse into the future is tempting. What will be Mid-Manhattan's answer to the problem of getting air passengers quickly and conveniently to their waiting ships? If its answer to other problems having their basis in the conservation of time and energy may be used as a yardstick the answer is not difficult to find. Mid-Manhattan will make it possible for the flying traveler to step into an elevator at street level and be whisked skyward in a twinkling. A far-fetched and fanciful idea? Perhaps, but be cautious before you condemn it as impossible or belonging to the distant future. The first successful conquest of the air in a heavier-than-air machine by the Wrights preceded the first flight across the Atlantic and the linking of New York and Paris by twenty-three years. Less than a quarter of a century and airplanes no longer hold the power to make small boys give them more than a passing glance. We read of a new altitude and endurance record with barely a thrill. Some of us do not read beyond the headlines.

Commercial aviation is growing with amazing speed—the stimulant of growing patronage is at work. Increased popularity is the boon companion of competition. How long then will Mid-Manhattan remain content to motor to the flying fields?

Only so long as it will take to bring the pioneer out into the open. When the need to bring the flying fields nearer arises—need for patronage will create that condition—Mid-Manhattan will develop roof-top terminals. It may seem far off. So did the development of the Grand Central area where every available business site is occupied and where wreckers must tear down structures worth a king's ransom before a new building can go up. So too, did the day of the super-skyscraper.

The Chrysler Building, with its dizzy heights, is the answer which comes almost as an echo to the belief that such a building could not go up.

True, the heavier-than-air machine must be further perfected before sound judgment will permit or make desirable the landing and launching of airplanes within the area, but is not the process of perfecting going ahead at an amazing pace?

The super-skyscraper and not one but many airports within Mid-Manhattan are inevitable. How long hence? Your opinion is as good as any other—providing the last fifteen years have succeeded in teaching you their lesson. The difficulty lies not in the provision of the landing and launching stages but in the question of public safety and the development of an air-traveling public in sufficient numbers to make the plan profitable.

Journeys by air, rail, bus and water are the service which Mid-Manhattan's City of Distances provides. It is a key strata in the vast meshing of interests which make and are modern civilization.

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, EIGHTH AVENUE, 31ST TO 33RD STREETS

Courtesy Edison Company of New York.

Warren and Wetmore, Consulting Architects

NEW YORK EDISON CO. AND CONSOLIDATED GAS CO. BUILDINGS.
14TH STREET AND IRVING PLACE

CHAPTER VIII

The City of Light and Power

WHEN Mid-Manhattan reaches for the light switch late of a business day and a fairy land of gleaming windows cuts holes in the gathering dusk, it gives no thought to how the miracle is made a commonplace. To the office worker the light comes because a button is pushed. The many thousands of elevators which rush to the uppermost reaches of the loftiest buildings throughout every business day are taken for granted.

Nowhere else in the world is electricity's power to build a city so amazingly demonstrated as in Mid-Manhattan. Before the days of electricity this was a squat city, spread in a thin layer over the surface of the island. Today skyscrapers and subways are its chief characteristics.

Electricity is almost a fourth dimension, conquering to a degree the space-time element that had kept Manhattan limited to a surface city of low buildings. It has multiplied the old city by three, for today there are in addition to the surface, the underground and skyscraper cities. The last two are the offspring of electricity and could not exist but for electricity. Even the surface as we know it would shrink to much shorter distances were it not for the pulsing electric current which contracts distances by bringing them nearer in point of time.

Everyone knows the great part electricity plays in the city's life, but because of the quality of service, few ever think of it as other than a matter of course. That is the ideal of the system of electric companies that supplies it—electric service so continuous and uninterrupted as to be a matter of course. In its present state of use it is as much a matter of course as the division of the land from the sea, or of light from darkness.

The electrical industry had its beginning on Manhattan, September 4, 1882, when Edison inaugurated a system for generating and distributing electricity so excellent that it supplemented the sun by day and the stars by night.

Everything worked satisfactorily for the most part from that September day in 1882. There were mechanical and engineering problems, but nothing of sufficient importance to interfere with the steady and continuous supply of current to customers at all hours of the day and night. Within a month of starting, the Edison Electric Illuminating Company had fifty-nine customers, and on December first of that same year it had two hundred and three customers for whom it had installed more than five thousand lamps.

So many additional customers were connected during the first year that the demand for current increased rapidly. By 1884 the life of the lamp had been increased to more than a thousand hours and in that same year began the remarkable "diversification of electric service." Fan motors went on the circuits, and various other motors were introduced for industrial uses.

It will be seen that the growth of the city kept step exactly with the growth of

electricity and that with its consequent utilization, the city of New York fairly leapt into the air, burrowed underground, and raced northward along Manhattan Island. Modern skyscraper apartment houses and office buildings have sprung up where were once little three-story dwellings and small places of business. The horsecar has given way to the electric car, and all the other numerous changes that mark the modern city from the city of sixty years ago.

Few New Yorkers realize that the tremendous development of the Mid-Manhattan district did not begin until 1901 when street cars were first drawn by electric power. Sixty years ago Broadway between Thirty-fourth Street and Forty-second Street was still little more than a winding country road. Ever since the first settlements made by the early Dutch colonists on the southern tip of Manhattan known as the Bowling Green, the city of New York has spread northward. But it was not until the power of electricity had been harnessed to perform super-human tasks that the great city as it is known today really came into being. Only when the tremendous potentialities of electricity for light and power were discovered did the city take on its titanic stature of today, with its extensive subway terminals at Times Square and Grand Central, its towering skyscrapers, its hundreds of thousands of comfortable homes.

The total population of New York City in 1830 was about 200,000. Add to that another 150,000 and you have a picture of the present daily population of Forty-second Street alone. Nearly seventy-five million persons pass in and out of one building alone on Forty-second Street—the Grand Central Terminal—during a year and more than one hundred million use the two Forty-second Street subway stations. Even fifty years ago Forty-second Street was still uptown and only the very far-sighted could see it as the future heart of Manhattan. But with the rapid growth of transportation facilities, with the tremendous development of electricity, the gradual shifting northward of business activity was a natural result.

With this rapid growth of transportation facilities through the development and application of electricity, and the gradual shifting northward of business activity, the skyline of New York is changing so rapidly that many New Yorkers have come to take this startling fact almost as a matter of course. Every day small old buildings are being torn down and new and greater buildings erected in their place. The city hums with the tremendous activity of construction. Every day the newspapers tell of skyscrapers that are to be put up in the near or immediate future, many of these in the Mid-Manhattan district.

It is most significant that electricity's power to build a city is symbolized in the two sculptured figures of colossal size that mark the main entrance of one of Mid-Manhattan's new buildings. The two figures represent transportation and electricity. It is altogether fitting that electricity should thus be recognized, for nowhere else in the world is so much of this force utilized in the service of mankind. Within a short distance from this building are two of the world's great power plants, capable of generating at all times more than half a million horsepower. Equipment to increase capacity to almost fifty per cent is in process of installation.

The use of electric current for power grew so rapidly after the opening of

Manhattan's first station and some uses were discovered which had such far reaching effects that the history of their beginning is recorded. The first electric elevator was installed in the A. T. Demarest Building at 335 Fifth Avenue in 1889.

Today, as all know, buildings of moderate size and even small residences, as well as the largest and tallest structures, are equipped with electrical elevators. New York City now has enough electric elevators to carry 10,500,000 persons 78,500 miles daily, according to an estimate made recently by the Superintendent of Buildings. This is more than the number of passengers on all the subways, elevated and street car lines and the main railroads entering the city. Elevators have made it possible for Manhattan to erect more than two hundred skyscrapers yearly.

These new structures usually replace other buildings and in one year provide for nearly ten times the cubical content on the same ground space. This then allows ten times the former living and working areas of substantial, fireproof construction with every modern convenience and necessity. It is possible to imagine that these buildings might somehow be lighted without electricity, but they could not be utilized without safe, high-speed elevators. In addition there must be available in these buildings power for the great number of conveniences that must make them habitable, such as refrigeration, ventilation, and general service. With the modern requirements of such tremendous structures constantly being erected, it is not surprising that the city's available supply of electrical energy has reached an astounding total.

The first electric range was installed in 1896-97 in the Fifth Avenue mansion of Andrew Carnegie. Other heating appliances were soon added and by December 31, 1901, the company had sold several hundred kilowatts for heating appliances. The use of appliances of all sorts has increased so rapidly since that year that a recent survey showed that more than eighty per cent of the homes had at least one electric appliance.

The New York Edison Company has lighted the city's streets since 1892. It supplies and installs most of the street lighting equipment. This is a gigantic piece of housekeeping. It requires constant patrol to watch for burned-out lamps, to replace them and to make necessary repairs. Each lamp is inspected and cleaned regularly and lamp posts are painted regularly. Under the system now in general use in the city as many as two thousand bulbs flash into brightness at the flick of the hand of one mechanic, to whom tending the lighting switch is only one of a number of duties around the power house sub-station in which he is employed. At the present time it takes five nights for all the street lights in the city to cost each inhabitant one cent.

Thirty years ago New Yorkers were pleasantly surprised one night when the first large electric sign, erected on the present site of the Flatiron Building at Twenty-third Street and Broadway, flashed its message upon their attention. "Manhattan Beach Swept by Ocean Breezes," the sign read, and everyone marvelled at the beauty and effectiveness of this use of a great invention—the incandescent lamp. But no one, not even the designers, the architects or the owners of

Courtesy Edison Company of New York.

BROADWAY AND SEVENTH AVENUE FROM 45TH STREET. PART OF THE "GREAT WHITE WAY"

this first sign could have foreseen the present "Great White Way," the "Avenue of Light."

Today no complete book of travel is without reference to the man-made aurora of light which blazes forth each night over the mid-town section centering on Broadway. Probably no visitor ever leaves Manhattan without seeing this spectacle. Few New Yorkers can walk along Broadway at night without marvelling at the sight or noting every new message written against the sky, every new color scheme, every new creation of the sign artist, architect, engineer, and advertising man.

No record exists of the exact number of lamps in the first sign but it is estimated that there were approximately two hundred. Today there are more than a million lamps in the signs on Broadway alone, with hundreds of thousands additional on streets to the east and west of Broadway. The cost of the first sign was less than two hundred dollars. Now many millions of dollars are invested in the construction of electric signs and in the rental of the roofs or the fronts of buildings upon which they appear, and the designing of signs has become a profession related to that of the architect, artist, or engineer. Competent engineers estimate the aggregate candlepower of New York's White Way to be fully twenty-five million.

It will perhaps surprise many to learn that the roofs of numerous buildings along Broadway have a higher rental value than the ground floors and that, in some instances, this rental value is greater than that of all the rest of the building.

There was a time when the theaters of New York were the principal users of electric signs. Today, although more than five hundred theaters and moving picture signs blaze on or near Broadway, the theaters take ninth place in the great array of business enterprises contributing to this pageant of color and light. There are about fifty-nine churches in the Mid-Manhattan district that use electric signs, a number of these signs being large, illuminated crosses.

What is thought to be the first large motor on the lines of the Edison Company was installed in 1891 in a printing firm. It was a fifteen horsepower machine and was used to drive the printing presses. Every newspaper and printing plant on Manhattan now depends upon electric utility service not only for the illumination of its offices, and editorial and operating departments, but for the power required for its presses and other machinery, as well.

This city is now so accustomed to electric power in industry and in the home that it does not stop to think what it means. In the old days, homes, factories and offices were lighted by candles or lamps. For Manhattan's frequent dark days 200,000 horsepower more of electric current is needed for lighting than is needed on clear days. This is the equivalent of 150,000,000 candles that would have been needed in the old days to disperse the gloom of a cloudy afternoon in homes and factories.

Twenty years ago, the shame of New York lay in its sweat shops, in lofts in the garment section. The lofts were walk-ups as a rule in dingy buildings. The ventilation was bad, the lighting was worse, the halls and stairs of the building a menace to health and safety. Men and women were herded together in the task of making

garments. From morning to night, these people's backs were bent over sewing machines propelled by constantly moving feet. Small wonder it was that human beings were thrown to the scrap heap after a few years of this kind of toil. All sorts of ills found their birth in these surroundings, affected eyesight, bad coughs, suffering backs, stiffened limbs. Every day was a call to slavery.

Then came the exodus to better buildings. The garment trades began applying the same rules and conditions of sanitation in their factories as could be found in better business offices. The lofts were located in tall buildings with windows giving light and air. Where the light of the sun was insufficient, electric power brought daylight and rest to the eyes of the operators. Electric power did more. No longer was a machine propelled by the feet of the man or woman who ran the seam. A touch of a lever released the power that kept the needles humming. Workers no longer climbed dark and filthy stairs to get to their task. Elevators propelled by power carried them up and down.

Today the needle garment buildings are among the finest examples of progressive industry. The difference is due to the fact that each worker now has available from three-and-a-half to four horsepower of energy at his elbow.

At the present time on an average of a million-and-a-half incandescent lamps for lighting and more than fifty thousand horsepower in electric motors for elevators and other power purposes are required yearly to supply new buildings alone. Men engaged in industry have come to the conclusion that it pays to be progressive. They know that the better conditions are for working and living, the more productive their men will be. Electricity is creating unity in human productivity. The man using outworn methods knows that he can't compete with the one who is applying the best that modern enlightenment can offer; therefore, he steps into line, giving his workers the conditions that the most progressive industry can offer.

The electrification of industry in general has progressed far, but there is still considerable progress to be made before industry can be claimed to have complete electrification. In the future the industrial life of this section will be based more and more exclusively on this wonderfully flexible and economical method of applying power. It has been estimated by the National Electric Light Association that there are already more than 65,000 different uses of electricity.

Two comparatively recent applications of electric power affecting industry are those of electric heat and electric refrigeration. In the future these will undoubtedly play important parts in the industrial as well as the domestic life of the city. Among those devices that have shown great progress in the last five years are heat-treating furnaces, cooking and melting devices, steel furnaces, industrial ovens, welders, and miscellaneous industrial appliances using electric heat.

For many years electric refrigeration has been extensively used in the preservation of food and the manufacture of ice. But there are indications that the full development of its usefulness is just beginning. In the last six years the number of domestic refrigerators has increased rapidly due to their installation in many of the new apartment buildings such as have been constructed in the Mid-Manhattan section.

Although electrical energy is usually calculated in terms of horsepower, it is really the manpower of modern labor saving machinery that increased production so enormously while decreasing human drudgery. At the same time, the increase in production due to electric power has given the working man an earning capacity never before equalled.

Electricity in terms of manpower has recently been computed and is said to be the equivalent of 3,000,000,000 servants, or nearly thirty servants for each American citizen. In New York City, with approximately five per cent of the nation's population and generating ten per cent of the nation's electric current, there would be approximately sixty servants for each inhabitant of Manhattan.

Manhattan has the greatest per capita or "density" use of electrical energy of any city in the world, and this fact more than anything else contributed to the high standard of home, factory and business life maintained here. The ordinary electrical conveniences in this city are regarded as extraordinary luxuries in the average European city.

An excellent example of the growth of the electrical needs of the city may be seen by the fact that one of the smallest generators now installed in the East River Generating Station could have supplied all of the electricity required by New York twenty years ago. Today one of Manhattan's generating stations has fifteen hundred times the capacity of that first station and contains generators seventeen hundred times as large as the first generators. This station is able to generate enough electricity to light more than 4,500,000 six-room homes.

In Manhattan, of course, as in other great population centers, the immense advantages of inter-connected power systems have long been recognized, and the generating plants in greater New York have been operating in gigantic combinations almost since the introduction of electricity.

Just as Mid-Manhattan can be said to have access to all the resources of the sun, so it has access through this system of inter-connection, to all the energy generated by all the stations of the New York Edison Company and its affiliated companies.

An amazing growth in capacity of these generating plants has been recorded since 1904. The capacity of the generating stations at that time was 52,000 kilowatts. The power of the affiliated companies is generated at present at six major plants which have now an installed capacity of 1,757,000 kilowatts, or enough to light a 50-watt lamp for every family in the United States. It is estimated that in 1940 the system will have a maximum load of 3,290,000 kilowatts, and an annual station output of 11,910,000,000 kilowatt hours.

The total length of the distribution and transmission lines of the first electric generating station in New York City was 13.5 miles. The total length of the lines distributing electric current on Manhattan by a system of inter-connection at present is greater than twice the circumference of the earth. The most recent step in advance in the transmission of power was the placing of a 132,000 volt underground cable in service in 1927. This underground cable is twelve miles long and has a carrying capacity of more than 120,000 horsepower in electrical energy.

With increasing size of structures the problem of distribution grows increasingly difficult. Electrical conduit construction is an engineering problem of the highest importance and character. Without knowing it, but with absolute safety, the citizens of Manhattan every day walk over millions of horsepower constantly transmitted under their feet.

There are no overhead wires and poles cumbering congested city streets. Everywhere high tension transmission feeders are safely buried. An underground system is more expensive than overhead construction but is less liable to accidents which interrupt service.

It is perhaps a more graphic picture of what electricity does if the imagination can see what would happen if all generated electricity should fail, not for twenty-four hours, but merely for twenty-four minutes. To get this picture at its highest point of catastrophe choose the twenty-four minutes from five to five twenty-four of a December afternoon. At that time factories are still going, office workers are just leaving their buildings, crowds are going home and early darkness has settled over the island.

Each person will instantly visualize those things he would most dread—being in an elevator that sticks between floors, or in a subway train that stops between stations. The elevator operator lifts and shifts levers and nothing happens. Lights go out and it is dark as night. Ventilation stops, and a panic threatens.

In the subway darkness precipitates a panic. Long lines of people rush down the tracks to the stations. There a milling, seething mob breaks into a stampede for the exits.

The 275,000 telephone calls that go on every minute are all instantly like so much talking over clothes line wires. There begins a banging of receiver hooks for the attention of operators who are now as far removed from helping as if they were in China. All the little green and red lights have gone out on their switch boards and what was once an intelligent, efficient machine is now dead as a junk heap. The telephones in homes are only so much metal. Radio broadcasts suddenly cease. The control operator on the eighteenth floor can be reached only by climbing the seventeen flights of stairs.

The sound pictures grow dark and silent at the same instant. Their audiences wait expectantly a few seconds for the picture to go on, then they begin calling and in a few minutes start a hurried exit that grows panic stricken as the word spreads that the streets are all dark.

Traffic lights are out and the traffic uncontrolled. Street cars have stopped across some streets and the automobile horns add their part to the frightful noises going on all about.

Fire alarms are not transmitted. Pumping stations are dead. The light of a burning building is even more ghastly than the darkness. Destruction and despair begin to take advantage of the mob.

Factory workers have swarmed into the streets when their machines stopped and darkness prevailed. They add to the crowds already jamming the sidewalks, and automobiles that jam the streets.

Newspaper offices and printing plants stop, and in their helplessness to find out what it is all about add their crowds to the mob.

Small groups such as in homes, hospitals, restaurants, suffer a less severe range of disaster. If the housewife stays in and does not try to go to the park or streets for the children, only darkness, a dead telephone, a cold percolator or grill may be her lot. The children in the parks and streets will be in grave danger before the twenty-four minutes have passed if they try to go home.

In hospitals all activities must temporarily cease with the darkness. Consequently many serious cases will prove fatal for lack of timely care. But in a city where general panic prevails the fate of the individual sinks to insignificance for the time.

Only at the end of the twenty-four minutes when electric current begins to flow through the lines again do lights come on, levers and switches come to life, trains begin to move, the tangle to straighten out, and sighs of gratitude pass through the crowds.

But this calamity can never come to pass. The probability that all generating stations that supply Manhattan will ever suddenly cease to function is as remote as that the world will come to an abrupt end.

In fact this electric service so continuous as to create an impression in the minds of the public that it is all a matter of course, is the very root and fiber of the city itself and cannot be destroyed without first destroying the city.

If, however, electricity is to maintain its place in the minds of the public as a matter of course, even minor interruption must be forestalled. Following are a few of the precautions the system takes to keep the service continuous in spite of all kinds of weather and all kinds of emergencies.

During a heavy storm or sudden period of darkness in business hours the demand for current may be doubled within a few seconds. It has frequently been necessary during a storm to increase the service by nearly three hundred thousand horsepower, and even more, within a few moments. It is not possible to double the output of power in a few minutes. In fact, it takes nearly an hour to get one of the huge turbo-generators—the machines in which steam energy is converted into electrical energy—warmed up and operating properly. That is why the system must know that storm clouds are headed for New York City long before they get here.

The wireless storm detector on the roof of the Waterside Station now gives the warning of an approaching storm when it is still fifty miles away, sometimes hours before the storm breaks over New York. Incidentally, this little radio device, unlike other receiving sets, is helped, not hurt, by static, for the atmospheric conditions which cause static are the conditions which operate the storm detector. This detector consists of an ordinary radio aerial, a short-circuiting switch, spark gap, a coherer, a relay and battery, a bell and condenser with a ground connection.

The nerve center of the entire New York Edison's system is the System Operator's room at Waterside, Thirty-eighth to Fortieth Streets and East River. Upon the System Operator rests the responsibility for the maintenance of electrical

Courtesy Edison Company of New York.

WATERSIDE (EAST RIVER) PLANT OF THE NEW YORK EDISON CO.

service throughout the city. He must anticipate every demand for service and give the orders which will enable the system to meet it. On the big board before his desk hundreds of little colored lights indicate the conditions of every generator and every transmission line; meters show the capacity of the entire system and the current transmitted on the various feeders, a gauge shows the boiler pressure. Behind him is the radio storm detector which keeps him informed of approaching storms long before a cloud is in sight from any point in New York City. At his desk the System Operator has direct telephone connection with eighty men. At his left a telegraphic signal system, similar to that used by the fire department, enables him to give any message simultaneously to any or to all of the forty sub and generating stations in the system.

When a heavy storm headed for New York gets within fifty miles of the city, the wireless detector at Waterside begins to ring intermittently and rather quietly; the System Operator immediately passes word along to the boiler and generating rooms, so that they may get ready to put more generating equipment into use; as the storm gets closer and closer to the city, the radio detector rings louder and more frequently; the System Operator orders more boilers and generators put into use.

It is a race between man and Nature. The faster the storm travels and the more intense the darkness accompanying it, the harder the men in the generating stations must work to beat it. Usually when the storm is within half an hour of the city, the generating stations are all ready to cope with the situation. Finally the black clouds appear over Manhattan; hundreds of thousands of persons, perhaps a million, in the big office buildings, in the homes, the factories, the hospitals, the schools—all step to the wall and push a button; all want light at once, and they get it. The city has not had a serious interruption in service since 1890 when the Pearl Street Station was partially destroyed by fire.

Another need for reliable electric service arises from the necessity for supplying great quantities of water at high pressure for fighting fires. Few people realize that on Manhattan Island two central pumping stations, supplying a network of one hundred and seventy-two miles of high pressure water mains and fifty thousand hydrants have taken the place of fire engines. New York is the only city in the world so equipped. The foresight with which the system was designed and installed, and its importance to the public in the protection of human life and vast property values can be better appreciated when remembering the traffic congestion existing in all downtown streets throughout the day and during a large part of the night.

Each pumping station contains electrically driven motor pumps, with the necessary equipment for automatic and safe operation. The two stations together are equipped with nearly 10,000 horsepower in electric motors, which during each minute of operation can deliver 36,000 gallons of water under a pressure of 300 pounds. For safety each pump is tested daily.

Each of these pumping stations is connected with the electric generating plants on the river front of the city by four separate feeders. Each feeder has a capacity of more than five thousand horsepower, and is sufficient for the entire station, but

this is a kind of service which requires every safeguard known to the scientific world. Each of the four cables follows a different route to the pumping station so that, should there be a serious street disturbance, such as a cave-in or explosion, it could not cause an interruption in the pumping stations. Added to these precautions and elements of protection, the city authorities have made a further condition of the contract that, should the service ever fail for more than three minutes, a fine of $500 a minute shall be imposed. Though the system has been in operation nearly twenty years there has never been the slightest interruption of service.

Many interruptions to service are threatened by fires, broken water mains, street cave-ins and similar disasters. Emergency crews are always ready to protect the service under such conditions or to restore it at once if interrupted. Because these men are equipped for instant action they are often called on for aid even where electric service is not affected. Installing flood lights so fire fighters can work at night, or pumping out a flooded subway—they respond wherever they can help.

Even smaller matters will find a crew of "trouble men" to meet it. An elevator filled with panic stricken passengers hung up between floors because of a short circuit, or a fuse blown out in a customer's home—each is an emergency to which these men respond.

"Lights out" or "power off" means somebody needs their help. More than a million such calls are answered in a year by these members of the Service Maintenance Departments. Each call is responded to instantly on receipt. All are equally important because it must be restored for the customer as soon as is humanly possible.

Night or day, fair weather or foul, these trouble men are ready for anything that comes up. They are units in a public service organization which is itself so surely woven into the structure of the city as to give it a pattern of skyscrapers, bright lights, and working and living conditions unexcelled anywhere else in the world.

Mid-Manhattan's most valued possessions are its street surfaces. True enough, that paved strip which extends from building line to building line is common property for the lawful use of whomever cares to pass, and it does not directly return any profit in exchange for the vast sums which are expended annually to keep it in passable condition. But the street surfaces are the basis of virtually all of the activity of the area and consequently must be kept clear of needless traffic.

"Traffic congestion" is a term, which, if properly used in connection with Mid-Manhattan, signifies the even flow of dense masses of motor vehicles. A five-ton truck is a bulky unit when it is set down in Thirty-fourth Street or in Forty-second Street. Multiply that unit by seven hundred and you have visualized a major addition to the tax which is placed upon the street surfaces of Mid-Manhattan every day in the year. Mid-Manhattan avoids an increase of that number of five-ton trucks by the expedient of dispensing with individual boiler rooms in nearly two thousand of its large buildings and drawing steam from central stations of the New York Steam Corporation which are located within the area. This means that great

steam carrying mains are buried deep under the pavement and that the simple turning of a valve will send an even flow of warmth through the largest buildings during the most severe weather. The largest buildings in the area are patrons of this service.

Mid-Manhattan's steam and passenger traffic are not the only services which burrow underground. The electric current which lights the network of streets and buildings is carried beneath the pavements. The same is true of the intricate web of telephone wires which connect every business office and apartment with its neighbor or with the farthermost outpost of telephonic communication.

Courtesy Edison Company of New York *Warren and Wetmore, Architects*

GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, LEXINGTON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

THE BUSH TOWER AND 42ND STREET AT SIXTH AVENUE, FROM THE LIBRARY

CHAPTER IX

The City of Advertising

HERE is the motor of the intricate machine we know as Modern Business—The City of Advertising. It is the oldest city in creation. It is also the most modern—the farthest advanced. It is still in the infancy of its development even though it has developed astoundingly since Mid-Manhattan became an actuality instead of a section which some day might be. There is nothing new in the City of Advertising—by this is meant nothing basic that is new. Advertising reduced to its primer definition is telling the buyer that the seller has something he needs or just wants. Since the world contained a handful of people there have been buyers and sellers—and someone to spread the news. That is why the City of Advertising has a background that is lost in antiquity. It is a rebuilt city today. Tomorrow it will have rebuilt itself again and each succeeding day and generation will find a recast structure. Today it is in the very heart of Mid-Manhattan.

A few years ago the City of Advertising was downtown. Once the City of Advertising believed it was obliged to stay close to the parent body—the newspaper. Then our magazines with national circulation were mighty few and the circulation of each was a newsboy's route when compared with the staggering totals offered buyers of advertising space today. In the Eighties and the Nineties advertising was a quaint commodity created by a quaint group of men. They had the world by the tail, did these old-timers. Had it by the tail and did not realize what advantage was theirs. National production and national consumption of every commodity from beeswax to battleships was geared in exact ratio to their vision.

Without doubt there are many who will wish to quarrel with any statement which gives to the City of Advertising the lion's share of the credit for bringing about the high-powered business machine which has made us a nation of big earners and big spenders. True enough it did not discover our mines nor did it build our railroads. It did not create our merchant marine nor did it bring about the first motor car. It is even possible to go all the way and admit it actually produced none of our articles of trade and barter in their infant stages.

But of what earthly use is the finest baking powder, the fastest motor or the best five cent cigar, if it cannot find its way to market? Of what use are they if they have had no market created for them? The best way to appreciate anything is to remove it. The old saw about never missing the water until the well goes to visit relatives in another country, has sharp teeth. Eliminate the City of Advertising—and the wolf of poverty will raise several litters of cubs in the lobbies of every bank in the country.

Back in its hamlet days the City of Advertising was populated by a citizenry of pioneers who not only had their own trails to blaze but were without the essential tools with which to work. Our presses were crude affairs. Engraving was an infant art when measured by present day standards. Where the limitations of their

Courtesy Edison Company of New York.

SIXTH AVENUE, 40TH TO 42ND STREETS. LOOKING WEST ACROSS BRYANT PARK

equipment ended a greater difficulty arose in the form of consumer ignorance. The people who needed them most did most to hold them back. Manufacturers knew practically nothing of markets and distribution. Increased profits through massed production and lowered cost per unit were almost a meaningless jargon. Dealer pride and consumer consciousness were unheard of. People had less money to spend—a condition due largely to low wages, low production and less aggressive merchandising of necessities and luxuries.

A casual hour spent in the New York Public Library with the files of the newspapers and periodicals of sixty years ago is bound to prove an interesting experience for any one who cares to make the visit. A flat sameness—and honesty compels the admission—a not overly high standard of thought, execution or commodity advertised will quickly manifest itself. This should not be interpreted as meaning that the profession lacked honesty or honor, nor does it mean that firms which advertised were not of the highest standing. It does mean that the effort to sell through the printed word was generally childish and often absurd. Patent medicine advertisements were numerous and alluring. Department store copy was in the handbill stage. The national periodicals struck a higher plane but even here the selling appeal was almost standardized and the attempt to lure with illustrations all but pathetic.

Still, it was in keeping with the generations it served. There is a question if the present day race of super-merchandisers could do much with leg-of-mutton sleeves, two-story hats, multitudinous petticoats, bustles, bowler hats, side whiskers and peg-top trousers. What a job it would be to turn out a "Body by Fisher" ad with a phaeton as the subject of the advertising campaign. And where is the copy writer who could picture a bungalow in Westchester if he had the gingerbread monstrosities that were the vogue in the Eighties and Nineties to sell? Imagine the difficulties of picturing the beauties of the Grand Canyon for the tourist trade with only line cuts reproduced from the drawings of indifferent artists. Moreover, imagine the advertiser who would waste his money in pictures! If ever a mighty force for good triumphed over the indifference and downright opposition of the class to be most benefited the City of Advertising is that victor.

When business became alert it discovered that the same force which sold cod liver oil and other less worthy nostrums could be applied generally. Unfortunately it was timid. For a generation or two it fought shy of calling in the advertising profession. The advertising men had begun to learn that there was a definite limit to the creeping and crawling stage.

Along about '98 when Dewey had won the Battle of Manila Bay—giving the throngs their first real chance to cheer since the lamentable sectional difference which gave the country Grant from the north and Lee down south—The City of Advertising was walking erect. That was distinctly the era of the sellers of space—bigger and more crowded ads was the rule. Much of the City of Advertising remained downtown but a few hardy souls established a northern frontier at Twenty-third Street. Men with black satchels were still selling lavender in West Twenty-third Street and much of the shopping was done on Sixth Avenue.

We moved with vastly less speed and considerably less precision thirty years ago. Mistakes were not readily detected and often error became common practice. One monumental error—it died hard under prolonged and bitter attack—was overstatement. The practice was by no means predominant but it did flourish alarmingly. An era of disbelief set in. An awakening public became a suspicious public. Adding flaming adjectives made matters worse. Many misguided advertisers learned their lessons during this brief period. First they thought advertising was without value—could not bring returns. Then they discovered that the printed word was always a force—constructive when based upon truth and destructive when it lacked that quality.

The law of adjusting values is inescapable. As advertising grew in volume leaders began to stand out—and to assert themselves. By 1905 the modern technique in advertising managed to get its head above water.

In the meantime business had gained a strangle hold on Forty-second Street. Fifth Avenue above Twenty-third Street was the smart shopping center, pivoting on Thirty-fourth Street and again the new blood in advertising marched up to establish another northern frontier. The old line agencies were clustering at Twenty-third Street. Lavender was still sold on the curb line but with fewer vendors. Times, people and tastes were changing.

During the next twenty years the education of the general public was speeded intensively. Dead walls, long beplastered with posters took on a riot of color. In the rural districts barns with their familiar yellow and black legend extolling a silencer for teething babies became variegated in their messages. Who does not remember the poster which sold a corn plaster—two tramps ambling down a country lane—or the executive type of man who ostentatiously smoked a fat cigar; the masterpiece called "his master's voice"; the fat baby who always ate a specified baby food? It is good to remember back just a few years. Shades of departed days—the red-coated gentleman who bestrode his spirited hunter was first over the bars in the picture and frequently passed over the bars in fact! How the eagle flapped his wings nightly for Broadway above Thirty-third Street and caused such of the passing throngs as grew thirsty to stop at the next corner and purchase a glass or two of the beverage that made a mid-western city famous.

Who will forget Buster Brown shoes, hats, suits, toys and lolly-pops—or the yellow kid of early funny paper fame? How about Sunny Jim who advertised a breakfast food; the opposing groups of men who played at tug-of-war with a pair of overalls serving as the rope or the mighty arm and hammer which proclaimed the virtues of a packaged salsoda? The buyers of advertising space learned rapidly once the right road was opened. The use of color and drawings of merit was firmly established.

It was during these years that Mid-Manhattan gained momentum. With the coming of the World War development became a magical process. The downtown section—Park Row to the Battery—discovered a sturdy rival—a rival which has since become an equal in many respects and a leader in many others. At the same time Mid-Manhattan discovered its City of Advertisers. The years of prosperity

during and immediately after the war were ones of opportunity. Single offices were abandoned, so were three and five-room suites. The City of Advertising moved almost enmasse to Fifth and Madison Avenues and to the cross streets above Thirty-fourth Street. Two or three years ago Lexington Avenue was added to the area.

Agencies which did not join in the northward migration improved their quarters. One has recently completed its new building close to Washington Arch. It is safe to say that ninety per cent of the advertising agencies are located in Mid-Manhattan and to add that the very great majority are above Thirty-fourth Street.

Reasons for this centralization are not difficult to find. Proximity to the great terminals is one, for business always goes where business is to be had. The influence of Mid-Manhattan upon the business structure of the entire nation can have no better or clearer indication.

The advertising dollar has multiplied and re-multiplied in volume. It has accordingly increased its purchasing power—not that it buys more space. It is buying greater results, which in the last analysis is the true measure of purchasing power.

While the City of Advertising was fighting for its life it made a complete conquest. It ceased to be the servant of business and became the leader. The battering-down of small visions proved a difficult task.

Men who knew how to make stoves believed they knew how to sell them and the same theory ran throughout manufacturing structure. It overlapped and coursed through the retail trade as well. Advertising funds, for years, were the first cut and the last appropriated. It was money to spend when there existed no other need or place to spend it. The idea of calling in an advertising expert when business was bad and rapidly growing worse had often been thought of and nearly as often it was voted down.

Offices which occupy entire floors in modern office buildings cannot exist on the spineless policy of blindly accepting orders from clients. Such practice would soon send the tenant out upon the sidewalk and keep him there. The old space peddlers and phrase makers of even thirty years ago could not survive a month in the present day City of Advertisers. They did not even speak the same language and they thought in pocket change terms when compared with the present generation of leaders of business.

There are undoubtedly many who will dispute the leadership of the City of Advertisers. It is no task at all to prove that the City could not exist if the manufacturer and the retailer would not buy. This is true enough so far as it goes, but it does not journey any great distance. The question has been fought out too many times to warrant any detailing here. A termination of all advertising means loss of markets and the speedy elimination of any generally used product.

Because Mid-Manhattan's City of Advertisers still holds the pioneers, the agencies throughout the country are definitely of, if they are not actually within, its area. The city's influence is marked wherever the advertising profession is prac-

Courtesy Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

THE GRAND CENTRAL DISTRICT, HEADQUARTERS OF THE ADVERTISING PROFESSION IN THE UNITED STATES

ticed—which means in every nook and corner of the nation. As is the case in all the creative arts, New York is the goal of all comers and New York in matters of advertising is Mid-Manhattan.

It would be difficult to find a national account of major proportions that is not handled by a Mid-Manhattan agency. Such accounts do exist, but the finding of them would simply provide the exception which proves the rule. Ten chances to one the men who figure in these infrequent cases have been drafted from the Mid-Manhattan area.

To properly gauge the value and the extent of the City of Advertising's contribution to modern business it is vital to have a comprehensive picture of the modern agency—to contrast it with the agency of the so-recent early days in its real development. There are agency heads and executives today who served as office boys or cub copy men and solicitors in offices where merchandising as we know it today was never dreamed of. These same men earn greater annual salaries than the total income of the earlier establishments.

The change is chiefly one of viewpoint. Where the profession once thought in terms of hundreds of dollars it now thinks in hundreds of thousands. The million dollar advertising appropriation has become almost commonplace. Certainly it has ceased to be something to marvel about. Where formerly the advertising man wrote copy, provided the crudest of illustrations and shot at the probable market in a hopeful but hit-or-miss fashion he now sails a well-charted course and his popgun has become a deadly broadside.

Behind the solicitor—the business getter—is a small army of men and women who have become expert—and expert though they are they still know they are only scratching the surface. The market is the first consideration. Where is it and why is it? Distribution is equally important. Is every territory where sales logically should be,completely covered and provided for? Is the producer equipped to handle the business when it begins to roll in?

The marketing of a new product is a battlefield or it is the cultivation of a vast tract. Take your choice of views—for the net result is the same. Once the basic questions have been decided—and such decisions are made on carefully compiled data—the creative genius is called into play. How shall the story be told—how illustrated? Something new—something appealing—something with a mighty kick and a mightier pull must be provided. Genius is soon at work but it is not the long haired, dreaming type of genius. Instead it is white collared, neatly pressed youth and impressive maturity that moves into the process calmly and deliberately. It has been provided with data on the buying habits of the market the advertiser wants and intends to have.

So fortified genius writes and genius draws. Then it rewrites and redraws. The refining process is killing work. Finally the finished campaign is ready and is approved. Genius turns to the next job and long-headed business men pick up the burden. Schedules must be made up. The selection of the proper mediums—even the proper type of medium is a weighty problem. Shall it be national magazines exclusively, or shall it be the daily papers—or a combination of both? Perhaps the

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

SOME OF THE NIGHT ADVERTISERS ON THE "GREAT WHITE WAY", BROADWAY AT 47TH STREET

out-of-door type of campaign is best. There is no room for guess work in the City of Advertising. Reputations are made overnight and one unsuccessful campaign will blast the best of them. There are thousands of publications from which to select. The choice is made on intimate knowledge and accurate records.

With the schedule made up the opening gun is fired. A tremendous amount of bookkeeping follows, for the advertiser will not pay for printed space until he sees it. Close watch is kept for indications of results. If they lag the reason must be found and found quickly.

"Results" is a difficult word. It depends on many elements. When the unit of sale is small—a tooth brush or a bar of candy—the return or the lack of a return is easily detected. Even then it is barely possible to trace a single sale to the source. It may have resulted from a roadside sign—from a car card or from a newspaper or a magazine. And it may have been prompted by a favorable report from a friend. Very often the buyer himself does not know why he makes the purchase. He has been so thoroughly canvassed in so many mediums that he subconsciously calls for the product because he has come to associate the trade-name or the advertising with the article.

Only because the City of Advertising had the ability to pull itself up by its own bootstraps has it been able to build its present vast estate. It drew from all branches of industry and commerce for its data. From the composite problem it developed its own method of procedure—developed it gradually and painfully. Never is it easy to find remedies when the nature or the cause of the ills is not clearly defined. While it was learning it was also teaching. During recent years—the last five, or at the outside ten—the leadership of the City of Advertisers has been less evident although it has not diminished. More and more have the executives in Big Business come to think and act in terms of advertising.

Facts, the importance of which the City of Advertising had first to sense and then dig out are now compiled as a matter of routine. Close studies of territories are constantly maintained. The manufacturer wants to know how his advertising is being received and he has trained his field forces to find out. Through the City of Advertising he has learned to set up standards of value and he has also learned that nothing stands still. A premium has been placed upon newness—old principles expressed in a new manner, for in advertising as in everything else there is little which is new.

Mid-Manhattan's City of Advertising has maintained or sustained a selling campaign which to the thinker takes its place among the wonders of the world. It has sold Fifth Avenue and the Great White Way to the point where both have become members of the City. We do not have to cast about to tabulate its other achievements. It sold the automobile. The radio—perhaps the outstanding example of complete and wildfire merchandising—was sold first in New York City. It sold preparedness before the World War and sold courage and determination during the struggle. It sells health through prevention campaigns. It sells the science of social welfare work and philanthropy.

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

FROM CENTRAL PARK SOUTH ACROSS COLUMBUS CIRCLE

It is charged with the responsibility of selling the mounting production of most of the nation's industry. It is interesting to note that Ford called in a member of the City of Advertising when he faced the problem of marketing his new car and had the fight of his career on his hands in winning back his market.

Much of the advertising which sells the railroads, the vacation lands, and the steamships and Europe, is created here. The same may be said of apparel generally. It is needless to continue the enumeration. The City of Advertising is at the call of every branch of industry—first to sell the manufactured product to the dealer and then to help the dealer clear his shelves so additional production may take its place.

The newsprints and periodicals undoubtedly sway the opinion of the masses through their editorial policies. There force is fully recognized and respected. It is the advertising pages—to which few of the publications contribute anything but assured high standards—which have created the buying habits of the world's greatest nation of earners and spenders. You may hold contrary opinions but the City of Advertising has formed your preferences and your prejudices for you.

If you wear clothes, eat food, travel or stay at home, read or go to theatres, golf or ride, skate or swim, motor or sail, invest or deposit in savings accounts, you received the suggestion and encouragement from the pen of some writer who each day goes to his desk and is himself the ward of the force he has created to guide you in your earning and your spending.

Obviously the agencies are not the sole units in the creation of advertising thought and copy. All of the great publications have assumed their share of the burden. The great Metropolitan dailies have studied their market and are prompt to come to the aid of their clients—and by coming to the aid is meant helping the prospective advertiser to realize his need. Modern business could not endure without printer's ink and paper. The skillful use of these aides has built fortunes and institutions just as the failure to recognize their worth has resulted in stagnation, which is the forerunner of ruin.

THE ADVERTISING CLUB OF NEW YORK, PARK AVENUE AND 35TH STREET

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION BUILDING, BROADWAY AT 57TH STREET

CHAPTER X

The City of Motors

THERE is considerable difference of opinion regarding the identity of the first automobile to be placed on exhibition in New York City. So much can be brought to support the claims of several that wisdom and fairness combine in the urge to pass reference to its name. The majority of the stories regarding it agree on one point—the location and the nature of the show-room and the year.

It was in the Spring of 1900 that the City of Motors was founded in Mid-Manhattan—a fine, sun-bathed morning.

An indignant hostler announced the event. He led a cab horse out into 38th Street close to the northeast corner of that thoroughfare and Seventh Avenue. Tying the nag to a hitching post he went into the low, one-stalled stable and soon reappeared between the shafts of a cab. A neighbor asked if the horse had not "night hawked" the night before and if so, why work it again after so brief a rest?

"This nag is dispossessed—put out into the street by that new horseless buggy—and the time is coming when you won't see a horse all day down at 34th Street. This thing will kill the horse," was the reply.

Both parts of this recollected statement were fact. The stable was New York's first automobile show-room and the pioneer car the first automobile show. There was a weirdly prophetic element in the ejection of the cab horse. A scant troop of him remain in the great City where he was king. The vanishing few are curiosities. The curiosity of thirty-eight years ago has obliterated him.

Whatever the make of the new car was, it was speedily followed by other makes—all reaching for the New York market and all selecting that immediate locality for their show-rooms.

The upper thirties west of Broadway were picturesque—shanty stables—rows of cold water flats—regiments of children—buxom and even more obese mothers—hard-working and often hard-drinking fathers. Saturday night was pay night. Just a few paces east were the upper reaches of the Tenderloin. The West 30th Street Police Station was the busiest on Manhattan Island. Broadway above 42nd Street tapered off to become the tree-lined boulevard and Nan Patterson had not yet shot Caesar Young.

Quickly following the historic equine eviction and the laying of the cornerstone of the 1900 Automobile Row came the influx of the auto show-rooms—or stables. The Rambler, The Baker Electric, the Stearns with the Guy Vaughn body, the Thomas, the Pope-Hartford, the Packard, the Haynes, the Buick, the Cadillac, the Winton, the Chalmers and others which vanished from the market and have long since been forgotten, opened show-rooms.

Thirty-seventh, Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Streets between Broadway and Seventh Avenue held them all. The average car was priced around $3,500. The automobile had arrived with a panting, bucking, jolting bang.

Courtesy "P. & A. Photos," Inc.

©*Pacific & Atlantic Photos, Inc.*

PEDESTRIAN VS. MOTOR TRAFFIC IN TIMES SQUARE AT THE THEATRE HOUR

It heralded a new era. It was the first manifestation of the Mid-Manhattan so soon to be—miraculously soon as the growth of cities is measured.

A weird interval and a period of modern romance stands between the first Automobile Row and the automobile as it is displayed and sold today.

Then the automobile was for not only the rich but the daring rich. Small boys yelled "get a horse" and meant it. The staid members of the 400 still viewed the contraption with disfavor and of Sunday afternoons and holidays joined with the tradesmen in their protests—the élite because their thorough-breds were frightened—the butcher and grocer because Dobbin, who was more accustomed to the delivery wagon than to the phaeton in which the family rode would bolt when a car fumed by.

If the car itself did not frighten him the weird appearance of its occupants well might. Voluminous veils which whipped in the wind like scud across the moon of a dirty night at sea; skyscraper hats long before the skyscraper; goggles which today would cause a policeman to shoot first and question later, if at all, created a day and age all their own.

Such picturesqueness could not endure—even in 1900 when cocktails were still two for a quarter at the Waldorf bar, cartoonists poked fun at the buzz wagons. Preachers saw in them the workings of the Devil himself. Bankers refused to make loans to finance their manufacture. Conservative investors who were offered stock smiled and if they discussed the question beyond an emphatic "No" cited their "sound reasons" for declining to participate. These reasons were pathetic in their near-sightedness. In the first place the automobile was "a rich man's plaything and would soon lose favor." The horse was and "always would be good enough for them." Even if the "invention" did take hold seriously "the public would never tolerate it beyond certain limits." The farmers would "legislate it off the country roads and so would the cities from the streets." A veritable epidemic of runaway horses was threatening the country. Rich men were about due to learn that "their right to hurtle through the streets at high speeds in modern juggernauts could be and would be successfully contested."

It was an era of badly bruised knuckles for the Goddess Opportunity. New York would not take the motor stocks seriously. Neither would it take the cars.

The period of blindness was not long in passing, but how complete it was while it lasted.

Five years after the dispossess of the night hawk cab horse the motor car had made an appreciable dent in the public consciousness.

Motor stocks were no longer considered invitations to ruin. The old familiar cry of "get a horse" had died to a whisper and the hinterland was becoming acquainted with the horseless vehicle.

It was during the 1904-05 period that Henry Ford exhibited his Model T. at Wanamaker's department store. Crowds flocked to see it. Some stock—but not much—was sold. Ford, shortly thereafter opened his first show-rooms on the west side of Broadway between 53rd Street and 54th Street. Strangely enough the location is diagonally opposite the present Ford Permanent Exhibit Building.

Looking back it seems as though the advance of the motor and the formation of

New York's Automobile Row worked through channels directly adverse to the horse. Ford's first show-room was an old stable—and the equine tenants were forced to move elsewhere.

One by one the show-rooms in the upper Thirties were vacated for more elaborate quarters further up Broadway. The Winton Motor Company pioneered with a vengeance. It opened display rooms at 70th Street and Broadway in 1907. That was considered "away and gone uptown." It was also believed exceedingly foolish. The same building is now occupied by Studebaker. The Packard car moved from its 38th Street quarters to 61st Street and Broadway in 1909. In 1910 the Chalmers was at Broadway and 50th Street.

It was about that time that the phrase "point of saturation" was discovered and put to work overtime. Motors were due to crash. There were too many makes of cars on the market as things stood and every year thousands—literally thousands of new cars were being produced to "further clutter up the city's streets and to ruin the country roads."

The first cars were pleasure vehicles. The coming of the commercial car, light delivery wagons and heavy trucks, was timely. Again the cry of saturation mounted. When would be the end? As early as 1907—the upper limit of Automobile Row was 70th Street. The boundaries have changed but little. There is still one show-room below 40th Street. All the rest have "gone uptown" with 50th Street as the downtown boundary.

The automobile grouping is the only one of Mid-Manhattan's commerical cities which serves an almost strictly local market—if the Metropolitan Area of ten counties may be so considered. It is the one segment of this vast welding which draws its revenue from local pockets entirely. In all, thirty-two makes of cars are represented. Eight of these are foreign. The foreign cars are of Automobile Row but not on it. Two are displayed on 57th Street. The others have gone to Park Avenue and Fifth Avenue—close to apartment dwellings where the great wealth of the city has established its homes.

Although the annual sales of the foreign cars run into very high figures they contribute but a fraction of New York's annual motor bill. It is almost impossible to obtain the exact total of that bill. It is certain that it has long since passed $200,000,000 and it is safe to assume the true figure doubles that total when the thousands of cabs and commercial cars are taken into the picture.

Naturally all of these sales are not made along Automobile Row—but they all center there eventually because agencies in the outlying districts are controlled from the establishments on the Row, which are general agencies, and in a number of instances the factory branches. One thing is established beyond debate, Mid-Manhattan's Automobile Row has no counterpart in the world, either in the completeness of representation, or the volume of annual business.

It is fair to assume that Mid-Manhattan has played a tremendous part in the upbuilding of the automobile industry. It absorbed the first cars—spent the first money—yielded the first profits. It sells more cars today than any other. New York City's total of motor vehicles is beyond the 600,000 mark.

There is still another highly important concentration of automotive interests within the Mid-Manhattan area—the huge service buildings rapidly going up on the extreme west side. Tenth and Eleventh Avenues between 50th and 60th Streets are being rapidly populated as a second concentration of automotive interests as company after company breaks ground and erects its own service building.

The mere congregating of automobile show-rooms and service buildings; the manning of sales forces and the piling up of staggering sales totals are perhaps the most showy and easily noted evidences of the motor's grip on the Metropolitan area. They are also the least significant.

Automobile Row has replaced in multiples every dollar it has taken from the Metropolitan area's pocket. True enough, transportation lines which carry the nickel payers and the more fortunate commuters are recognized as the prime agents in the extending of the city's limits and the building up of Long Island and Westchester. No sane reasoning would seek to belittle the part they have played.

Still, the influence of transportation lines cannot be said to extend beyond easy walking distances of the stations. The ten, twenty and thirty miles of rail are the first step. Automobile Row has provided the all important and the last step.

While two great railroads opened Long Island, Westchester and Jersey, Automobile Row contributed the most important element in that it has made the suburbs habitable. A home a mile or two from the station is now an asset instead of a liability. Close to the station holdings are for the local business centers. The automobile, in price range from considerably below a thousand dollars to as many thousands as you care to spend, spans the gap. It has linked neighboring towns. Because of it, intercommunity life is possible. It is no trick at all to drive five or even ten miles to movies in another town if the local show does not appeal.

Nor does the mistress of the suburban home hesitate to drive to the neighboring town for meats and groceries if the local tradesmen are lacking in enterprise. Competition is keen, and as must always be the result when it is, the public benefits legitimately. The modern merchant has nothing to fear. The incompetent one cannot survive. The net result is a finer suburb, populated by people of a higher type who have money to spend and spend it constructively.

The home owner on Long Island or Westchester may at first fail to see how Automobile Row in Mid-Manhattan has created the value of his holdings, but let his car go to the local service station for more than an afternoon and he will soon appreciate the point.

Courtesy New York Evening Post

CHRISTMAS SEASON ON BROADWAY AND SEVENTH AVENUE, NORTH FROM 43RD STREET

CHAPTER XI

The City of Gems

A GEM is a perfect stone. It is more than flawless. It is perfect in color. It is perfect in brilliancy. It is without spots. To the layman, accustomed to the art of making much money and to the vast majority of us who have grown used to the task of making a living most any precious stone is a gem. We judge diamonds by their size and, perhaps, more often than not we worship at our private shrine unconscious that our "perfect" stone is far from being in that vaunted state.

Mid-Manhattan has its City of Gems. It begins in Fifth Avenue in the neighborhood of Thirtieth Street. It extends north on Fifth Avenue as far as Fifty-seventh Street and in the main is confined chiefly to the world's most famous of avenues. There are occasional wanderings off to Park and Madison Avenues and to the side streets. Whether the location be Fifth Avenue or its neighboring thoroughfares matters little. Each establishment, representing a citizen in the most exclusive of Mid-Manhattan's most exclusive city, treasures its stock of gems.

A story—duly authenticated—is told of one jeweler which presents a clear and direct path to a complete understanding of what the City of Gems means to its patrons. It deals with a woman of very considerable means who visited one famous establishment, which, while its stock is far from being the largest, is known at the world's four corners for its sheer beauty and quality.

"I am told," she said to the expert who was attending her, "that you have the finest stones in New York."

"You are kind to say so," murmured the expert.

"Are all of these"—indicating a case in which perhaps a hundred rings were displayed—"perfect?"

"Possibly five are perfect," he replied.

"Five? But I was told all of your jewels were perfect."

It was then that the woman learned the rarity of a perfect stone. She received also a keen insight in how the leading jewelers—some fifteen or twenty—sell. There is a fine distinction between the jeweler who retails the product of the manufacturers and the craftsman jeweler who has grown with New York. The distinction casts no reflection upon the retailer. Both serve honorably—in fields far apart.

The jeweler who ranks in the City of Gems adds a second quality to his precious stones—that of distinction. It is more than exclusiveness or beauty of design, for a setting may be both and still lack that almost indefinable something which sets it apart from all others.

The jeweler who caters to Mid-Manhattan's wealth is a keen student of personality. He studies his patrons as a portraitist studies a subject—seeking to express in platinum and precious stones a blending—a harmony of character and physical characteristics. And sparing no expense, he succeeds. The stocks of any of the famous jewelry houses are bound to present in terms of precious stones and exquisite

settings, a composite picture of the clientele for whom they have been designed.

Not satisfied with this achievement each of these lordly establishments reduces its service to an even more intimate and personalized basis. Generations of jewelers —the business being handed down from father to son—have served almost as family jewelers to generations of patrons.

Since New York was sufficiently old in years to boast an aristocracy, the establishments of the jewelers extraordinary have been within easy access of the homes of the rich. Maiden Lane, the first centralization of the sellers of jewels and the rare gems, has long since lost all claim to the title of jewelry center. The buyers migrated and left it to the manufacturing jewelers many years ago.

Begin with the picture of early Washington Square if you would appreciate the migrations of the jeweler to his present estate.

Washington Square, once a burying ground for the pauper dead of the city and the place where public executions took place, came into its own after the War of 1812. When the land was taken over by the city and made into a public park it rapidly gained in popularity. Fifth Avenue was then farm land. It was not until 1824 that it was formally opened from Waverly Place to Thirteenth Street. New York University,which occupies the buildings on the east side of the Square,was formally opened in 1837 and continued in the original building until 1894,when the present structure was erected.

In 1850, and until the late 80's, Union Square and Fourteenth Street were the hub of New York's wealth and brilliant social life. Reluctantly the homes gave way to trade as structures were remodeled and later torn down to be replaced by structures of the then modern manner.

While Union Square was struggling against the invasion of trade Fifth Avenue, but a few hundred yards to the west, seemed secure. Miss Lucy Green's famous private school stood at No. 1 Fifth Avenue. The William C. Rhinelander home graced the northwest corner of the avenue and remained the Rhinelander home until 1914. The site is now occupied by an apartment. Further north the homes of Lispenard Stewart, Amos F. Eno, Henry Bergh, John Taylor Johnston, the first marble front on Fifth Avenue, Isaac Singer, later occupied by Mark Twain, and General Daniel E. Sickles lent distinction.

Fourteenth Street felt the influence of the trade invasion. Delmonico's restaurant engulfed the old Grinnel mansion on the north east corner of the avenue and Fourteenth Street. South at Eighth Street the Brevoort Hotel was in its early glory. Across from Delmonico's was the old Halstead home which became Brewster's Hall in the early 60's and thirty years later was occupied by the Gregg Furniture Company.

The manufacturing jeweler—or the trade—was then in its comparative infancy. Diamond sun-bursts and stomachers were the vogue. Necklaces in size and value that would now pass all but unnoticed in the daily trend of modern business, were momentous transactions. Our needs in jewels then were simple when compared with today's standards.

Jewelers were among the first of the merchants to follow the uptown trend.

They were thought to have displayed daring to the degree of folly in their venture. Their locations would be too far away from the crowds, it was said. Here we may locate the first manifestation of what is today known as exclusive merchandising—the catering at a price to the desire to be unlike and apart from others in the common practice of spending money. While they were among the first it is not possible to say the jewelers were actually the earliest on this newest business center.

The 1890 migration gained momentum as did the later ones—almost imperceptibly. A venturesome small store, lost to record and recollection, probably was the actual pioneer. The leading establishments in the various branches of merchandising, seeing the handwriting on the wall, pulled up stakes one after the other. By 1880 Union Square, once the home of the Gobels and many other of the old families, having served as a stamping ground for trade, was left behind by another advance north.

Delmonico's moved to Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street in 1876. The Manhattan Club, organized in Delmonico's when that famous rendezvous was at Fourteenth Street, purchased the old Parker Mansion at Fifth Avenue and Fifteenth Street in 1865 and remained there for years. The New York Club was located on the opposite corner. The north east corner was occupied by the home of Levi P. Morton.

The old Lorillard Spencer home stood at Sixteenth Street. At Eighteenth Street was the August Belmont mansion. Chickering Hall, an important musical center was at Fifth Avenue and Eighteenth Street. In company with the noted mansions of the day which were scattered along the avenue from Fourteenth Street north were many clubs—the Athenaeum, the Lotus, the Travellers, the Arcadian, the Knickerbocker and the Calumet.

A handful of the old firms remained for a few years of course. The restless spirits had fastened eyes upon Twenty-third Street, seeking to follow closely their patrons who had established their residences along Fifth and Madison Avenues in the upper Thirties and lower Forties.

The invasion of business crept up Broadway—leaving Fifth Avenue little changed in character. It spread east and west on Twenty-third. Madison Square at the junction of Broadway, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street rapidly changed its appearance once the rising tide gained full momentum.

It is necessary to turn back a few years to get the first picture of Madison Square. Fifth Avenue was not cut through until 1837 and when this was done the Horn farmhouse was in the middle of the street. Two years later it was moved west to the site of the present Fifth Avenue Building. The farmhouse became Colonel Thompson's roadhouse, known as Madison Cottage. It was torn down in 1853 to make room for Franconi's Hippodrome. That venture was a failure and in 1859 Amos R. Eno's Fifth Avenue Hotel, located on the Hippodrome site, was thrown open to the public.

Eno's venture was greeted with much criticism. The location was too far uptown, the critics said. The part this famous hotel played in the life of the city for the next fifty years vindicates the builder's judgment.

The Prince of Wales was a guest there in 1860. Later it sheltered Dom Pedro, Brazil's last emperor, the Crown Prince of Siam and Prince Napoleon. The house

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

A "GEM" OF THE NIGHT. FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET, FROM CENTRAL PARK

remained the meeting place for the world's notables through the late 90's. It was here that the plans to elect U. S. Grant president of the United States were made and carried out. There, too, was the famous Amen corner—where Theodore Roosevelt was made the object of a plan which against his will made him the candidate for the vice-president and launched him as a national figure.

In the ten years which followed, the small group of jewelers—their number perhaps doubled by this time—had placed themselves in the heart of the new shopping district which centered about Twenty-third Street. Their establishments assumed a new garb and a new degree of splendor. Patrons were growing both in numbers and wealth—and in discrimination.

At this time—although the statement may cause protest—the jeweler to the wealthy was not in step with the first stridings of the modern trend. In truth his patrons were not demanding distinction as it is known today. Paris, then as now, held undisputed sway in the creation of lovely settings and the vogue. Our present princely houses copied but they rarely sought to create. The years from 1880 to 1900 were years of gradual awakening both on the part of the purchaser and the seller of jewels.

It required the Paris Exposition of 1900 to jolt the New York jeweler into a new found sense of importance. The exhibits of the French were a revelation and a timely inspiration, for New York's wealth awoke at the same time.

May, 1904, found the first exclusive jewelry establishment on Fifth Avenue above Thirtieth Street. Others followed within a year or two and plunged into the wild mad era of change which extends to the present day and at this moment is rising to new levels of affluence.

Fifth Avenue—the Fifth Avenue of even ten years agone—has passed for all time. The homes of the old families have been obliterated. Quaint Fifth Avenue below Fourteenth Street, having endured the transition from ultra exclusive to genteel moderate comfortableness as expressed in the always pathetic exclusive boarding house where memories linger and grow musty, has become an area of modern apartment houses.

North from Fourteenth Street to Thirty-fourth—but a few years ago in the grip of the garment industry—is in the hesitancy of rehabilitation the nature of which is debatable, with the preponderance of evidence in favor of an extension of the apartment area from the south.

Again north from Thirty-fourth Street to 42nd Street and on to Fifty-ninth Street the homes of the city's wealth have been thrust aside. Merchants whose weekly turn-over probably exceeds the annual receipts of a few years ago compete in distinction and exclusiveness.

The day finds the jeweler—a barometer of the rising wealth of the country—at what seems the zenith of his career. Judging from the developments of the past forty-five years he is on the threshold of a new importance and his zenith is yet afar in the distance.

To but few have been given the privilege of a glance into their strong rooms. In one noted Fifth Avenue establishment are pearls in such quantity and of such rare

beauty that one of Europe's largest pearl merchants held hands aloft in despair and declared it folly to attempt the sale of more. And the strong rooms which house its other stocks of precious stones are equally rich in stores.

An attempt to estimate the wealth of Mid-Manhattan in jewels being offered for sale, is the vaguest guess. No jewel house would entertain such an impudent question, much less answer it. Add to that the vast fortunes in gems acquired through the years. It is a bewildering conjecture—impossible to gauge and equally impossible to grasp.

Mid-Manhattan's wealth in jewels is indicated by the number of establishments it holds—houses where the annual income of the average individual is spent for a bauble and the equivalent of many estates saved through years of thrift, is spent many times each day without a second thought on gem-encrusted bracelets, brooches and necklaces perfect in the match of the stones.

While the jeweler to the rich was marching uptown to his present high estate a new country was in the building. New York City itself multiplied its inhabitants and then doubled that figure. Settlements in the hinterland had become great cities. New wealth was created. The handful of millionaires of the late 60's became an army and old fortunes multiplied in the hands of their inheritors. An old order was in the passing and a new scale of luxury was in the making.

During these years the downtown jewelry center remained unshaken by the march uptown. The manufacturing jewelers—caterers to the rich, the moderately well-to-do and to the man whose purchases were confined to the most simple of ornaments for his sweetheart or his wife, ignored, and they had no choice but to ignore, the ever widening gap between themselves and the purveyor of jewels and gems to the people of great wealth.

The diamond cutters clustered in Gold Street and Rose Street—narrow, crooked lanes which the Mid-Manhattanite could not find if his life depended upon going there, without asking questions or making false starts. The manufacturers remained in Maiden Lane and as they increased in numbers overflowed into John and Nassau Streets. Buildings once considered models of efficiency, and for many years deemed good enough, housed generations of workers who, never having known better, were content to accept what always had been without question.

Mid-Manhattan the while was exerting its influence—attracting to itself everything that could serve it. The manufacturing jeweler was loath to leave his historic setting. Even the World War could not pry him from his foundation or uproot him from his traditions. The center always had been Maiden Lane—it must always continue to be. One chief contributing cause to hold him was the dense population during business hours. Many of the manufacturers maintained street front stores and augmented their wholesale business with a material volume of retail trade.

While tradition held him fast, modern efficiency frowned and growled at the arrangement. Two great railroad terminals—the Grand Central and the Pennsylvania Stations poured buyers from all parts of the country into Mid-Manhattan. The section's hotels housed them. Always was there the jaunt downtown to do business and the return trip at the close of the day.

It is an undebatable fact that buyers from out of town like to play. This seemingly inconsequential element is basically the cause of the recent migration of the jeweler. Eventually someone would capitalize the fact and early in 1925 someone did.

With entire buildings designed to most efficiently serve physicians, architects and clothing manufacturers—why not erect a structure especially designed to meet the peculiar requirements of the jewelry manufacturers? The opportunity to profitably improve rundown property was too good to overlook. The first building devoted exclusively to jewelers was erected in 1925 at 20 West Forty-seventh Street. The exodus was on. Another bit of the old New York had fallen before the march of changing times.

Maiden Lane died hard. Even with the opposition of the insurance companies it managed to hold the old guard in face of the desertions during the 1925-26 period. The success of the first jeweler's building with its modern burglar alarms and deeply hidden safety wiring—its north light and the hundred and one other modern innovations prompted the erection of a second and a third structure. Each one was quickly tenanted. Today Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Streets between Fifth and Sixth Avenues hold a score of modern structures—all of them occupied by jewelers.

The old centralization downtown received its death blow when the National Jewelers' Board of Trade moved into a building especially built to house it.

Mid-Manhattan's City of Gems now contains virtually all of the firms which make platinum settings. The diamond cutters were early among the migrators. Inter-relationship of business forced them to come and better working conditions and greater security from thieves were added advantages. With the leaders on the move it was natural that the smaller firms follow. The uptown trek has been complete.

This most recent city within the confines of Mid-Manhattan is one of the most, if not the most significant of all. It visualizes the enormous influence of the two great railroad terminals. It shows among other things how emphatically the roads of the nation and the roads of the world cross between Washington Square and Sixtieth Street and the North and East Rivers.

Would you visualize the influence which the nation exerts upon Mid-Manhattan —visit one of the hundreds of workshops where the finest craftsmen are at work in platinum and jewels. Trace a consignment of stock from factory to broker's office—from there to the jewelry store in a distant city. Single out a ring or some other ornament. Watch as it leaves its case and travels to the home of the wearer. You are morally certain to find in that home a telephone and a radio. It would be folly to wager that the home is not the abode of an automobile owner. And in that home you will find magazines, books and newspapers.

A multitude of causes contribute to the creation and the marketing of the ring. It is undoubtedly a better ring—better in quality, design and craftsmanship—and it is sold at a fairer price. Mid-Manhattan takes its toll from many fields. It gives of its skill and vision in exact proportion to what it takes.

What of its future? Will the City of Gems again migrate—in a few years or after many? Consensus of opinion declares no. Unlike many other industries which are establishing territorial centers becaus of distances to markets and freight rates the

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

THE NORTHERN BOUNDARY OF THE NEW JEWELRY DISTRICT—57TH STREET

City of Gems must always be at the gateway for its supply. New York, the world's port, receives practically all of the precious stones imported. The slightly increased weight of the setting is not an element to be seriously considered in the transportation of the finished product in its ultimate market.

Mid-Manhattan's City of Gems boasts the world's finest craftsmen. The artists in the employ of the great jewelers are successfully competing with Europe's finest designers. The equally skilled designers employed by the manufacturing jewelers are giving a distinction to their designs for mass production. Their work must improve and have its effect upon the national market. A general raising of standards and a more widespread use of ornaments will be the inevitable result.

NATIONAL JEWELERS' BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, 22 WEST 48TH STREET

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

MADISON AVENUE SOUTH FROM 29TH STREET

CHAPTER XII

The City of Fabrics

THE City of Fabrics is a clearing house. It is the link between the loom and the needle. Functioning for the great masses, it works behind the scenes. Comparatively few know of it or have taken the trouble to think about it. There were three distinct divisions of the City of Fabrics and these had in turn subdivisions. In recent years there came a fourth division which, while it does not threaten the well-being of the others to any serious extent, is rapidly becoming a city in itself. The new settlement is Rayon.

The wool, the silks and the cotton centers practically overlap, extending from the northeast end of Union Square north along Fourth Avenue to Twenty-third Street, occupying the cross streets to Broadway as far as Twenty-third Street. Madison Square causes a break, but again, at the north end of Union Square, the City of Fabrics spreads out along Fourth and Madison Avenues, centering in the cross streets until Thirty-first Street is reached.

Like most of Mid-Manhattan's cities, it is the neck of the bottle through which an industry must pass. Textiles take first place in the nation's industries as an employer, utilizing 1,110,209 wage earners. It consumes 3,784,885 primary horsepower. Its value of product annually is $5,342,617,000. To employ this army of men and women and to produce this vast wealth it sends to all parts of the world for its wool. The silk is carried on the fastest steamers and hurtles from the Pacific coast on the world's fastest trains. The cotton, of course, is grown in the South. The industry's production centers in three general localities—New England where practically all of the wool is spun and woven, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, which hold a similar monopoly in silk; and the Carolinas and Tennessee, where the spinning of cotton is increasing at an amazing rate. Rayon—a comparatively new product—has elected to center in the cotton territory, and from present indications it will expand there as sensationally as has the spinning of cotton. Until a very few years ago New England was also the center of the cotton spinning activities. It still produces heavily and will in all probability continue to hold a very heavy percentage of the cotton production. Labor, land values, abundant power and the advantage of location close to the raw material are powerful influences which have helped to build up the cotton spindleage in the South. If they will succeed in drawing all of the cotton spinning from New England remains to be seen.

This brief background is necessary to enable the proper appreciation of the nature and the functioning of the City of Fabrics. It is essentially a clearing house. It exists in Mid-Manhattan solely and simply because Mid-Manhattan is the consumer of the raw materials—if the term raw material may be applied to cotton, wool, silk, rayon and combinations of wool and rayon and cotton and rayon in fabric form. The City of Garment Workers lies just to the north and west. The two Cities—Fabrics and Garment Workers are Mid-Manhattan's most notable ex-

pressions of the inter-relationship of business—that grouping of supply close to demand—that inter-meshing of needs and interests. If the City of Garment Workers was located at the Battery or on Pike's Peak the City of Fabrics would be found adjoining it.

In point of population the City of Fabrics ranks just above the City of Furs, which means it is one of the smallest numerically. It does not require a large number of men and women to sell and keep records and that is practically all the City of Fabrics is called upon to do. True, it must create novel effects in cloth. It must be constantly alert. Trends and fashions change in an eye's twinkling—change without reason and without warning. The fight for business is keen. Price with quality is always an element. Sentiment is non-existent. Delivery is paramount.

The nationwide contest for the dollars spent for clothes has its beginning in the City of Fabrics. Let one house bring out a novelty yarn. A mill sees its possibilities and races to the market with the first cloth—the market being the City of Garment Workers just around the corner. If it takes hold the demand sweeps up like a tidal wave. Sometimes the fabric is frankly copied. Often it is improved upon. Eternally there is a helter-skelter of rapid change and counter change.

Only a portion, and perhaps the least important one, the novelty yarn and the novelty fabric supply the life and snap to the City of Fabrics. The staple cloths—solid colors in silk, the standard weaves in wool and the wash prints in cotton are the backbone—and they provide the bitterest battle. The millions and millions of yards of cloth which annually go into garments of all descriptions must be sold. The reputation of the house which offers them is an important factor—but not important enough to hold trade if some other firm can offer a material as good at a lower price. The sales battles which take place within the City of Fabrics daily are epics.

Compared with the tremendous volume consumed annually the City of Fabrics carries very little stock on hand. Much of its production is sold on a contract basis and it is delivered from the mills, sometimes halting temporarily on the shelves but most often never seeing the Mid-Manhattan establishments of the firms which sold it.

It has not been the intention to convey the impression that all of the cloth loomed in the United States is cut up and turned into the finished product within the boundaries of Mid-Manhattan. An enormous piece goods trade clears through the City of Fabrics. The bolt containing wool grown in Australia and woven in New England may ultimately reach a custom tailor in a Pacific Coast city, but the chances are ten to one that the transaction clears through an office on Madison or Fourth Avenue or in the cross streets close to either one of the main arteries.

When the little of a basic nature concerning the City of Fabrics has been written a vast story has been briefly told. The city's story is so closely interwoven with that of the City of Garment Workers that much of it must be left for presentation in the other setting. Until there was a City of Garment Workers the City of Fabrics did not exist as such. It is only a few years ago—approximately fifty—

that New York City did not contain two bales of raw silk. An actual search was made and the fact established.

That, however, is another story. To find the reason why Fourth Avenue is lined on both sides by great buildings given over to textile houses it will be best to bear on to the next chapter and trace the growth of the City of Garment Workers.

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

MAINE MONUMENT, CENTRAL PARK AT COLUMBUS CIRCLE, 59TH STREET AND EIGHTH AVENUE

Courtesy Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

AIR VIEW OF MID-MANHATTAN'S WEST SIDE, SOUTH FROM 44TH STREET, THE GARMENT WORKER'S DISTRICT

SIXTH AVENUE BROADWAY SEVENTH AVENUE EIGHTH AVENUE

CHAPTER XIII

The City of Garment Workers

If you dig deeply enough into the history of almost any industry you are certain to find a period when the working conditions were so far from ideal that they were close neighbors to the utterly impossible. It is true, too, that when the time comes to eliminate the cause of the evils there is always found a great majority within its ranks which had somehow managed to keep their own organizations in pretty fair shape. Furthermore, they were militantly eager to first clean their own houses and then force the other fellow to do likewise.

The City of Garment Workers—one of Mid-Manhattan's most important divisions—had its origin in unlovely surroundings. In point of years it is a stripling. In the matter of number of workers employed, capital invested, annual output and frequency of turnover it outranks any other manufacturing industry in the Greater City. Its boundaries are sharply defined. Beginning at Fortieth Street it extends down Seventh Avenue almost to Thirty-fourth Street and occupies the cross streets from Ninth Avenue to Broadway. This immediate section is given over almost exclusively to women's wear, dresses, cloaks and suits. The shops which center their production on men's clothing—suits and overcoats—extend along Broadway, Sixth and Seventh Avenues from Thirtieth Street down as far as Twentieth Street. There are a dwindling number of men's clothing lofts as far south as Fourteenth Street but that famous old lane seems to be the deadline. Below it to the west is Mid-Manhattan's Greenwich Village—our nearest approach to Bohemia.

Forty years ago the women's wear branch of the garment-making industry did not exist. The dressmaker was the vogue and those who could not afford to patronize her made their own. Probably that is why so many of the photographs in the old album are laugh-provoking. The men's wear industry was nothing to boast about. The man who boasted two suits of clothes carried himself with an air that bespoke importance. Most of us had two suits, to be sure, but one was the "Sunday suit." It served through many seasons and was built to take the punishment it received. Incidentally it cost considerably more in proportion than do the expertly tailored garments which the great mass of men select from the racks and very often leave the store in.

In those days Lispenard Street and Walker Street were the centers of the garment-making industry. It was during that period that "sweatshop" was coined. Workers had few hours of leisure. They received very little for their labor. Shop conditions were intolerable. Poor light and haphazard ventilation predominated. An added evil in the form of work sent into the homes of the workers raised its head. Poor nourishment, long confining labor and an almost complete absence of recreation took their toll. Health conditions went from bad to worse. Child labor was a winked-at and generally accepted practice.

With conditions such, no product could be of high standard. The industry

simply met the demand and did nothing to stimulate new business—that is, it did nothing beyond applying selling pressure and make feeble attempts to create a quality known as style. It was reaching around in a darkness of its own creation—wasting time, money and most serious of all, man power. The story of the change is a long drawn out one with many twistings and turnings.

During this same period the women's wear industry was beginning to assume fair proportions. The Jersey blouses, for many years a reliable standby, were thrust into the background by the advent of a new garment—the shirtwaist. The country went shirtwaist mad. The average line wholesaled at $6.00 a dozen at first. There came an awakening of sound merchandising. The desire and the necessity to put out a better and more attractive shirtwaist created a demand for better materials and more of them. Methods improved. Novelties were created and present sales methods began their development. Even then the uptown trend had begun to manifest itself. Eighteen hundred and ninety-six found the clothing lofts clustering in the vicinity of Green and Wooster Streets. Two years later it had reached Broadway and Houston Streets. There the industry clung for about seven years. The next shift was to Union Square. The old Tiffany building was taken over by the needle plyers. Gas light and foot powered machines were still in use but the more alert firms were installing modern equipment—modern for its day and time. Skirts were added to shirtwaists and remained staple articles until 1915 when the old reliable, after many years of supremacy, went out of style and out of existence. Probably some one of the dress houses could clean up a fortune today if it sent out a line of the old-timers. Their sheer novelty ought to make them sell. Sort of a "buy one to take home and make the youngsters laugh" appeal could be made successfully.

The demise of the shirtwaist came at a time when the industry was again on the move—this time north and east of Fifth Avenue between Twenty-fifth and Thirty-third Streets. Fifth Avenue, too, fell into the hands of the garment manufacturers. The industry was not welcome on the Avenue. It did not belong there but it came and stayed just the same—stayed in old buildings which had been remodeled. To all but the City of Garment Workers, it was patently evident that the industry could not prosper in such surroundings, nor could it afford to erect new and modern buildings on such valuable land. The leaders were frankly disgusted with conditions under which they did business. One—A. E. Lefcourt, according to the general opinion of the time, absolutely bereft of his senses—in 1916, erected a thirteen-story modern loft building in West Thirty-seventh Street. He invited the garment trade to move in and make money under working conditions that were conducive to health and high grade effort. The industry was slow to respond, but after his building had gained the name of "white elephant" and "morgue" the trade began to see the light and eventually occupied the building.

There is a lamp post at the northwest corner of Thirty-seventh Street and Seventh Avenue and six years have passed since Lefcourt blazed the trail. Men's wear and women's wear had long since demonstrated their potential scope. Working conditions had not improved to any marked extent, but the opposition to the general handicaps had grown in strength. Many meetings were held by the garment

manufacturers who were dissatisfied. The opposition to the continued occupancy of lower Fifth Avenue was coming to a head. This opposition, led by J. Howes Burton, Chairman of the Save New York Committee, had the welfare of the garment industry at heart. It also was looking to the future of Fifth Avenue and it had determined that the clothing lofts would have to go. Its reasons were sound and were heartily supported by the garment manufacturers who were also looking into the future.

No longer was the question, "Would the industry move?" It had become a question of where? One evening thirty-two manufacturers, after one of their frequent meetings under the leadership of Saul Singer, decided to go on an impromptu tour of inspection. They were led into the upper Thirties and along Seventh Avenue. Here was a wide street which was soon to receive new life with the operation of the new subway.

The district was ripe for development. Land was cheap and the structures which occupied it were worse than useless. After walking through the section the group halted under the lamp post mentioned a paragraph or two ago. The discussion was heated and enthusiastic. Then and there it was decided to build the Garment Center Capitol. Overnight the future of the industry was guaranteed. The Capitol now stands at Thirty-seventh Street and Seventh Avenue—a veteran, although it is but seven years old. It was an assured success from the moment the plans were drawn. Quick to see the profits to be derived from modern loft buildings in the section, operators leaped to follow the example of Singer and his associates. As fast as the new buildings went up they were occupied. The men's wear did not move, but it did profit by the lesson and gradually its housing conditions were improved. Now it is almost entirely under modern roofs and has the advantage of every modern device to expedite manufacture and the shipment of the finished product. Even the old timers who were not mentally equipped to appreciate the advantages of healthful working conditions could read red ink on their ledgers. They knew they had to go into production along modern lines if they were to sell with the firms who made better merchandise at lower cost and sold at lower prices with a larger profit.

The net result is a complete rehabilitation of the City of Garments within the last seven years. Its annual gross is probably close to one and one-half billions of dollars. It has accompanied its sensational growth with an equally sensational achievement in creating new buying habits that are nationwide. It has done nothing more—nor less—than made the silk dress commonplace. Forty years ago the average woman had one silk dress—and she did not replace it with any great frequency. It was turned and returned, cut and recut with the slightly changing styles. In years of service it probably ran Dad's broadcloth suit a mighty close second.

Note the innumerable dress shops in every city you visit. Look carefully at the variety of style. Examine the material and the workmanship. Then jot down prices. You will find that the City of Garment Workers can turn out a dress which nets a real profit to manufacturer and retailer and still sells for less than the wearer could

Courtesy "P. & A. Photos," Inc.

©Pacific & Atlantic Photos, Inc.

A SEA OF HUMANITY—MEMBERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL LADIES' GARMENT WORKERS' UNION—
TAKE AN AIRING ON 39TH STREET AT SEVENTH AVENUE

buy the material for.We formerly said what the country needed was a good five-cent cigar. What it needs—and gets today—is a good ten-dollar silk dress.

Competition has driven prices down and sent quality up. It has also increased the buying power of the woman's dollar. It has kept the manufacturer eternally on the job to cut his production costs through finding ways by which production could be increased and waste of time, effort and material eliminated. Silk, cotton and combination of cotton and rayon dresses pour out of the City of Garment Workers in a daily avalanche. The cloak and suit industry has experienced a parallel growth. Men's wear is annually moving to higher production figures. We are all changing our clothes more frequently. We are said to be the best dressed people in the world. It is true. It is equally true that we owe our present standards to the salesmanship of the City of Garment Workers. In ideal surroundings it improved its methods and then went out and sold the greatly improved merchandise it created. It created opinions—buying habits—standards of dress. It did much to educate its patrons.

If we may fall back upon that old reliable institution—the average young woman—to prove our point. It is safe to assert she dresses with better taste and better knowledge of material and values than did her sister of twenty, ten or even five years ago. There is some slight danger that some one may have gathered that the City of Garment Workers devotes itself exclusively to making ten-dollar silk dresses.

Such an impression is a long, long journey from the fact. The production of low priced dresses is heavy, of course, but the average price is well above twenty-five dollars. And what a twenty-five dollars' worth it is. Grandmother could not have purchased either the quality or the beauty in one of the twenty-five dollar dresses for three times that sum. When you get up into the higher price range both beauty and quality are without precedent.

Like many others of Mid-Manhattan's institutions the City of Garment Workers is a constructive influence throughout the entire country. Its ability to originate and produce keeps small stores and large stores in every city, town and even village on a money making basis. It is the outlet for the giant textile industry. Without its aggressive and skillful sales effort many of the looms now in full time operation would be inches thick in dust and an army of workers would be in quest of employment. It is sound psychology to dress well. The well dressed men and women are successful. Whether they dress well because of their success or succeed because they dress well may be a debatable question. If you choose the negative side of the debate, try to find a new job or hold the one you have in battered hand-me-downs. Many a man and woman owe their good and steady incomes to the efforts of the City of Garment Workers.

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

SIXTH AVENUE AT 33RD STREET, NORTHERN FRINGE OF THE FUR DISTRICT

CHAPTER XIV

The City of Furs

MID-MANHATTAN'S paradox is its City of Furs. It exemplifies modern business and in the same breath contradicts it. It is the child of mass production. It may soon be a victim of its parent. It has a straight road leading to further expansion before it. It is also at a critical crossroad. Shall it forge ahead or branch off? Shall it expand or shall it curtail? It is a self-contained city of courageous business men—and it is a stamping ground for a group of daring venturers.

The City of Furs is bounded by Twenty-third Street on the south, Thirty-first Street on the north, Sixth Avenue on the east and Eighth Avenue on the west. Within the district in normal times twelve thousand workers, employed by five thousand firms, draw a handsome wage. A rough classification of the industry places the number of raw fur merchants at fifteen hundred. The total of the manufacturers is close to thirty-five hundred. The value of the normal annual production is between six and seven hundreds of millions of dollars.

Having presented the statistical—and consequently least interesting—aspect of Mid-Manhattan's amazing paradox it is vital to swing the narrative back to the late nineties. Then we had no fur center worthy of the name. Furriers were scattered willynilly throughout Manhattan Island.

In Nineteen Hundred—when we thrilled in the knowledge that we were living in the opening days of a new century and people still remembered the Maine with deep feeling and the small neighborhood candy stores were displaying the framed pictures of the ill-fated battleship, pictures, which when held to the light presented the lurid scene of the explosion—the foundation stones of the first City of Furs were laid on Canal Street on either side of Broadway. Firms which have grown into dominant leadership were having their beginning.

Twenty-eight years ago we depended almost entirely upon Europe for our supply of finely dressed skins. True, our own trapping was the source of supply of raw skins, but we did not know—could not foresee—the present industry. We would not have been able to understand and consequently would have decried the prophet had there chanced to be one. For it is our highly developed skill in the dyeing of fur—mostly rabbit—that has created the vast industry of 1928. For twelve years the City of Furs remained at Canal Street. Then came an awakening. The first growing pains—evidences of an awakening consciousness to the inter-relationship of business—were being manifested.

The fur industry tagged after the millinery industry much as the small brother trots along, content, even glorying, in its ability to go wherever big brother Jim goes. Since the millinery trade centered in the district bounded by Bleecker and Broome Streets on either side of Broadway, the fur industry migrated—started uptown and joined it.

The 1912 migration to Bleecker and Broome Streets was the cause of much

comment. Pointed reference was made in the public press to the "uptown trend." At that time production was largely in muffs and scarfs—as it always had been. The fur coat was a distinguishing mark of wealth and social position. And even in those comparatively recent days of sixteen brief years ago—when we were being smart to the strains of Alexander's Ragtime Band—scarfs and muffs were not worn by sixty percent of the women seen in the shopping centers. Furs were common enough in certain localities but the majority of housewives, office workers and shop girls longed for rather than wore them.

The 1912 City of Furs—representative of and consequently generally accepted as proper enough—would not be tolerated nor could it have endured today.

The sweat shops of the 1900 period had changed only to become more destructive in their influence. Today the industry will look back and admit a mounting percentage of tuberculosis among the workers during that period. There were exceptions—many of them—but generally the fur workers labored in conditions notable for the absence of sunlight and fresh air. Added to the dangers of such conditions was that of contagion, for the imported skins were dressed and dyed amid squalor unspeakable.

The fur coats of the wealthy matron and the debutante were products of an industrial slum in many instances.

But conditions were working toward a radical change. The City of Furs was emerging from its own shadows. The leaders in the industry liked the conditions under which their product was turned out even less than did the buying public, but the inexorable law of limited volume and proportionate return was still in the saddle. Comparatively few women, when their total is compared with present day volume, were buying furs.

In fateful 1914 when the assassin's pistol spat death and spurred the German War Lord's horse on to conquest, it also dislodged an economic keystone. Europe plunged into an orgy of destruction. We could not see that, while Mid-Manhattan's City of Furs appeared ready to fall about its own ears, the dawn of the Fur Coat Era was breaking—breaking with the speed of a tropical sunrise. Soon the City of Furs was besieged by a hungry, price-heedless market howling for fur coats—and it was without the skins with which to manufacture.

European sources had been cut off—abruptly. The City of Furs had a new aristocracy to serve—the war worker—munitions, chiefly. But the lure of high wages was threatening to empty offices and factories. Wages boomed. Errand boys commanded twenty-five dollars a week. Competent stenographers were treated with marked consideration and the vast ever present army of incompetent ones could pick and choose their positions. It was a merry world—a world with money to spend for fur coats.

Men and women who had never owned more than fifty dollars at one time were thrust into what they considered a condition of affluence. The men bought silk shirts for themselves and demanded fur coats for their wives and sweethearts. Women who had no male providers had jobs and they, too, demanded fur coats. Thrift was incidental, if at all. Provision for a rainy day was somethingto preach but not to practice.

Such was the situation which confronted the fur industry—a whirlwind market and only a breeze of merchandise when a supply of gale proportions would have barely held its own.

With the foreign supply of raw and dressed furs shut off the furriers were forced to vie with each other for the Hudson Bay output. The country was more closely trapped than ever before—if such a condition was possible. And still the supply was pitifully inadequate. So was the industry's knowledge, skill and equipment for the dressing of what raw furs they had.

The Bleecker and Broome Street territory trembled with growing pains. Then was played the romance of achievement. The ability to not only equal but surpass the finest standards of foreign fur-dressing developed with amazing dispatch. The opportunity to shovel in money sharpened wits and galvanized even habitual laggards into marvels of efficient effort.

But this phase of the problem created another, once it had been solved. Now they had learned to dress and dye fur they clamored for more raw material. The demand for fur coats increased to staggering proportions.

The answer was the bunny. Prices for raw rabbit skins—especially the Australian rabbit—sky-rocketed.

The fur industry had found its supply of raw material and it also found itself. The then City of Furs, a vast improvement over the Canal Street establishments, was inadequate, obsolete. It obstructed production. The leaders in the industry, who for years had known the advantages of sunlight, fresh air and spacious quarters, laid plans—laid them with speed and precision. New quarters must be provided. Why obtain them at a premium? Why not develop a fur center and develop it at the lowest cost? The exodus from Bleecker and Broome Streets was on. Quarters on Twenty-third Street between Sixth and Eighth Avenues could be had at reasonable terms. Twenty-third Street and the streets immediately to the north had seen too many lean years to argue with ready cash. Tenements in several of the Twenties were toppled over. Existing buildings on the avenues—Sixth, Seventh and Eighth—were remodeled wherever possible. Hopelessly decrepit structures were razed. Model factory buildings replaced them.

Modernized equipment was purchased and placed ready for action. Trained workers were at a premium. Adaptable workers were trained. Modern production methods were inaugurated. Efficiency was in the saddle. Massed production dashed on to ever-increasing totals. Time became the most precious of commodities. The market for fur coats grew with each passing moment. For a time the pell mell—yet efficient—efforts of the new industry to meet it acted as does water on an oil fire. Every new coat possessed the magic to create a demand for two more—and these two seemed doubly endowed.

But there must be an end to every race—and then comes the exhaustion of a spent field. Soon after the avalanche of fur coats had swept across the country and engulfed American womenkind there came a period of economic low pressure.

War work was a memory—war wages a dream with a touch of unreality. Fur

coats wore out—not to be replaced, at least not if sold by the old boom day methods and reflecting boom day prices.

The fur industry faced a crisis. Geared manwise, machinewise and mentally to manufacture for a fur-mad womankind it was badly frightened. Firms began to fail. The industry contained more than its percentage of commercial weaklings—but what boom activity does not? The lure for big profits and quick profits calls in the unstable as well as the strong.

The weaklings received short shrift. The 1921-22 period developed strong men among the fur manufacturers and—viewing the situation broadly and most impersonally—the industry on the whole benefited by the elimination of the less sturdy.

Mid-Manhattan had much at stake, then. It has still. New land values were created by the fur boom. New money was brought out. A new army of workers had been created.

For a very considerable period the furriers were in the process of readjustment —a readjustment of mental viewpoint more than anything else.

Then came the tightening up period. Production methods were refined. Cost per garment went down and production mounted. The nation-wide market was closely studied. Out-of-town buyers who formerly pleaded for a bill of goods were besieged to look at this line or that. The problem had right about faced. It was now a case of leading the purchaser to the garment—and searching for the purchaser.

Competition became razor edged as sales mounted. The woman who bought a coat in 1924 or 1925 received better values for less money—although proportionately prices were and still are higher than ever. Labor troubles were intermittent and at all times serious. The manufacturer's position became less enviable.

The element of gamble was intensified. Furs are bought by the home office on the word of a distant representative. They are shipped great distances at the purchaser's risk—and many dangers—theft, spoilage, even mis-representation, must be hoped against. Hope is all the raw fur dealer can do. He is in the hands of his luck once he closes a deal. The manufacturer takes up a multiplied risk. If the furs do not dye properly—if they prove otherwise faulty in the processing—the raw fur dealer is sorry, but he sold raw fur and is not interested.

Some retailers are also a source of heavy loss to the manufacturer. They buy, very often, on terms which are virtually consignment and do not hesitate to return unsold merchandise.

There is a rosy side to the industry, too. Today the City of Furs in Mid-Manhattan contains many strong men who have made fortunes and are still making them. These men are in the City of Furs to stay. Their main problem at this moment is one of policy.

Shall they continue in massed production and by lowering price increase their market and create a huge replacement demand? Shall they curtail operations and having abandoned mass methods, strive for greater individuality and consequent higher prices?

The immediate fate of a section of Mid-Manhattan hangs in the balance. There will always be the City of Furs. The question is will it grow or will it remain as it is

until some economic development sends it on to another boom. It is the child of boom times unsurpassed and it has survived the chill of low demand.

In its lusty infant days it obliterated a slice of old New York. Only Cavanaugh's restaurant on Twenty-third Street remains to tell the surviving natives of the so-recent old days when Sixth Avenue contained not one delicatessen nor did Seventh or Eighth from Twenty-third Street to Thirty-first Street.

The homes of the moderately—even very well to do of thirty and thirty-five years ago—"modern flats" had become mostly tenements before the furriers swept upon them. Today a few battered old buildings hold out but they are doomed and seem to look as though they knew it. At night the district—once alive with home life—streets filled with children—an occasional German band—the ever coming and going hurdy-gurdy—the swinging doors on the corners through which passed "customers" with the "growler"—purchasers of "a glass and a pint" is dark and deserted. Its after-dark inhabitants are watchmen, cats and policemen.

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

WHERE FASHIONABLE FURS PREDOMINATE IN SEASON

THE DAILY NEWS BUILDING. 42ND STREET BETWEEN 2ND AND 3RD AVENUES

CHAPTER XV

The City of Publishers and Printers

LARGELY because Mid-Manhattan seethes and boils around its City of Publishers and Printers—making more noise with its street traffic than do the thousands of presses, linotype machines and bindery equipment—the romance of the printed word is probably the least known of the area's engrossing tales. A river of printer's ink flows through Mid-Manhattan every twenty-four hours. A forest in news print and in book paper is fed into the hungry maws of giant presses hourly. A mountain of finest rag and linen paper goes through the job presses in the form of brochures, pamphlets and broadsides.

New York's first printer was William Bradford. He opened his first shop at 81 Canal Street in 1693, coming from "near Philadelphia" where he settled in 1662 upon his arrival from England. He published the first newspaper—the *New York Gazette* on October 16, 1725.

Very evidently Bradford had a monopoly of all the printing on Manhattan Island, for it was not until 1733 that Peter Zenger, a stormy petrel of the craft, appeared in New York City, to establish the *New York Weekly Journal*. During the following year Zenger, who when accused of libel, elected to fight the issue and succeeded in having both the law and the facts considered. The result was the establishment of the right of free discussion—criticism—of the government and the laying of the cornerstone of the freedom of the press.

During the period from 1779 to 1785 there were twenty-six printers in New York; from 1786 to 1789 there were 21; from 1789 to 1792 there were 24. While forty years elapsed between the establishment of New York's first and second newspapers others followed in rapid succession—James Rivington's *New York Gazetter*—Hugh Gaine's *New Mercury* which preceded it by eight years (it was established in 1852), the *Packet*, the *Journal*, the *Daily Advertiser*, the *Daily Gazette* and the *Gazette of the United States* are among the most enduring.

The lives of New York's early newspapers were precarious ones and no record is available to show that their publishers ever amassed wealth although they did enjoy high standing and were men to be reckoned with. Measured by modern standards they were funny little sheets but so, too, were the *Sun*, established in 1832, the *Herald*, which was first published in 1835, the *Tribune*, the first edition of which reached the streets in 1841, the *Times* in 1851 and the *World* in 1860.

The *Times*—a mighty force in the affairs of the city today—was not the first to move uptown. That distinction belongs to the *Herald*, now absorbed by the *Tribune* its former beautiful home now being in the hands of a large retail clothing establishment. With the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* within a few blocks of each other in the Roaring Forties, just beyond the glare of the Great White Way, and both the *Sun* and the *Telegram* printing in their own uptown plants for speedier distribution, *The News* soon to occupy its new building on East Forty-second Street, Mid-

Manhattan has within arm's reach a distribution of the news of the world. No more picturesque sight can be encountered in the district than the speeding news motor trucks and their crews of husky handlers. Here is a clan of the printing industry which but a small percentage of the vast public it serves ever encounters. The handlers who distribute the afternoon and early evening editions are lost in the milling mass of home-bound workers as their trucks dodge through traffic from stand to stand and the crews dart through the crowds with huge bundles of papers—very often a hundredweight—balanced on their shoulders.

Mid-Manhattan is distributing newspapers on almost an hourly schedule throughout every twenty hours. A small army of men do the work in all kinds of weather, often under severe handicaps. What of it if traffic is heavy and the presses are late? The home-going multitude is interested only in the final editions of its favorite newspapers and concerns itself not at all in the method employed or the difficulties met and overcome in getting the sheets to the news-stands.

Mid-Manhattan's newspapers are symbols of the tempo and viewpoint of the day and time. They present only one section of the City of Publishers and Printers. The book publishers, the commercial printers and the publishers of magazines outweigh them in revenue, number employed and total investment. Still the rush and grind of a thunderbolt civilization, the clash and clang of conflict, the pace that turns men old at fifty, is the realm of the newsprint and the men who serve it serve with a loyalty that is beyond price.

You who have always taken your newspaper quite as a matter of fact—giving not a fleeting thought to how it is made—have before you a mighty experience when you become the guest and follow a guide through the modern plants of the *Times* and of the *Herald Tribune*.

In either office the capitals of Europe are a bare instant away from the cable editor's desk. The vast network of news agency wires, the Associated Press notably, cover every square mile of the United States. Commander Byrd, at this moment locked in the ice-bound antarctic, is in daily communication direct with the *Times'* office—not once a day but whenever he desires to be, as often and as long as fancy or the occasion dictates. Transmission of news is almost instantaneous once it is in the hands of the reporters. A president speaks, a leader in the field of art or the sciences or in the world of finances dies. Alert gatherers of facts who work with all but unbelievable speed and accuracy report direct by 'phone or wire to the Metropolitan area.

Perhaps the passing of a noted leader takes place ten or twenty minutes before press time. Trained rewrite men "pound out" the story. There is not an instant to be lost—no time for second thought. Direct, true to the line thinking, the ability to ignore the orderly confusion of the city room of which they are a part, are theirs. Fingers fly over the keys of a typewriter.

With mad speed, yet calmly, almost deliberately they set down the facts. Copy readers receive it—edit it, write the heading. It is scheduled for a specified space on a specified page. The copy is shot through pneumatic tubes to the composing room. It is cut in "takes" and distributed to the typesetting machines. In a twinkling the

news has been set. Proofs are taken and read. There are few corrections. Then the type is locked in the page forms and the forms sent to the stereotyping department where the plates are cast.

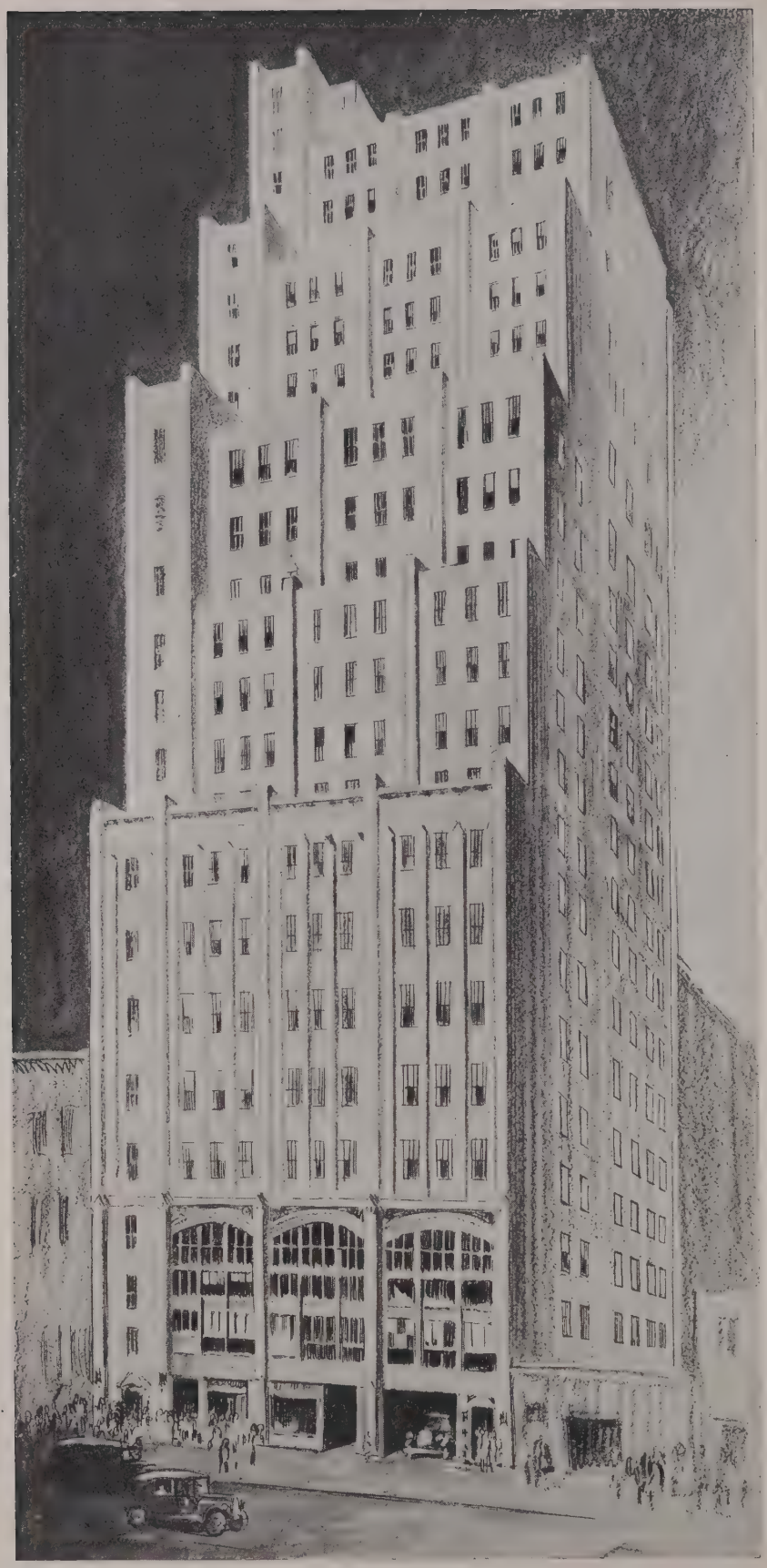
Not a moment has been wasted, not a backward step taken in the process of preparing the news for the ultimate consumer. A thousand pitfalls—opportunities for error-have lurked in the path. When the plate is cast so has been the die. Any error—spelling, punctuation or in the facts—will soon be reproduced in black ink upon white paper. Any lack of skill in writing will also be spread out for all to note and comment upon.

Speedy as the pace has been, it takes on a faster tempo. The plates are rushed to the press. In a flash they are locked upon the cylinders. At the signal the presses roar into action. Alert pressmen rapidly scan the pages as the printed, assembled, folded and counted papers emerge. Satisfied with the "color"—the even flow of ink, assured against inverted pictures the fullaway signal flashes and the run settles down in earnest.

The news staff, the composing room and the stereotypers having done their part, the burden of responsibility now rests with the press room crew and the circulation department. News grows old speedily. Circulation, the final step in the process, is most important of all. It is the link between the men who prepare that most perishable of commodities and the reading public. And the men entrusted with the responsibility of moving the papers take as much pride in meeting their job as do the men who gather, the men who write and the men who print it.

Mail trains must be caught, so, too, must the trains going to the suburbs. Distant parts of the city must be served as well as the close-by districts. Not a fraction of a minute may be lost. As fast as the papers fall from the presses they are conveyed to the counting and distributing tables and from there they move in a fast flowing stream to the waiting trucks which hurtle through the streets to the railroad terminals and to the news-stands. It is without question the most thrilling and alluring romance-drama of Mid-Manhattan's many engrossing activities.

Because the papers are rarely late, because their contents are always timely and expertly handled it must not be taken for granted that the news game is a play-time profession. It can be cruel to the men who serve it. It demands all he has in devotion, in energy, in physical strength and in brains. It will burn him to a white ash long before his time—and it will cast aside the husk without compassion. The men who grow old in the service understand. Gathering, writing and to a lesser degree printing news is a young man's profession. The oldsters who hang on, ride on their experience. Eventually all but a few find occupation elsewhere. They are among the wise. Hair-trigger-minded, possessed of an almost uncanny penetration they are sought after in many fields. It is the men who remain too long in the bewildering clatter of the city room who eventually present the pathetic figures. As they slow down mentally their profession is speeding up. Eventually they are shunted off into an eddy. Their youth and their prime have been burned away. They have amassed a wealth of experiences and thrills—commodities difficult to sell. When the great adventure comes to each one the formality of making a will is a



THE HERALD-TRIBUNE BUILDING
40TH TO 41ST STREETS, WEST OF SEVENTH AVENUE

waste of time. "Thirty," the designation placed at the end of every news item is "Thirty" indeed.

Until comparatively recent years Park Row was the center of New York's Newspaper Row. In 1910 all, except the *Herald* and the *Times*, were centered there. Call the roll today: Among the missing are the *Press*, the *Mail*, the *Globe*, the morning edition of the *Sun* and the glorious old *Herald*, an independent unit.

The *Herald* has been absorbed by the *Tribune*, which moved uptown to the Mid-Manhattan area. The others were purchased, absorbed and obliterated.

Big Business did not require them so Big Business bought them to obtain the Associated and the United Press franchises and then killed them. An era of fewer and bigger papers had dawned. So, too, did a new and amazing chapter in American journalism—the tabloids.

They have their sturdy champions and their implacable enemies. If circulation is an indication of value—they are valuable. Sensational they are. Pander to the morbid they do. They do not quarrel with the dignified modern daily. Rather do they rush on their sensational way, selling in huge numbers, printing pictures of the men and women who figure in crime, accident and scandal. It is unbelievable that they would carry the photo of a composer who gave the world a great symphony but, in the choice verbiage of many of their readers "you said a mouthful when you said it's a sure bet" they will carry the latest scantily clad pose of "a red hot momma who sued the big butter and egg man plenty."

The tabloids are not printed in Mid-Manhattan. They come into the district from downtown in speeding trucks and by subway and "L," and they find a heavy circulation among the mass of homeward bound workers from the offices. They represent a fraction of the total copies of newspapers but it is an appreciable fraction nevertheless.

In Seventh Avenue between Forty-second Street and Thirty-fourth Street—the center of the women's wear and the fur workers—scores of peddlers add a further cosmopolitan touch when they appear with their bundles of foreign language papers, the majority being Jewish. The Italian prints have a steady demand, however.

While the news prints are important factors in the daily life of the area they by no means represent the largest estate in the City of Publishers and Printers. There are great groups which extend their influence to far distant points and employ many times the total of workers engaged in the printing of the news.

In its entirety the City of Publishers and Printers employs upwards of 50,000 men and women. Its annual payroll is in excess of $188,000,000. It uses materials valued at $132,259,000 each year and the value of its finished product is in excess of $600,000,000. It ranks second among the manufacturing industries. Over 70% of the 2739 printing plants of all types in New York are within the confines of Mid-Manhattan. The majority of this high percentage cluster on the West Side with the General Post Office as their core.

In fact, it was the erection of that giant structure given over to the handling of the mails that uprooted the commercial printeries from traditional Canal and Pearl Streets, for practically all printed matter eventually finds its way into the

mail pouches of Uncle Sam and from this printed matter the Federal government derives a very material income.

It must be admitted that Mid-Manhattan has lost materially in the total of periodicals published. The very factor which has made this small section of Greater New York an empire is the cause—centralization of markets and efficiency. It costs much more money to send printed copies of magazines through the mails than it would to send plates from which the magazines are printed to various centers. Consequently the press work—while still staggering in its proportions—has fallen off. Publishers find it an economy of both time and money to print in the centers of their zones of influence. Chicago is getting much of the printing which circulates through the mid-west. Cincinnati and San Francisco are also growing as printing capitals.

Still there have been the compensating factors of increased population throughout the New England and Atlantic States—both sections being served by Mid-Manhattan. The rapid increase in the density of population in the east must eventually restore the volume lost to the tremendously growing centers in the mid and far west. Mid-Manhattan's City of Publishers and Printers is in its village stage when its future stature is envisioned.

The printing industry may be roughly classified under four groupings—newspapers, mentioned first because of their spectacular qualities and their intimate contact with the people, the fiction periodicals, the technical and business or trade publications and books. In the last mentioned group should be considered the binderies and all classes of the highly specialized service which has grown up around them.

Scribners, which combines both periodical and book publication is a notable example of scope and the completeness of its printery. Its own building still stands above the surrounding four and five-story tenements. It was one of the pioneers uptown. Turning to the technical and trade field the unquestioned leadership and the model plant is found under the banner of the McGraw-Hill Publishing Company and its constantly growing list of subsidiary organizations. Its magazines are recognized as the guiding influence in practically every branch of technical endeavor.

Here is an organization which has gone the entire journey in the creation of a self-contained group—a group which recognizes neither limitation nor difficulty in the complete service to its many thousands of readers and its thousands of advertisers. Its editors comb both the United States and Europe in search of the latest data. Its Marketing Councilors are thinking for and ahead of the advertisers. Its circulation department, manned by the best men available, is constantly in the field winning and holding complete coverage for the many magazines they serve. Complete coverage means that the subscribers of any of the publications number among them every executive and technical man of importance in that particular field. How seriously the question of coverage is taken may be gathered from the fact that hundreds of dollars are frequently spent to gain one subscription.

This company owns its own timber lands and manufactures its own print paper. It publishes hundreds of technical works and many trade directories and

catalogs of a varied nature. Beginning with the gathering of its data it carries through practically within its own organization. Every process in the science of publishing is masterfully carried out from manuscript to binding within the four walls of its great building. To care for its great mass of promotional work and offering an extraordinary service to a large list of exacting clients it maintains a job print plant which is noted for its modern equipment. Such completeness of facilities is obviously beyond the reach of the great majority of publishers, although a heavy percentage of course maintain their own plants and operate them on a high plane of efficiency.

Mid-Manhattan's City of Publishers and Printers is a striking illustration of the general appreciation of the inter-relationship of business which is an underlying cause of the section's phenomenal growth. Giant buildings have been erected expressly to serve the printing craft. They are of especial construction, built to carry the great weight of presses and of type-setting machines. Engineering skill has provided for the excessive vibration and steps have been successfully taken to render them practically soundproof. This precaution makes them commercially habitable, for, if left unchecked, the roar of the presses and the clatter of the type-setting machines would quickly scatter the industry.

It is a far cry from the plant of William Bradford, New York's first printer, to the highly specialized industry of today. He set his own type and took impressions on a hand press—one sheet at a time. As the years rolled into a century and almost a half of another, real progress was slow. Press work was particularly backward. It was not until 1838 that the first cylinder press was successfully applied. Hoe did not bring out a rotary press until 1847. All type was set by hand. Speed and volume were produced by multiplying manpower.

The old time composing room has passed for all time. Yet it has left traditions and a picture which shall never die. The composing rooms of the daily newspapers were places of deep shadow. Flickering gas jets, guiltless of shades, but protected by a wire cage or ball, cast a fitful glow. Hand compositors, their "sticks" held in their left hands much as an artist holds his palette, stood in long rows before their cases. These were little more than breast high frames which supported a standing, much compartmented tray which held the type—each letter and punctuation mark having its especial location. Ink penetrated everything—including the men themselves.

With their "take" or piece of copy held on the case before them they "set type," right hands darting here and there on the case. With sensitive forefinger and thumb they would feel the type and without looking at it, determining not only that the letter picked from the compartment was correct but faced it about properly and set it in the stick in its proper place. They worked with startling speed. Their "strings" true enough, were ridiculously small when compared with the present day production, but given enough hand compositors a good composing room foreman always got his paper out on time. Sanitation was practically non-existent. Practically all of the old hands chewed tobacco. If there is, or was, one not so addicted it has never been the experience of the writer to meet him.

Expectorate is much too delicate a term to apply in this instance. The old hands spit and what more convenient place to dispose of the tobacco juice than against the wall close to the case? The result was always a growing mound of cuds which no one bothered to remove.

In the early days—previous to 1840, printing was always done direct from the type. In 1854 the process of stereotyping on curved plates was introduced—a revolutionary advance and a practice which continues today. That was the last improvement of moment until the Webb press was developed in 1869. Again progress lagged until 1894 when there came an epochal invention. A machine had been created which not only set type but distributed it as well. Although he could not recognize the fact then, the emancipation of the printer had dawned. The machine —linotype, so named because it set a line of type the width of a newspaper column and then cast the impressions into a solid line or slug—at first threatened to disrupt the industry. The Unions were doubtful about tolerating it. Men, they said, would be thrown out of employment—and they were. Many left their trade never to return. Others found places in job plants—and the volume of printing picked up enormously. Men who stuck to their cases instead of learning to operate the new machines found ample outlet for their artistry in the setting of display advertising.

With more and better printing more speedily and less expensively available, the annual output grew and grew. Instead of working 60 hours a week with no pay for the time spent in distributing his type the printer found shorter hours and increased pay. Today he works a forty-four hour week on day shifts and forty hours when engaged in night work. His wages have more than doubled. The average, modern plant is clean, perfectly ventilated and lighted. Tuberculosis, once the ravage of the industry, has been virtually eradicated.

The production pace has increased each year. So have the number of profitably operated plants and the total of employees. Through their Unions the printers, who are emphatically in the saddle, limit the number of apprentices and guard with a watchful eye the calibre of the youths they accept. The result has been a closely organized body of highly intelligent men who because of their organization, may treat sanely with fair employers and deal emphatically with those who are unfair.

Type-setters, stereotypers and pressmen are only one general division of the giant industry which has so strongly taken hold of the life of Mid-Manhattan. The engraving field employs an army of workers who are closely allied with printing because they produce the cuts or plates used in illustration. Compare the crude illustrations of the finest periodical of a few decades ago with the marvelous effects produced in color today if you would appreciate the advance which has been made. Mid-Manhattan produces some of the finest engraving in the world.

Behind the plants which carry through the complete service to the publisher are a large number of specialists who concentrate all of their capital in one branch of the industry. There are organizations which only set type. Their equipment is far more complete than the average complete process plant could afford to install. A variety of type faces and the ability to turn out work on a chain-lightning schedule brings them all the work they can handle. Plants which specialize in press work—

ordinary run, or the finest and most elaborate of effects stand ready to take the type. Binderies that are marvels in efficiency and equipment are waiting at the end of the line.

It is possible for an individual author or a corporation to have printed the finest of work in any quantity from a limited edition of twenty to a mass run of millions at a cost but slightly in excess of that charged by a complete process plant. Indeed the growth of the specialized service in Mid-Manhattan is giving all but the giant publishing houses an abundance of food for careful thought.

Will the great job printing plants which do many millions of dollars of business every year eventually specialize in just one branch of the process and have all others cared for in other plants or will they by means of absorption of less strong printing organizations eventually so dominate the field that they can through great volume cut costs in every department? Mid-Manhattan today has scores of job, or general printeries capable of printing anything from a hand bill to a newspaper, from a two page advertising folder to a deluxe edition.

These leaders in the general field go mighty far to serve a client or a prospect. They all maintain a service department adequately staffed with writers and artists. Guided by the client's needs, they will prepare suggestions for advertising and carry through even to the mailing of the finished product.

Within the ranks of the City of Publishers and Printers is one group which has dedicated itself to the exacting needs of the advertising profession. They long ago moved from the West Side center to East 42nd Street and neighboring streets near Second and Third Avenues. These are the printers extraordinary, the artists in type and press and ink. They serve the nation's centralization of expert knowledge of printing effects—the great advertising agencies which spend annually hundreds of millions of dollars for printing and for space in which to print. The agencies created this super type of printer.

He was a ready pupil—one with a background of undeveloped—untried is a better word—craftsmanship. It might be said he lives and works in a world apart from the average printery. He is a visualizer of the beautiful—an artist, even a sculptor for his effects must always have the fourth dimension. His fees would stagger anyone but the clientele which created him. Through the medium of plates his work appears in many publications which of themselves could never produce the same effect. Such excellence is economically possible because the added cost when distributed over the number of publications used by the advertiser adds but slightly to the individual insertion.

Mid-Manhattan's City of Publishers and Printers as it is pictured today, must in a few decades, present the same contrast which a glance back over fifty or sixty years is bound to create. Grant the city produces 22.5% of the book and job printing of the nation; boast, and rightfully, that in beauty, skill and sheer artistry it is beyond comparison with any other center, it is still in its pioneer days. The sensational heightening of standards which the past ten—even the past five—years have witnessed are omens of what is to come. Much of the advancement in printing has just happened. Until recently the printer was conscious of neither his true status nor his broad possibilities.

He has begun to study costs scientifically. He is applying the same infallible yardstick to the influence he wields. When he has put his own house in order he will be ready to reach out a helping hand to the world he serves.

THE NEW YORK TIMES ANNEX. IN THIS BUILDING THE PAPER IS PRODUCED.
LOOKING NORTHWEST FROM THE TIMES BUILDING

CHAPTER XVI

The City of Theatres

Some call it the Great White Way. Others know it as Tragedy Lane. To the writer it is the Cross Roads of the Four Winds—the place where the Somebodies and the Nobodies from Everywhere rub shoulders for an evening and then, emerging from the more than a hundred playhouses, throng Broadway and eleven side streets for a few brief minutes before they journey on to Calcutta and Cohoes; to Sacramento and Seneca Falls. It is the one section of Greater New York which is visited by practically everyone within the Metropolis at least once. And mingled in this vast throng are those who journey from all parts of the world.

Mid-Manhattan capitalizes its City of Theatres—uses it as a playground after the hours of business have passed. Its patrons pay high annual tribute for the hours spent in the world of pretense and illusion. How much of this vast fortune remains within the City? No one can speak with authority, but a canny guess would be that only a very small percentage passes into permanent investments.

Unlike any and all other of Mid-Manhattan's settlements the City of Theatres cannot profit by experience. It cannot build for to-morrow. Its only fixed values are in real estate. Hemmed in by the City of Merchants, the City of Garment Workers, the City of Hotels, and to the west by a district which seems destined to be a City of Apartments, its holdings are constantly increasing in value. Yet in the majority of instances the theatres are earning incomes only six hours of the day. Many of them are closed for weeks during the summer. More than a few are dark from June until late August. And even during the winter, when the season is at its zenith, a goodly number are without tenants because of the failure of one play and the lack of another venture.

With all of its difficulties and uncertainties the City of Theatres turns over a vast sum of money every year. A success turns a theatre into a gold mine. And there are many successes. We do not get time to note the failures. A week or at the outside two weeks of poor business is enough to take a play off the boards. If the season is an active one another venture is moving its scenery in within twenty-four hours after the failure's trimmings have been carted away to the storehouse.

If the City of Theatres could isolate the germ of success—but why indulge in impossibilities? It is built on uncertainty and it can never have anything but uncertainty for its foundation. Because of uncertainty its rewards are great and its failures are cruel. It is unsurpassed in its ability to lure the venturesome and to hold those it attracts. Not even its veteran producers have been able to determine what are the essential elements of a successful play. Those few who have achieved outstanding success have paid for it with outstanding failure. Belasco—the dean and probably the ace among producers and playwrights—can count more than one failure for every real success. William A. Brady has a tremendous money maker in "Street Scene"—the outstanding success of the 1928-1929 season. It was

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

Warren and Wetmore, Supervising Architects

PARAMOUNT THEATRE BUILDING, BROADWAY AT 43RD STREET

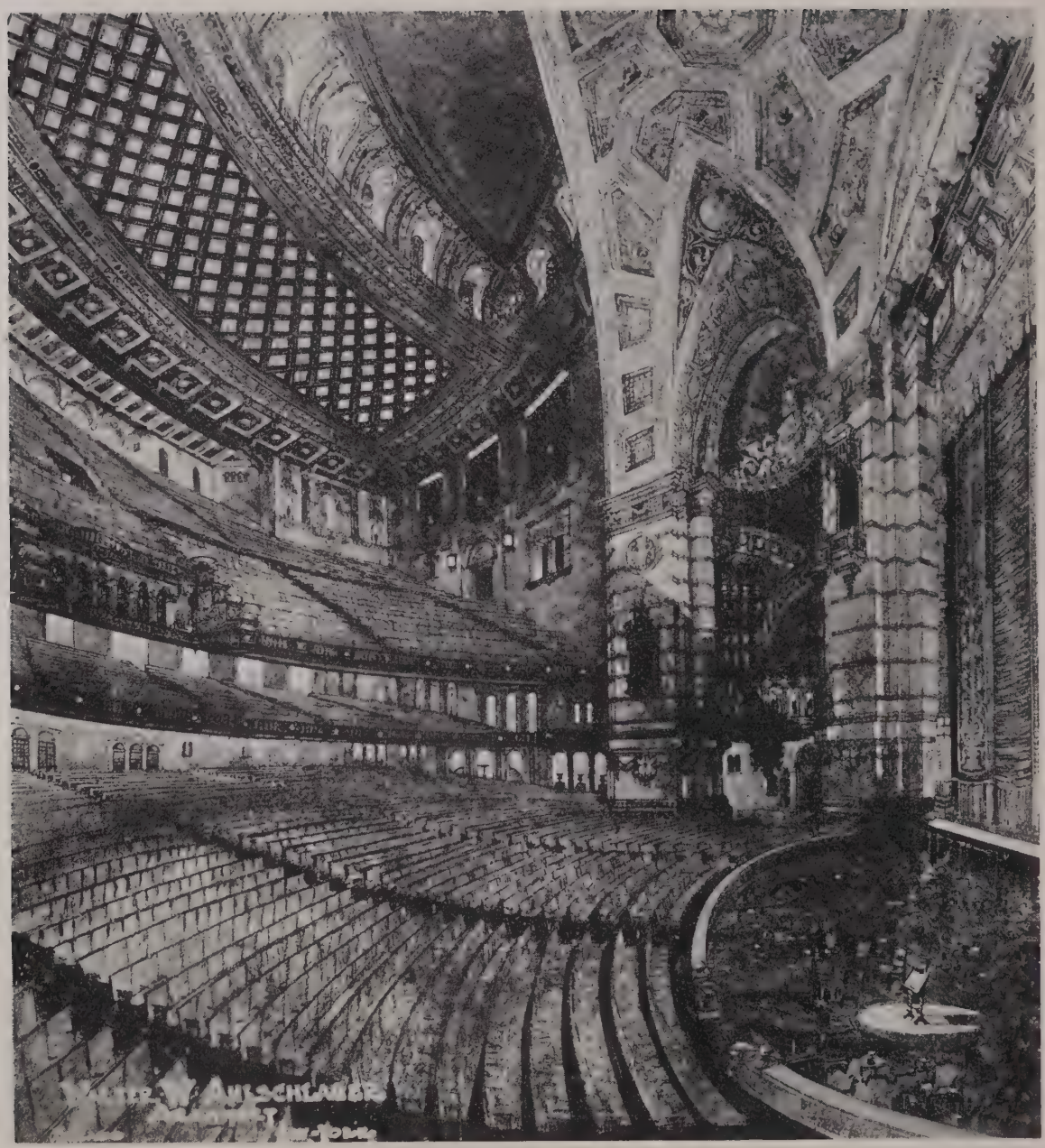
rejected by a half dozen veteran producers before it came to him. He gambled because he believed in the play. He could not have been sure of its reception. When the curtain fell at the end of the first performance he knew his judgment of the play's merits had been correct and the gold will flow into his box office for many months to come.

Still—his next ventures are only ventures. With all his years of effort to give the public what it wants he has still to learn how to weed out the chaff from the wheat. It is the hope of all playgoers that his career will continue over a great many years more. When he reaches the end of the trail he will still have failed to learn how to make certain the verdict which the first night renders.

Like Brady, Belasco is protected from heavy loss because the public always gives either producer sufficient support to recoup at least part of the expenditure which a producer must make before he can sell a ticket. But even those two—the oldest and probably the most experienced—are forced to withdraw their offerings time and again. Looking down the line of the younger men you find the same ability to guess right occasionally and the same proneness to be wrong in their judgment of what the public will support.

The City of Theatres has one outstanding example which offers convincing proof that almost any one's opinion before the rise of the curtain on opening night is as good as another's. The play was a comedy. A woman wrote it, and because no one else would gamble, she put every penny she owned into its production. Her own funds were augmented by the contribution of one actress who bought a share. The critics "panned" the offering without mercy. It staggered along for two weeks. The author-producer borrowed additional funds to keep it going. At the end of six weeks business picked up ever so slightly. It grew a little better week by week. The actress who invested took her money out—glad to have helped a friend and equally glad to get her money back. The attacks of the critics continued. They said it was a poor play—not particularly well written and that it was bound to die. Her friends begged her to abandon it. She stuck. Six months passed. Then a year was rounded out. The play doomed by expert opinion was drawing capacity throngs. At the end of two years the audiences were increasing. It was necessary to buy tickets months in advance. There was no let down in patronage at the end of the third year. The same held true when the fourth year came to an end. At the close of the fifth year—the play was still drawing good audiences—she withdrew the play. Its earnings in one playhouse over five solid years added to the net from a dozen road companies and from numerous long runs abroad by especially organized companies gave her a fortune of at least five millions of dollars. That universally condemned play was "Abie's Irish Rose." There are still critics who maintain it was a poor play. They were right. It was a poor play. It was also a great play. It was human and lovable—at least enough people loved it to give Anne Nichols pocket money for many years to come.

Having given the world a five year success is it not natural to expect that she would repeat? She has made only a few offerings since "Abie's Irish Rose" and none of them were better than indifferent successes from a box office point of view.



Courtesy New York Evening Post

INTERIOR OF ROXY THEATRE, SEVENTH AVENUE AT 50TH STREET

Only the uncertainty remains as a heritage from the old City of Theatres when it was at Fourteenth Street. The old Academy of Music is now an office building. Miner's Theatre on the Bowery burned last winter. Tony Pastor's is no more. A hundred ghosts strive to come back from the past—but why let them in? They have gone and they have taken their noted actors and actresses and their audiences with them. The present-day City of Theatres is a new world with a new viewpoint.

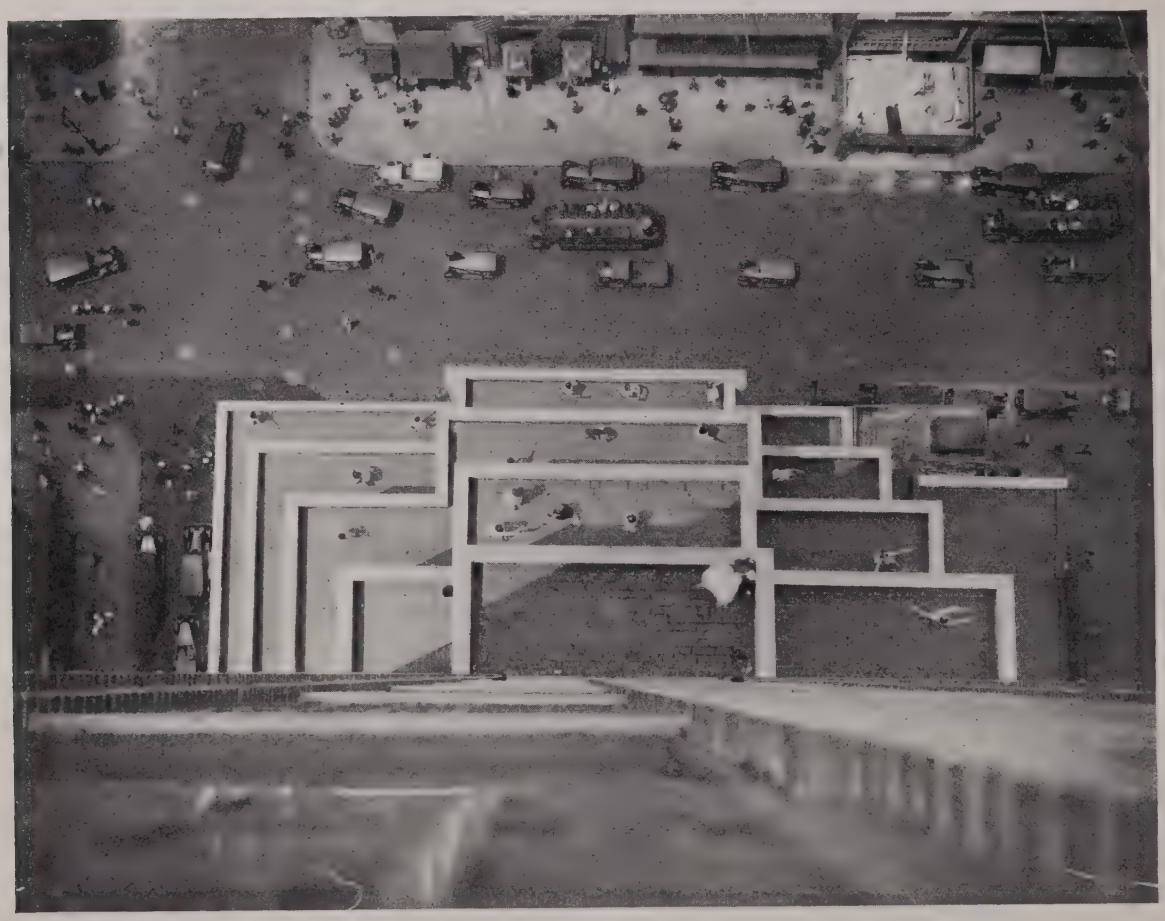
For nearly twenty years the spoken theatre contested with the motion picture. The fight was bitter until values were adjusted. The provinces became the stamping ground of the movies. Road companies dwindled in numbers. Then the movies invaded the City of Theatres and built show houses of surpassing grandeur. They prosper without taking prosperity away from the legitimate playhouse. Within the year "talkies"—there does not seem to be a better word—have entered with a resounding bang. They, too, are prospering. In other words, Mid-Manhattan's City of Theatres has three great earning factors where thirty years ago it had but one. It has tripled its successes. It has tripled its failures. And the impossibility of predetermining what the public will support remains.

For years the City of Theatres was Broadway. To-day Broadway is only the main artery and holds but a small percentage of the total of the playhouses. The cross streets house the rest. Begin at Thirty-eighth Street and crisscross between Sixth and Eighth Avenues as far north as Fifty-fourth Street. Never are you more than five minutes' walk from a playhouse—and the five-minute period does not happen until you have reached the northernmost limit of the area. In Seventh Avenue just below Forty-second Street you may see a movie for twenty-five cents. The great palaces devoted to the motion picture scale their prices from a half dollar to double that sum and show continuously from approximate noon until midnight. Several give midnight performances. You may buy a pair of tickets for a legitimate show for as little as one dollar and sixty cents. You are also obliged to pay as high as thirty dollars for ducats which will give you a seat at others. Between these extremes is an approximate standard of six dollars and sixty cents. Twenty-five or thirty years ago three dollars would buy two seats for the season's hit and the seats would be among the best in the theatre.

The times have changed, and without question the change has been for the better. How else can the enormous increase in patronage be accounted for? More people are getting what they want and that is the mission of the City of Theatres—to amuse the public. The old time minstrel show has passed into oblivion. It may be inviting sharp argument to hint that vaudeville is losing its hold. Still—no one can debate the fact that only one theatre in the City of Theatres is devoted exclusively to this type of entertainment. Another augments the bill with motion pictures and the revues call in headliners from the vaudeville field it is true, but the fact remains that only one stronghold of this form of theatre remains. To round out its service the City also has one burlesque house.

Finally—the source of supply. Where do the hundreds of plays which are actually produced each year and the thousands of plays offered for consideration

come from? A few are importations—successes abroad or the work of foreign playwrights. The rest—and that means the vast majority—are American in their origin. Break down this classification and you find that at least fifty per cent are written within or on the borders of the City of Theatres itself.



Courtesy World Wide Photos

DANCERS REHEARSING ON THE SET-BACK ROOFS OF THE FRENCH BUILDING FIFTH AVENUE AT 45TH STREET. FROM THE TOWER TOP

CHAPTER XVII

The City of Philanthropy

To the same degree that Mid-Manhattan symbolizes great wealth and wealth-creating achievement it manifests the heart, the desire and the ability to give. Its philanthropies are inspiring in their total and as far-reaching as the rays of the sun. Do not misunderstand the word "philanthropies." It does not mean the thrusting of the ready hand into the well-filled pocket. New York is proverbially generous. The mendicants—commonly known as "moochers," "panhandlers," "floppers" and "whiners," to use but a few of the picturesque terms applied to those keen psychologists who have learned how easy it is to beg and exact an amazing return for their hours of efforts on the streets—take a daily toll. But their gleanings are only a pittance—a careless gesture on the part of the most generous people in the world. The seeming plight of the unfortunate appeals to the ego of the passerby who parts with a dime or a quarter and for the rest of the day feels slightly elated. What New York City gives out of its change pocket—and Mid-Manhattan is the most productive of all—is wasted money.

Like practically everything else philanthropy has become a science. It has developed a group of men and women who are professionals. And, as seems to be generally the case, Mid-Manhattan has become the headquarters of this modern profession. Before treating, somewhat in detail, Mid-Manhattan's City of Philanthropy, it is best to outline its boundaries. New York City makes an annual donation of approximately four hundreds of millions of dollars. There will be many to contest this figure. Some will think it too high. Others will say it is not enough. Fortunately both sides will meet on common ground and admit it is an utter impossibility to reach an accurate total.

Ninety per cent of the philanthropic agencies are located within the Mid-Manhattan area. In all there are twelve hundred of such. They employ approximately six thousand highly trained professionals and are administered by executives whose efforts in any other work would net them fortunes. A few of the organizations have the world for their field and they cultivate it intensively. The majority are largely local in their scope—contenting themselves with the Greater New York area as the scene of their labors. The Charity Organization Society, a grouping of many welfare organizations, is a notable example. The organizations of international interests naturally encompass the United States. Add to these the purely national organizations and the four hundred millions of dollars is not such an awe-inspiring sum, even though it is a total beyond the reach of any other American city.

The City of Philanthropy is entirely the product of the last half century and the past twenty-five years have seen it take well defined form. Until it was philanthropy it was largely charity. There were exceptions, of course, but generally the wealthy gave charity and their good intentions were destructive to the degree that they did not exert a completely constructive influence. We have not lost

sight of the importance of relieving distress—that is their first step. Today we go beyond the visible effect and attack the cause, and it is in this branch of philanthropic work that most of our money is spent.

Every effort is made to prevent duplication. The Carnegie Corporation—$135,000,000—is largely educational in its work. The Rockefeller Foundation—$203,000,000—was chartered in 1913 "to promote the well being of mankind throughout the world." The Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial—$73,000,000—is similarly general in its aims. The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, founded in 1901, is pledged "to conduct, assist and encourage investigations in the sciences and arts of hygiene, medicine, surgery and allied subjects, in the nature and causes of disease and the methods of its prevention and treatment, and to make knowledge relating to these various subjects available for the protection of the health of the public and the improved treatment of disease and injury." The Common Wealth Fund—$38,000,000—confines its activities to the field of work for children. It was established by Mrs. Stephen V. Harkness and has two intensive programs—one in the field of child guidance of mental hygiene and the other in the field of child health. The Russell Sage Foundation, The Heckscher Foundation, the Edwin Gould Foundation, the Phelps Stokes Fund, The Altman Foundation—the list could be extended to occupy many pages—have each their particular fields. Each cooperates with the other—drawing upon their knowledge and data without hesitation and with equal frankness, giving every aid within its power to the others.

Again we come to an approximate total—$93,000,000 is available annually in New York City for social planning. Of this sum $55,000,000 comes from contributions, income from endowments or from payment for services. The city treasury provides, roughly, $28,000,000 and $10,000,000 comes from the State.

With these sketchy notations it is easy to get a general picture of what the City of Philanthropy is and what it has attempted to do. It is all too new—too recently emerged from the experimental stage to delude itself into believing it has accomplished more than a fair start in the direction of its ultimate goal. Its first task has been the awakening of a public consciousness to existing needs—to the grim urgency of attacking a multitude of conditions which have gained their hold through generations of neglect and are now eating into the very heart of our economic structure.

It may be entirely proper to divide the City of Philanthropy into two distinct groups—one, the highly personalized effort which deals with the individual case, and the more remote, impersonal agency which struggles with the giant problems of massed relief. For example—there is in the distant Bronx a small institution which confines its efforts entirely to the care of incurable cancer cases. It recognizes neither race, creed nor color. Its only requirement is that the case be a hopeless one. Much of its funds come from individual supporters in the Mid-Manhattan area. In contrast is the desperate effort which the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research is making to determine the cause of cancer. Here we have a small organization, representative of many, doing the vitally important work of laboring with effect, and working apart and ahead of the times is another which seeks the cause so future generations may be spared a continuation of the scourge.

There was a time when philanthropy was a misunderstood institution. The public in general knew nothing about it. The few who did form an opinion regarded it as a rich man's whim. When he made generous donations he was suspected of having a clouded conscience. Social workers were a breed of strange people who could not mind their own business and were clever enough to get someone to pay them for their weakness. Even twenty-five years ago welfare work was largely in the hands of denominational organizations who sought to take care of their own and on the whole made a rather inexpert job of it. There was a mass of duplicated effort and most of our charity did not begin at home. It was considered more essential to teach the "heathen native to wear clothes" than it was to discover the cause of sleeping sickness.

Our attitude toward our local problems was equally short-sighted. That the effort of the day towards social rehabilitation was earnest and sincere does not mitigate in the slightest its utter inefficiency and its narrowness. The City of Philanthropy as yet unrecognized—it did not even suspect its own existence—went its blundering way and fortunately, profited by its blunders. It is blundering today. Perhaps the mistakes it is making are greater and more vital than were those made in the earlier days. It has learned, however, to more quickly detect its errors and it is less dogmatic in its attitude.

The City of Philanthropy once believed tuberculosis was a deadly inescapable menace. It was sensationally called the "Great White Plague." The "Great White Ignorance" would have been the proper designation. Directly, because it supported the efforts of the thinking pioneers, the City of Philanthropy gave immeasurable aid in bringing tuberculosis under control. Its greatest and most signal victory was the winning of a public consciousness. When it succeeded in impressing the masses with the real cause of tuberculosis it opened the way to its gradual eradication. We no longer have a "Great White Plague." If the disease gains a foothold it is because of individual neglect. We have learned that tubercular patients need not be public or private charges. We know that certain types of work are well within their ability and we have put them to work—for work is the one unfailingly constructive element in all welfare effort.

Innumerable evidences of what the City of Philanthropy has accomplished are at every hand. The virtual eradication of the slum within the boundaries of Greater New York is one of them. We still have congestion. We still have conditions which are many years behind the advanced thought in housing and sanitation. Yet, the worst examples of today are so far advanced—such marked improvements over those of a very few years ago—that the ideal of the past has long since been attained and is now frowned upon.

If the City of Philanthropy could have its way its annual expenditure would be many times its present endowment. It argues, and rightly, that business must eventually recognize philanthropy as not only a responsibility but as an opportunity for profitable investment. Its representations along these lines are reaching ears that heed and are striking responsive chords. The City of Garment Workers is an expression of modern philanthropy insofar as it provides ideal conditions for its workers. Appropriations by the City of New York for breathing spaces where children may

Courtesy Fairchild Aerial Surveys Inc.

UPPER MID-MANHATTAN—NORTH OF 47TH STREET. AN AMAZING DIVISION OF "THE CITY OF PHILANTHROPY"

escape the sweltering heat is philanthropy which eventually finds expression in healthier workers.

Private welfare organizations in Mid-Manhattan have waged a relentless war against the peddler of drugs. They have been a major force in holding the most horrible of illicit trades in check. True enough they have not succeeded in eradicating the evil nor will they succeed until the great public awakes to its responsibility and its danger. Once such a consciousness has been aroused the drug evil will be quickly whittled down to its irreducible minimum and there held.

Many millions of dollars are quietly at work combatting juvenile delinquency. In the meantime we still have our medieval system of reformatories, which fortunately, are recognized as totally inadequate by the very officials who are charged with their administration. We now have a true picture of the delinquent juvenile and the City of Philanthropy is desperately at work—hacking away at the deep rooted causes. It has taught us that criminals are either subnormal or abnormal, that they are the offspring of the mentally and physically deficient. In one of Mid-Manhattan's hospitals a special clinic is devoted to the treatment of wayward children. It has long been claimed and it is daily evidenced in proof that what we formerly regarded as candidates for reformatories are in truth patients for the clinic. Mid-Manhattan is preventing boys and girls from committing crime through the simple process of medication.

The City of Philanthropy through its welfare activities has eliminated organized prostitution. New York—the world metropolis—has no segregated district and no street walkers. Vice exists—where does it not?—but vice is not organized. It is deeply under cover and every time it attempts to gain the surface the firm heel of the law descends with crushing force.

It is all but impossible to trace the far-reaching effects of this vastly important City's influence. From Mid-Manhattan was administered the effort which financed and kept in operation over a period of more than ten years the actual care of the Armenians when their extinction as a race was not only threatened but would have been quickly accomplished. The starving hordes in China owe their continued relief to work which is being done in Mid-Manhattan. Rehabilitation in France, in Belgium, in Russia, throughout war-ravaged Europe was supported by funds the direction for the gathering of which centered in Mid-Manhattan. And Mid-Manhattan gave generously of its funds as well. Preventative work in medicine done in Mid-Manhattan has penetrated to all parts of the world. Reforms—the word is used in the sense that practices have been re-formed—in industrial occupations are in many instances the result of promptings which came from organizations having their centers in Mid-Manhattan.

Mid-Manhattan has long since become the center of the campaign organizations which will undertake the raising of funds for any worthy cause—and in all but the rarest of instances succeeds. Hospitals in many parts of the country are adequately equipped and adequately endowed institutions today only because of the organizing skill of seasoned campaigners who, largely, developed their skill and their methods when at grips with local problems.

All of these contributions are important and as such have gained widespread recognition. They are, however, only the visible effect of foresighted thinking in the earlier days of the City of Philanthropy.

They might be termed practice starts—feints—the opening thrusts of what must be a fight to the finish between advancement and ignorance. The City of Philanthropy realizes that disease,crime, and poverty can exist only because of the indifference of the great mass of people who can think no further than the ends of their noses—very short and insignificant noses at that.

Its first task was to gain a complete appreciation of itself. When it was a pastime gesture of a few men who made philanthropy a hobby it set about the education of the very donors who enabled it to live. As it studied the art of giving away money it developed a new trend of thought—or rather an efficient method of expressing a thought which is as old as time. As time went on it amassed convincing proof that the power of a dollar constructively spent was measureless—that it gained in momentum and carried on to greater and greater accomplishment. Then it stopped thinking in terms of helping. All a matter of viewpoint, you may say, but is it? Today the City of Philanthropy works on the established practice of helping individuals and masses of individuals to help themselves. In medicine it rewards and supports the thinkers so they be made to march from one advancement to another. It sees to it that the latest in medical knowledge is placed in the hands of all of the medical profession. Then it goes out to all of the people and urges them to take advantage of the benefits which have been provided. Through the settlement workers it urges and brings about the care of the teeth, for example.While the following may at first seem to smack of comedy when the mother of a boy who was heading straight for the reformatory had her defective teeth cared for, the boy was permanently put on the right track. Her taut nerves and general debility resulted in a type of home life which sent the boy onto the street corners. The social worker's efforts represented an expenditure of perhaps six dollars in time. The clinic cared for the teeth without cost to the woman. The City of New York was saved at least fifteen hundred dollars—the cost of maintaining the youngster in a reformatory for a three-year period. And that was only the initial saving. When you figure the loss in productive effort by the boy in later life and add to that the actual loss through the crimes he would undoubtedly have committed in the future along with the cost of catching and detaining him—it bulks into many thousands of dollars. That portion of the social worker's salary which paid for her labors with that particular family was an investment by the City of Philanthropy which will return a net income of a great many thousands per cent.

The future of the City of Philanthropy is an alluring prospect. Its foundations are firmly laid. It has overcome the opposition of the unthinking. The public appreciates the danger of cancer and of all disease. It is beginning to realize the high cost of indifference to crime. It knows the true value of cleanliness. It realizes that thrift and education are the only agencies which can offset poverty and privation. The constantly mounting total of books from the public libraries, the daily increase in the number of people who come to clinics seeking to prevent the development of ailments, the ever mounting number of mothers who bring their children for inocula-

tion against diseases which were formerly accepted as a something which "every child has" and the general raising of living standards are unmistakable evidences of the progress which the City of Philanthropy has made.

Not all of the work of the city is done among the lowly and the poor. It is equally important to work among the powerful leaders in business. Philanthropy in its modern and true guise means the betterment of all conditions so that all of the people may be given a more complete chance to live happy and constructive lives. The minimum wage scale of a great manufacturer is a modern expression of the City of Philanthropy's ultimate goal. The city is planning for future generations—blazing new trails in the development of our future cities—building for stronger and healthier men and women—creating an appreciation of art, of music—gradually and so indirectly that it is difficult to trace the connection—rearranging our mode of life so that the work and play time will be more evenly balanced—balanced to the extent that one will provide the incentive for the other.

After all the City of Philanthropy leaves the indidivual's problem entirely with him. It is struggling to provide the answer to every problem and there it must, in theory at least, end its efforts. The poor will be with us always but the poor of the future will be so because they have ignored the agencies which will enable them to help themselves. They—the improvident of a hundred years from now—will have to fight to remain so. Disease, crime and their parent "Ignorance" will have been disarmed of much of their power to destroy.

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

THE SALMON TOWER, OVER A CORNER OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
FIFTH AVENUE AND 42ND STREET

CHAPTER XVIII

The City of Plan and Improvement

When Mid-Manhattan ceases to change it will have reached the end of its ability to serve—which means that within the magic territory there can be no permanant condition. Within twenty-five years the district has practically rebuilt itself. Certainly this is true of the heart of the area. At the present time the outskirts are rapidly changing their aspect. These changes are governed by necessity and by careful plan, for the men who guide the destinies of the section have a watchful and understanding eye to its future. At the moment of our building we know that in years to come—it may be only twenty—it may be fifty—that which is being erected will come down to make room for newer expressions of efficiency and service.

The parking garages which are now under construction are fitting expressions of the condition. Only a few years ago the idea of utilizing valuable space for the garage parking of automobiles would have been scoffed at. The possibility of such structures being a financial success would have been considered only by the most daring operators. To-day such buildings are an absolute necessity because of the mounting value of passable pavement space. Mid-Manhattan cannot spare its street surface for the storage of automobiles. It required only the leadership of a trail blazer, who built a marvel of efficiency, to show the way. The electrically operated parking garage is now an institution.

In line with this move to utilize street surfaces for their true purpose, work is now under way on a West Side Elevated Highway which will carry much of the traffic which now congests the avenues close to the North River. The improvement will be completed only in time to relieve a condition which is rapidly growing acute.

The New York Central Railroad is following the example of the city and has undertaken the work, the monumental task of raising all of its West Side trackage high above street level. The elimination of Death Avenue, as Eleventh Avenue is known, will be a signal improvement within the area and one which is certain to manifest itself in the general growth of the section.

Eventually a vast system of underground vehicular tunnels must be created. The completion of Mid-Manhattan's first underground street seems assured. The Board of Estimate has appropriated $2,000,000 for the preliminary work on a route which will extend under Thirty-fourth Street from Tenth Avenue to the East River and thence to Long Island.

Another elevated boulevard will eventually run along the bank of the East River from Fifty-fourth Street to Corlears Hook Park. The need for these marginal boulevards is a pressing one at the present moment and they seem to forecast a greatly enlarged system of overhead vehicular routes. Carrying out the program of relieving the crowded streets many of the longitudinal avenues and the cross streets are being widened. It will be readily seen that the single item of providing adequate

THE J. P. MORGAN LIBRARY, 36TH STREET AND MADISON AVENUE

paved surfaces for the automotive traffic alone, calls for a huge expenditure of money. But such dollars are well spent dollars. Each new route means greater ease and speed for inbound and outbound traffic.

The watchful policy extends to many fields of civic plan and improvement. To the layman the zoning laws may mean little more than a figure of speech which constantly creeps into the newspapers and causes much dry discussion. To the initiated a more important evidence of civic pride and control could not be quoted. The new Retail Zone District embracing the area between the east side of Park Avenue and the west side of Broadway between Twenty-third and Fifty-ninth Streets has automatically added many millions of dollars to property values. It stabilizes the district as a retail center because one of the restrictions is that no merchant may utilize more than five per cent of his space for manufacturing. The change in the building laws which permits a two time height restriction for set-backs instead of a one and one-half time set-back on West Forty-second Street has added materially to the total floor space which may be rented and has increased values proportionately.

A plan to "stagger" the arrival and departure of office workers in the heart of Mid-Manhattan is now being furthered by a committee of the most representative men in the district. Under its operation the peak at nine o'clock in the morning and at five o'clock in the evening would be broken into fifteen minute intervals beginning at 8:30 o'clock in the morning and extending until 9:30 o'clock. The same system would be applied for one hour beginning with 4:30 o'clock in the evening.

The value of time is being more and more closely considered. To save passengers to and from New England points exactly one hour, the East River is now being dredged from Hell Gate south. There seems to be nothing which Mid-Manhattan will not undertake to serve its population's best interests. The need for a yacht basin in the East River may not seem of major importance, yet such a plan is being worked out because an increasingly large number of executives make the journey from their Long Island and Westchester homes by express speed, private cruisers. Mid-Manhattan is looking into the future and planning for it. How farsighted the men who are doing the work are remains to be seen. Certainly they are not providing the ultimate. Their success will be measured by the number of years which shall pass before their work is sent tumbling down and another generation of planners take up the task where their forebears let it fall.

Courtesy Edison Company of New York

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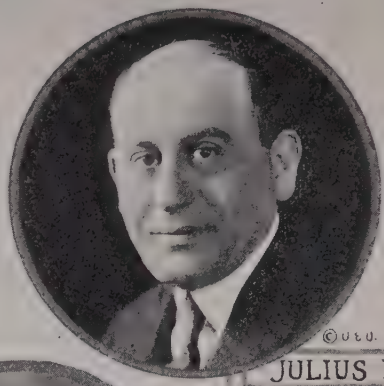
Some factors in the Present Development of Mid-Manhattan

ADOLPH ZUKOR

S.W. STRAUS



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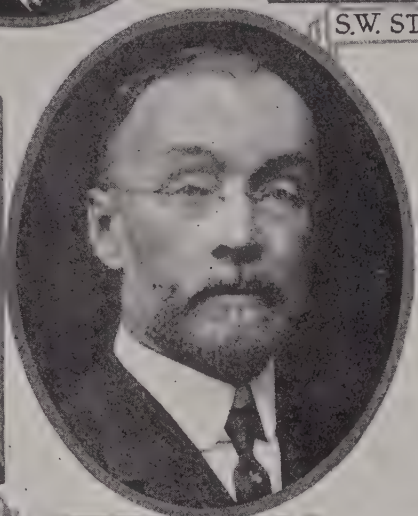

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One of the most important and significant events in the mercantile development of Fifth Avenue was the erection in 1905-6 of the imposing building of B. Altman & Company. This beautiful structure rises thirteen stories and occupies an entire city block. Its distinguished architecture makes it one of the show places of Manhattan; the finely rendered design in Italian renaissance style is notably impressive and dignified. The structure is one of perfect harmony and proportion.

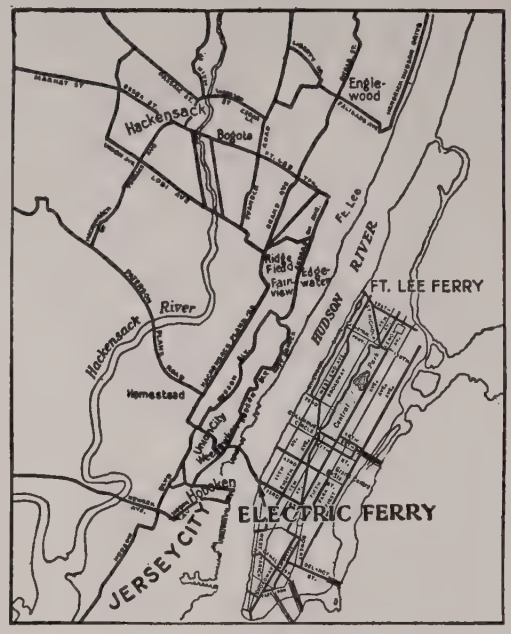
The great building, with the accumulated prestige of the organization back of it, has been a stabilizing influence of immense importance in the development of the adjacent neighborhood. The entire project has been characterized by rare vision, judgment and good taste, and it is probable that no single thing has contributed more to insuring the high class status of the Murray Hill section and Mid-Manhattan generally in all its various residential and mercantile aspects. During the unexampled developments of recent years the Altman building has actually pointed the way not merely to a larger, but to a finer city. It has been both an inspiration and a splendid example to the city's progress.

The great size of the building can be emphasized by personally making a promenade, to view the fascinating show windows on the four streets —Fifth Avenue, 34th Street, Madison Avenue and 35th Street. This walk is a panorama of fashion and beauty and constantly changing interest. Here are brilliantly displayed the needs of modern family life in its various interesting phases.

Inside the building the same splendid spaciousness is carried out by wide aisles and uncrowded areas. It has been described as "a store of magnificent distances." The ever thronging numbers of customers never seem under any circumstances to produce a feeling of crowding. It is a city in itself, where shopping for lovely and unusual merchandise can be done in an atmosphere of quietness and restfulness. A large organization of merchandise and style experts is constantly searching the globe over for new and interesting things. Such facts indicate why "Altman's" is a classic institution, dear to the hearts of New Yorkers and visitors from all over the country.

SPEEDING FERRY TRAFFIC

FOR many years Carroll D. Winslow, president of Electric Ferries, Inc., had taken his turn in the waiting line to cross by ferry between New York and New Jersey, and year by year had noticed the wait growing longer and longer. One day the thought came to him that the tremendous expansion of the use of automobiles had created a ferry traffic problem as acute as the street traffic problem, but that whereas the street traffic problem has staggered city authorities throughout the country by the vastness of the capital involved in its solution, the ferry traffic problem could be solved by ingenuity, hard work and good management with a reasonable investment of capital. Although only a mile from the Holland Tunnel, this ferry is running at capacity.



That his prescription effects a cure is apparent from the waiting times given above. When a man takes his turn in a waiting line of autos more than a mile distant from a ferry and gets aboard in 15 minutes or less he counts himself very fortunate. There are many services so congested at holiday times that four hours' delay faces the auto driver. The general fault is plainly what Mr. Winslow diagnosed it to be, but the diagnosis was much more too difficult to make the first time than it is now when the trouble is easily recognizable.

A tradition had grown up around ferry traffic. The history of it in New York goes back to 1810 when Cornelius Vanderbilt began to transport passengers and produce from Staten Island to Manhattan in a sailboat. In 1812 Col. John Stevens of Hoboken had Robert Fulton construct for him the first double-ended steam ferryboat in the world, from which all modern ferries are descendants. This ran from Cortlandt Street, New York, to Communipaw, Jersey City, and took half an hour. From then until last year, the steam ferryboat—large, unwieldy, with space wasted for engine, trunks and cabins, and with little room for vehicles—developed almost exclusively by growing bigger, the only other changes having been the substitution of the crank engine for the beam engine at the time the sidewheels gave place to the screw propeller.

In 1893, Col. Edwin Stevens, a descendant of Col. John Stevens, predicted that ferryboats would be driven by electricity generated by their own dynamos. That, at the time, was considered too sanguine, because electrical science was not then equal to any such demand. For the past few years, however, New York City has been operating ferryboats which generate their own electricity by steam driven dynamos, but these boats are of the old, large, unwieldly type, with the usual waste space.

Electric Ferries operates boats of a revolutionary type, the designer having departed from all conventional ideas. All cabins have been eliminated, and the entire deck space given over to five lanes for automobiles. These boats are for the exclusive use of automobiles and motor trucks. Horse-drawn vehicles are barred. The only passengers allowed are those in cars and buses. The improvement in design has given each boat a capacity of 50 automobiles. With electric Diesel propulsion practically no superstructure is required. The ferries are so built that the entire deck is without any obstruction to interfere with rapid traffic. Due to this fact and due to the absence of delay caused by foot passengers and horses, the boats can be loaded and unloaded in a fraction of the time required for the old-fashioned type.

Six of these electric ferries are now in operation between West 23rd Street, New York, and Boulevard East, Weehawken. The traffic patronizing this exclusively automobile ferry service has grown to the point at which a headway of seven or eight minutes has to be maintained during the day and a headway of 15 minutes at night, quick transportation being assured at all times even when waiting lines extend miles at the other ferries. It will be understood that the length of a waiting line is in inverse proportion to the capacity of the ferry service; the rapid discharge and loading practiced by these electric ferries, the relatively large capacity of the ferryboats and the short headway maintained, all combine to reduce the length of the waiting line.

Statistics show that in 1928 over 20 million vehicles crossed between Manhattan and New Jersey, and over half were carried on ferries. When one realizes that this represents an average daily crossing of 50,000 vehicles, it is not difficult to visualize the lines of automobiles and trucks often extending for miles which at times used to wait hours to cross this strip of water not a mile wide.

In two years' operation the traffic growth on the Electric Ferry Line has exceeded the original estimates. The capacity of the Line has also been proved greater than was calculated and it is now carrying more cars than before the tunnel opened. Two hunderd cars per hour was expected to be the limit, but during rush

periods the capacity has been driven up until now it can be maintained at 300 cars per hour. The faster the traffic is handled the greater the appeal this Line makes to all who use it, and there are some patrons who detour to it and make better time from point to point in New York and Jersey than if they waited in line at uptown or downtown on a more direct route. The route from West 23rd Street to Hudson Boulevard is the shortest from Mid-Manhattan to northern New Jersey. Service is maximum; rates and delay are minimum. On advance sale tickets special rates are made.

Quick service is popular and that is what Winslow's electric ferries were built for and what they have been giving. They represent the first important development in specialized automobile ferrying. Their design is an improvement; their propulsion is an improvement; their operation is an improvement; and the service they give is an improvement. That represents real progress.

General Offices: 420 Lexington Avenue. Telephones, Lexington 1142-1143.

MID-MANHATTAN FROM THE NEW JERSEY SHORE ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

A RECENT VIEW FROM THE SAME POINT AS ABOVE

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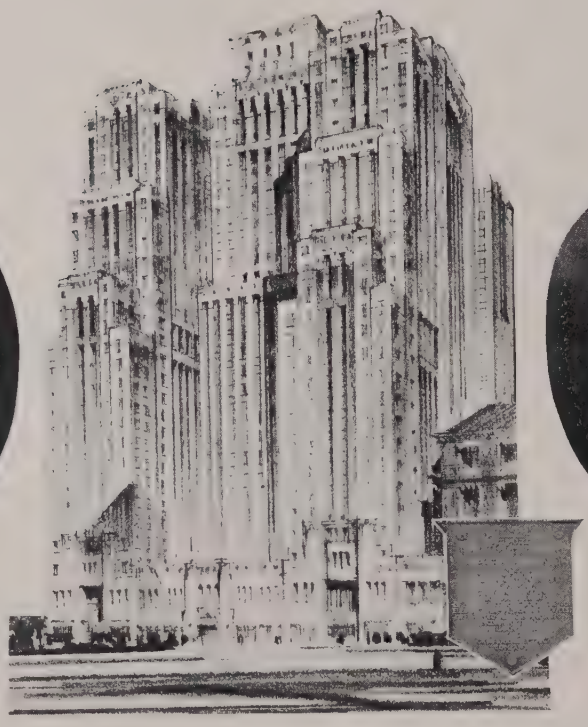
GEORGE E. CULLINAN
Vice President



The Graybar Building
New York City

LEO M. DUNN
Vice President

FRANK A. KETCHAM
President

THE GRAYBAR ELECTRIC COMPANY

IN 1869 in the City of Cleveland, Enos M. Barton, a telegraph operator, obtained $400.00 by mortgaging his mother's home to help buy an interest in the electrical shop owned by George Shawk. Electricity was too much of a speculation for Mr. Shawk and in the same year he retired. Professor Elisha Gray joined Enos Barton and the partnership became known as the firm of Gray and Barton. In 1872 this business was reorganized and the name changed to The Western Electric Manufacturing Company.

In 1876, Alexander Graham Bell demonstrated his newly invented telephone and in 1877 the Western Electric Manufacturing Company made its first telephone. In 1881 the Company's name was again changed when it became the Western Electric Company and in the following year was the manufacturing headquarters for the Bell Telephone System.

From the very beginning Gray and Barton supplied anything that a customer wanted and as the demand for additional articles increased, in the same measure did the lines of merchandise increase. When the demand for a product became great enough the firm either manufactured it or obtained the agency if someone else made it.

On this principle, the supply business increased, but the growing complexity of these dual responsibilities—on one hand, to the Bell Telephone System whose products were manufactured; on the other, to the general users of electrical products—made it advisable to separate the two functions. Thus in 1926, the Supply Department became a new and distinct corporate organization to be known as Graybar, derived from the names of the founders.

Never before in business history had a company of this size changed its name so completely and there was much conjecture at the time as to its success. That the move was a wise one is best proved by the fact that during the first year, business increased over 15%.

On January 1, 1929 the ownership of the Graybar Electric Company was purchased by its employees from the Western Electric Company.

The Graybar Electric Company is the largest distributor of electrical supplies in the world. Its business in 1928 was well over $75,000,000 conducted through 71 distributing houses located at strategic points across the country. There are approximately 600 salesmen selling 60,000 items of merchandise to over 35,000 customers whose purchases include everything electrical. Graybar also sells through dealers throughout the United States a complete line of Radio Receiving Sets and Electrical Appliances for the home.

THE Graybar Building, the fifteenth floor of which is occupied by the executive organization of the Graybar Electric Company is now nearly two years old, but it still remains one of the most talked-of buildings in New York. It is small wonder that a great show of interest should be directed toward the derivation of the name which this giant monument to modern business bears. In response to this show of interest, and as a tribute to the founders of the Graybar Electric Company, bronze tablets have been erected in the lobby and arcade giving the history of the name.

F. A. O. SCHWARZ

THE founder of the great toy business, F. A. O. Schwarz, 303-305 Fifth Avenue, corner of Thirty-first Street, New York City, Mr. Frederick A. O. Schwarz, was born in Herford, Westphalia, Germany, October 18, 1836. In 1855 he joined his elder brother, Henry Schwarz, who, with Theodore Schwertmann, had established a business in Baltimore under the name of Schwertmann & Schwarz. Althought organized for specializing in other lines, their addition of a toy department proved so successful that it eventually became a leading feature.

In 1862 Frederick A. O. Schwarz was admitted to junior partnership and remained with the Baltimore firm until 1869, when he decided to remove to New York. In September, 1870, Mr. Schwarz opened his first New York toy shop at 765 Broadway, opposite A. T. Stewart's great store, thus laying the foundation of a business which has grown in volume and popularity under the name of "Schwarz" to what is perhaps the most widely known of the world's principal dealers in toys.

As the business developed and the center of retail trade continued in its trend northward the Schwarz address changed, first in 1880, to 42 East Fourteenth Street; next, in 1896, to 39-41 West Twenty-third Street, to which was added, in 1907, the adjoining building, Nos. 35-37 West Twenty-third Street. In time even this large property proved inadequate and it became necessary to again move, the present premises being taken in 1909. The Schwarz stores now occupy 60,000 square feet of floor space fronting on Fifth Avenue, at 303-305; Nos. 5, 7, and 9 East Thirty-first Street, and Nos. 6, 8 and 10 East Thirty-second Street.

In 1891, Mr. Schwarz admitted his eldest son, Henry F. Schwarz, to junior partnership in the business. In 1906, the business was incorporated and Mr. Frederick A. O. Schwarz continued as active head until his death in 1911. Mr. Henry F. Schwarz was then elected President and continued in that office until May, 1925, when he died.

In its present organization, F. A. O. Schwarz Inc., is solely in the hands of the Schwarz family. The officers are Theodore Baettenhaussen, President and Treasurer, and Frederick A. O. Schwarz, grandson of the founder, Vice-President and Secretary.

The original Frederick A. O. Schwarz recognized in toys an educational value wholly overlooked by most people. To him it mattered not what one paid for a toy so long as it served to create interest. If the youthful mind could be entertained and amused, it would, unconsciously, be educated and the foundation laid for more serious study later on. This was the doctrine also of Froebel, whose development of kindergarten methods and perfection of the wonderful vari-colored cement building blocks thirty-five or forty years ago added greatly to the value and interest of the higher grade toys.

"SCHRAFFT'S"

NO HISTORY of Mid-Manhattan would be complete unless it included "Schrafft's." Take Schrafft's out of the history and out of the daily lives of thousands upon thousands of discriminating Mid-Manhattanites and what would you substitute?

Manhattanites are famous the world over for their avid pursuit of the best in all things and they are quick to reward with their patronage those who reach the heights of superiority.

Conscious of this fact, we are pleased to record the continuous growth and development of the Schrafft Stores.

It was in 1898 that Mr. Frank G. Shattuck, President of the Company that bears his name, established the first Schrafft's Store at Broadway and Thirty-sixth Street, in the heart of Mid-Manhattan. At that time only candy and ice cream were sold there.

Back of the opening of that first Schrafft's Store lay the firm conviction of Mr. Shattuck that Quality was something more substantial than a lofty ideal, an oft quoted motto—that it was in fact a stern reality, a product of dogged perseverance and unending effort.

It was thus he set out to exemplify that virtue so often promised but so seldom found. That he succeeded in his endeavor, that the Manhattanites rather agreed with his viewpoint, seems to us at this time quite evident, for step by step with Mid-Manhattan's advancement grew the business of the Schrafft's Stores until today there are fourteen of their stores in Mid-Manhattan alone, in addition to their other establishments in the financial and residential districts of New York, Boston and Syracuse.

Coincident with this growth occurred the development of a luncheon business in the Schrafft's Stores which grew from the original "light lunch" of a few years ago into the popular and gratifying service of today, with its a la carte menus, club breakfasts, afternoon tea, club dinners, after-theatre suppers and, finally, that unique, hospitable meal known as "The Colonial Home Dinner," which is served in the Alexandria Room of Schrafft's 556 Fifth Avenue Shop.

FRANK G. SHATTUCK, *President*
Frank G. Shattuck Co. Operating
The Schrafft's Stores

Recognizing it as one of the foremost institutions of its kind in existence today, it is indeed a pleasant thing to look back and recall that it had its beginning here in Mid-Manhattan, and as it is a part and parcel of Mid-Manhattan life, we feel we will be confirmed in our belief, as stated above, that no history of this section would be complete unless it contained some mention of one of its most interesting developments, the Schrafft's Stores.

AMERICAN BOND & MORTGAGE COMPANY BUILDING

occupies a prominent location at 345 Madison Avenue, just north of 44th Street. The first four floors of this building are beautifully finished in marble and panelling and are occupied by American Bond & Mortgage Company, Inc. This large and successful investment house with offices in more than twenty principal cities throughout the country, deals in Utility, Industrial, Municipal, Real Estate and General Corporate Securities.

THE CHANIN CONSTRUCTION COMPANY

THE Chanin Construction Company, engineers and builders, was founded by Irwin S. Chanin and Henry I. Chanin upon their return from the World War in the spring of 1919. Since its inception, the Chanin organization has completed about $80,000,000 of construction in Greater New York, of which amount buildings valued at about $50,000,000 were erected in the Mid-Manhattan Zone between 1925 and 1929.

CHANIN BUILDING
"At New York's Front Door"

The first venture of the Chanin Construction Company was a one-family frame house in the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn, built at a cost of $7,000. For two or three years moderate priced dwellings was the only activity of the company. Then came suburban business buildings and apartment houses. After a brief period of activity in the Borough Hall section of Brooklyn, the Chanin organization foresaw the remarkable building opportunities then presenting themselves in Mid-Manhattan and all activities were transferred to the Mid-Manhattan Zone. The first Chanin enterprise in Manhattan was the Fur Centre Building in East Twenty-ninth Street, followed immediately by the Thirtieth Street Building.

In 1925 the Chanin organization entered the theatre field as builders and owners both of legitimate and motion picture theatres. That year saw the completion or virtual completion of Chanin's Forty-sixth Street Theatre, the Biltmore Theatre and the Mansfield Theatre, all in the Times Square district, as well as the Coney Island project now known as Loew's Coney Island Theatre and Office Building.

Chanin activities for 1927 included the Royale Theatre, the Majestic Theatre and the Theatre Masque, also located in Times Square, as well as the $10,000,000 Roxy Theatre, largest motion picture theatre in the world. Incidentally, the Roxy is the only structure which the Chanin organization has erected since its inception which was not for its own operation or ownership.

Early in 1928 the Hotel Lincoln, located at Forty-fourth Street, Forty-fifth Street and Eighth Avenue, was completed and fully equipped at a cost exceeding $12,000,000. The Hotel Lincoln is 30 stories high, the tallest residential structure in the Times Square district, and has 1400 rooms. In it the modernistic tendencies in architecture and decoration were used extensively for the first time in New York City.

The latest Chanin achievement is the 56-story Chanin Building, located at Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue. The Chanin Building, which cost about $14,000,000, is the tallest structure now in existence (1929) in the Mid-Manhattan Zone, and is the tallest building erected anywhere in Greater New York in more than a decade, being 680 feet high over all. In the Chanin Building, it was demonstrated that the modernistic art forms were adaptable to the architecture and decoration of the skyscraper.

The Chanin Building, in which are now located the general offices of the Chanin organization, stands upon the site of an earlier landmark of Mid-Manhattan. For more than forty years the plot was occupied by the Manhattan Storage Warehouse, a brick structure of fortress-like strength, antedating modern steel construction and in its day regarded as one of the architectural marvels of New York.

NEW YORK STEAM CORPORATION

Representative Tower Buildings Served

1882 1929

"The Seal of Service"

NEW YORK STEAM CORPORATION

Representative Tower Buildings Served

1882 1929

"The Seal of Service"

The greatest Apartment City in the World —a *four minute walk* from Grand Central—

Tudor City—you can probably see it from your office window—stands at the easterly end of Forty-second Street.

Offering the utmost in home comfort and freedom from transportation difficulties, it is today an ideal residential development within a few minutes walk of the business centre of the greatest city in the world.

It provides unusual services and conveniences for its tenants including restaurants and community shops. In new buildings to be constructed it is planned to provide swimming pool, hand-ball courts, bowling alleys and other unusual features.

When entirely completed, Tudor City will be "home" to about 15,000 people and will constitute the greatest residential neighborhood in the world.

Grouped around two large parks, one with a miniature 18-hole golf-course, a children's playground, with trees, fresh air and freedom from through traffic, Tudor City—just a few minutes walk from offices in the Grand Central zone—is more secluded, more quiet, more remote from the disturbances of the city than many a suburban home.

Apartments are provided—housekeeping or hotel—of the type and size to suit the needs and purses of the business man or woman with or without a family.

Other Fred F. French buildings, located on some of New York's most fashionable streets are distinguished by the type of service which makes living an effortless pleasure.

FRED F. FRENCH MANAGEMENT COMPANY, INC.

Fred F. French Building

551 Fifth Avenue at 45th Street

Vanderbilt 6320

HOW MONEY GROWS UNDER THE FRENCH PLAN

IF you are investing for steady and generous increase in value, consider the remarkable profit opportunities offered you by large income-producing buildings in New York, under THE FRENCH PLAN.

You may participate in the ownership of great income-producing properties, sharing fully in profits from operation and from the inevitable increase in land values, through the investment of any convenient sum—$100 to $100,000!

Your investment is safeguarded by actual value in well-selected, improved New York real estate.

You receive the entire net profit distributed from the operation of the property until every dollar of your original capital has been repaid to you—plus 6%.

Thereafter, you continue to share in ownership and profits and receive 50% of all profits distributed from the operation of the property, despite the fact that your original investment has been repaid to you in full, plus interest!

By re-investing your capital as it is repaid to you under THE FRENCH PLAN in other FRENCH buildings, you acquire a series of income-producing equities—which automatically multiply the value and the income of your investment. Your money not only grows with the value of New York real estate, it also multiplies under the continuous reinvestment made possible by THE FRENCH PLAN!

THE FRENCH PLAN gives you a sound investment in VALUE—plus 6%—plus the repayment of your original investment—plus 50% of all profits distributed from the operation of the property thereafter.

Can any investment be safer than well-selected New York real estate? Does any other investment give you a more generous share of earnings than all profits until every dollar of your investment has been repaid to you plus interest? What other investment continues to pay you profits after your capital has been repaid to you?

Your Copy is Ready!

Thousands of discriminating New Yorkers have invested millions of dollars in large income-producing buildings under this Plan and are now sharing generously in profits from operation—and from the inevitable increase in land values.

You will find complete details in the 72-page book "THE FRENCH PLAN"—and you will doubtless find it the most interesting and the most profitable reading you have done in months!

Your copy is ready. Write for it *Today!*

FRED. F. FRENCH INVESTING COMPANY, INC.
551 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK CITY

SAFEGUARDING MID-MANHATTAN PROPERTY

IT IS indeed a far cry from the Mid-Manhattan section as it was fifty years ago to the busy heart of the city today. Included within the area now is the retail shopping center of the world, the headquarters of the nation's garment industries, and of its fur, silk, and jewelry trades. Many banks are there, too, and palatial apartment residences, and hotels, as well as the White Lights of Broadway.

Truly a marvelous development, a monument to the earlier business executives who saw the vision of the future and who brought about its realization. Holmes Electric Protection, furnishing an essential service in the safeguarding of property and wealth, has kept pace with this development.

In 1882 the Holmes Electric Protective Company was organized to take over the entire business of the former Holmes Burglar Alarm Company, then a well established business of twenty-four years' experience and a few hundred subscribers, for whom it had rendered incalculable service in the protection of property. At this time the Company's northernmost Central Office in Manhattan was at 518 Broadway, just below Spring Street, where Mr. Holmes also operated the first telephone exchange in New York City. As business expanded to the north, the Holmes Company grew with it, and successive Central Offices at Union Square, and on 27th, 33rd, 39th, and 59th Streets were required to care for the ever increasing numbers of subscribers. Today the Holmes Company maintains nine Central Offices in the Mid-Manhattan area, and serves some eight thousand subscribers in that district alone.

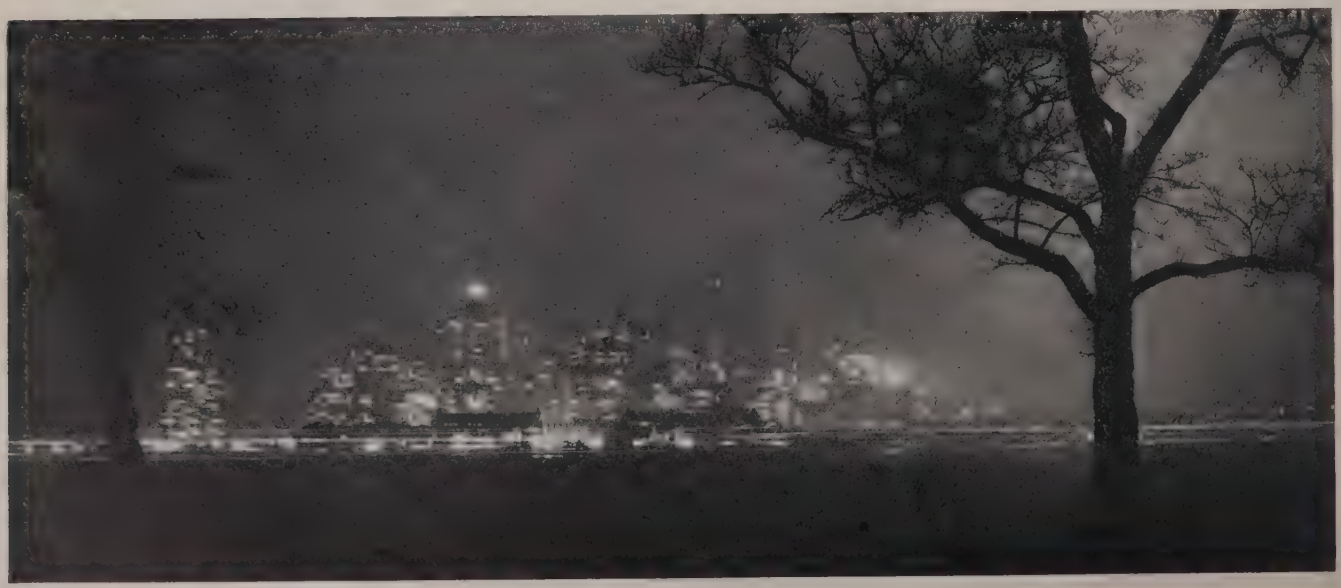
This growth, obviously, sprang from the absolute logic of the Holmes idea quite as much as from its mechanical perfection. People quickly took to the "ounce of prevention" idea.

First of all, it instantly notifies a competent staff that a burglary is being attempted. Before the intruder has climbed over the windowsill a fast automobile is racing armed guards to the scene.

Burglary is a calling in which the criminal always matches the possible gain against the possible risk of capture. That his judgment is often faulty is evidenced by the fact that Holmes guards captured a total of sixty-eight burglars in the year 1928.

That record of itself constitutes an effective measure of protection, and the expert loft burglar or safe-breaker will candidly say that one of his first steps in lining up prospective jobs is to avoid those equipped with Holmes Electric Protection.

And so today Holmes Service is indeed a very real element in the business life of Mid-Manhattan.



BUILDINGS!

Buildings tall! Buildings short! Buildings new and old! New York shows a cosmopolitan quality in its structures as in its inhabitants!

Among them all is one building, however, that New Yorkers and those familiar with New York think of less in terms of size and purpose than in terms of tradition. For here the great have feasted; here the great have met in solemn conclave; here destines have been determined and here, in the very heart of the best known city in the world, centers the life and laughter of the most irrepressible of communities.

The Hotel Astor was erected in 1904 by William C. Muschenheim and his brother and partner, Frederick A. Muschenheim, who continues in the active management of the Hotel. From the first, the Astor took a new and prominent part in the activities of New York. It was a favorite meeting place and, five years after its opening, the grand ballroom, still the largest in the city, was opened.

In the staging of banquets the Hotel Astor has no equal. More important functions are held here than at any other hotel in New York or elsewhere. With all its rooms and facilities in operation it can serve 7,500 diners simultaneously. In fact, when the 27th Division celebrated its return from the World War, no less than 8,000 persons were entertained by the Astor.

Five inviting restaurants cater to varying tastes and moods, while during the summer months the cool, delightful Roof Garden offers a refreshing contrast to the clamor of the crowded streets below.

Celebrities in every walk of life have been entertained by the Astor. Presidents, Princes and Politicians have honored it. Travelers from the world over know this famous Hotel—a landmark on Broadway for nearly a quarter of a century.

E. M. STATLER

AMONG the men who have left their mark on Mid-Manhattan must certainly be mentioned the late E. M. Statler — a hotel-building genius who came out of the west and gave to New York, in 1919, a hotel which was then, and for eight years thereafter, the largest in the world. After opening Hotel Pennsylvania he remained in New York, and was a well-known figure of the city's business life until his death, in 1928.

It has often been said of Mr. Statler that "he invented the modern hotel." It was he who first had the courage to build a hotel in which every room had a private bath; he was the first to provide circulating ice-water in guest-rooms, the first to adopt as an operating principle in a hotel the dictum that "the guest is always right," the first to design and build operating departments and service facilities that made for an efficiency and economy in routine which resulted in better service to the guest for less expenditure. All hotel-builders who have erected modern properties since the first Hotel Statler was opened (at Buffalo, in 1907), have followed in the footsteps of E. M. Statler.

The story of his life would read like a Horatio Alger narrative. As a boy he began at the bottom, and achieved his first ambition when he got a job as bellboy in Wheeling, W. Va. Here was born the first conception of a new kind of hotel service, which later became identified with his name. Through successful small operations at Wheeling—all of them large to him, in those days —he accumulated enough capital to remove to Buffalo, and undertake a restaurant (which still operates, and is still successful) in that city. Next came the Pan-American Hotel, a temporary structure built for the exposition at Buffalo in 1901; and this was followed by the Inside Inn for the World's Fair at St. Louis.

In this last venture his life and career came very nearly to being cut off simultaneously. On the very day of the opening of his vast hostelry a coffee-urn exploded and he was so bady scalded that his recovery was more than doubtful. Recover he did, however, and operated the Inside Inn from a wheel-chair, after four months of heroic battling for life in a hospital. Back to Buffalo he went, with enough money to undertake construction of his first permanent hotel.

That was in 1907; and from that time he did things undreamed-of in the hotel industry. Hotels at Cleveland, at Detroit, at St. Louis, at New York (Hotel Pennsylvania) followed each other—then a new, larger Hotel Statler at Buffalo. But the original Hotel Statler at Buffalo was kept, renamed as Hotel Buffalo, and is today a successful, popular house, operated by the Statler Company under the full Statler policies; and the most striking thing, perhaps, is that the hotel is as modern; as up-to-date in its equipment, as are the hotels being built today. That is a measure of the man's vision. Later —only a year before his death—was opened the Hotel Statler at Boston, in which all New England takes pride.

From the opening of his first house, Mr. Statler had wanted a hotel in New York. He at one time went so far as to lease ground and prepare to build, but other opportunities pressed from other quarters and he took a profit on his lease and postponed operation. Later other sites were considered, other plans were made; but only with the decision of the Pennsylvania Railroad to build a monster, modern hotel opposite its terminal did Statler's plans solidify. He knew what he wanted; and he made over the original plans to make the structure, 2200 rooms, instead of the 1200 originally planned, and to make it truly a Statler hotel; and he went ahead at full speed. So was the largest hotel in the world opened, in Mid-Manhattan in the year 1919—and, like other hotels built and operated by him, it was successful from the first.

The new Hotel Pennsylvania gave tremendous impetus, of course, to the whole district, and many an improvement in the locality followed its opening. It is not too much to say that the headwork and handiwork of E. M. Statler contributed more than the share of any one man to the growth and prosperity of the city where he spent the later years of his life.

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

NEW YORK'S largest hotel, which is also one famous throughout the world for its innovations in equipment and service, is in the mid-town district: Hotel Pennsylvania. It has 2200 guest-rooms, every one of which has its own private bath, circulating ice-water, radio reception "Servidor" and other ingenious, well-planned features. Under this one roof are (seven) restaurants, including a roof garden, and also numerous ball rooms, banquet rooms and private dining rooms—the whole enterprise being on a scale never attempted until the genius of the late E. M. Statler planned and built Hotel Pennsylvania.

Standing opposite the Pennsylvania Station, on Seventh Avenue, and extending from Thirty-second to Thirty-third Street, the building covers the half of a city block—200 x 400 feet. With the equivalent of twenty-two floors above ground, three basements and various mezzanines, its floor-area is tremendous; and its height makes it a familiar landmark in New York's sky-line. The location leaves little to be desired in convenience: there is a subway station (local and express) in the building; a Fifth Avenue bus line passes its door, and one block away to the east and two blocks to the west run elevated railways. The Hudson Tubes and the B.M.T. Subway are also reached from its basement. Therefore one is within five minutes of the Times Square theatre district, and the financial section of downtown is but little further, in minutes.

Like the other hotels which are built and are operated by the Statler chain, the Pennsylvania has always been notable for the "extra" things it provides for its guests and does not charge for —as, for instance, the morning paper which is always slipped under the guest's door, and the specially built radio-receiving equipment which is a feature of every guest room. The hotel's radio system extends to an elaborate equipment which makes it possible for a speaker in a ball room or other private room to be heard in any or all parts of the house—by simply sending his voice through the hotel's own "public address system."

Judged by the standards of the native traveler, the visitor from overseas, or the resident New Yorker, Hotel Pennsylvania must be accounted one of the world's greatest hotels; and mid-Manhattan counts it a distinct asset to the section and to the city.

HOTEL COMMODORE

TOWERING 363 feet above the street and overlooking a vast extent of one of the most interesting city sections in the world, the Hotel Commodore, at Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue, holds a conspicuous and worthy position among Mid-Manhattan's monumental architectural triumphs.

This, the largest unit in the system welded together by John McEntee Bowman, President of the Bowman Biltmore Hotels Corporation, is operated under the personal direction of George W. Sweeney, Vice-President of the organization.

The opening of the Commodore, which took place January 28, 1919, was generally regarded as a significant foreshadowing of the immense development which Pershing Square and surrounding districts have experienced. At the time of its inaugural the Commodore was the world's largest hotel, with its thirty-three stories and 2000 rooms. Since then it has been surpassed in the actual number of rooms but in no other respect, being still the last word in modern equipment and efficiency, while the beauty of its design and interior decorations and furnishings has few rivals.

The Commodore Grand Ballroom is the largest room of its kind in the world, and in it have taken place the largest banquets ever held in the United States or Europe. All world's records in this respect were broken at the dinner to Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, when over 3800 guests were served in a little over an hour.

The world's most prominent men and women have dined or slept under the Commodore's roof, while a vast army of the traveling public has been accommodated annually. As a convention hotel the Commodore has a national prestige, because of its exceptional auditorium facilities.

Its lobby is annually used for special displays by exhibitors in the National Automobile Show and Automobile Salon, with every inch of space being snapped up.

THE BILTMORE

At the very doorway of New York City stands the Hotel Biltmore, facing the Grand Central Terminal and occupying the entire block bounded by Vanderbilt and Madison Avenues and 43rd and 44th Streets. Travelers arriving at the Grand Central Station are but a few steps from The Biltmore, which is reached by direct indoor corridors, an arrangement also enjoyed by the Hotel Commodore.

The Biltmore threw open its doors to the public December 31st, 1913, the occasion attracting a memorably brilliant gathering of well known New Yorkers. Magnificently furnished and beautified by a lavish endowment of objects d'art, including paintings and rare old tapestries worth a king's ransom, the Biltmore possessed a distinctive atmosphere for which persons of wealth and artistic tastes continue to show their appreciation.

Around the Biltmore, John McEntee Bowman, who became its President and Managing Director early in 1914, built the nation-wide system controlled by the Bowman Biltmore Hotels Corporation. He made it the most talked-of hotel in New York by opening the Cascades, the Biltmore's roof, and by introducing ice skating in the Italian Garden, on the second floor of the building. Skating at the Biltmore became a social craze. The forenoons were reserved for children and scores of young scions of some of America's wealthiest families were to be found there daily.

Rising to a height of 322 feet and with twenty-five floors above the sidewalk, the Biltmore is still one of New York's loftiest hotels. It has sheltered an army of world celebrities, who have lived there or been guests of honor at memorably brilliant banquets, the notable roster including Presidents Roosevelt, Wilson and Coolidge, Lloyd George, Marshall Foch, Commander Peary, the Prince of Siam, Queen Marie of Roumania; President Machado, of Cuba; President Cosgrove, of the Irish Free State; Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, Commander Byrd and countless others.

THE NEW LINCOLN BUILDING

COSTING nearly thirty million dollars, containing nine hundred twenty-seven thousand square feet of space—the new Lincoln Building stands as one of America's greatest office buildings—perhaps the greatest. Its fifty-three stories rise far above the Grand Central zone opposite Grand Central Terminal between Madison and Park Avenues, Forty-second and Forty-first Streets.

No other office structure has ever been created where clear fresh air is more abundant or where radiant sunlight is more plentiful. Every square foot of space is within the light penetration area. Other buildings are far enough away to give unimpeded ventilation to all floors.

Situated as it is facing Grand Central, one block from Fifth Avenue, the Bar Association, the popular clubs and in the center of the uptown financial district, the new Lincoln Building enjoys a strategic location in New York's most important business center. Lawyers, bankers, architects, advertising men—in fact, men in all walks of life are choosing this building for their offices because of its economical floor arrangement and convenient location.

Designed by the architectural firm of J. E. R. Carpenter
Built by Dwight P. Robinson and Company, Incorporated
Renting Agents, Pease & Elliman, Incorporated
660 Madison Avenue

CONNECTED by private passage with Grand Central, The Roosevelt is in the center of New York life.

Upon entering The Roosevelt one is impressed by the simple dignity of appointments; its freedom from ostentation.

For instance, the Colonial Room, where one may breakfast or lunch is in "Early American." Colonial traditions are faithfully observed here even to the china design, the carpet pattern, and the pewter lamps.

At the head of the lobby is the Palm Room where bright society foregathers to chat and sip tea before the evening ceremonies.

Then, there is the Hendrik Hudson Dining Room which derives its name from a mural of heroic proportions painted by N. C. Wyeth.

For evening gaiety, guests gather in the Grill where Ben Bernie and his famous orchestra play.

All of the dining rooms at The Roosevelt are air-cooled during the summer months.

Another feature is the Teddy Bear Cave, a bit of "Toyland" where the little ones, under supervision, may amuse themselves all day long while Mother goes-a-shopping.

In the Library, with its panelled walls and open fire place one may browse over a favorite book, remote from the city's roar.

On the second floor, adjoining The Roosevelt Health Institute with its fully-equipped gymnasium and therapeutic baths, is a tiled Swimming Pool filled with continually changing filtered water.

The Ball Room on the Mezzanine floor furnishes an imposing setting for many of New York's most brilliant functions.

And finally, your bedroom fairly breathes comfort and rest—in its furnishings and its quiet good taste.

THE ROOSEVELT

Madison Ave. at 45th St., New York City

EDWARD CLINTON FOGG—*Managing Director*

THE Schwarzenbach Buildings at 462 to 468 Fourth Avenue, which house the firm of Schwarzenbach, Huber & Company, stand as a metropolitan monument to the universal accomplishments of the Schwarzenbach Enterprises. Ten thousand silk looms, owned by the Schwarzenbach interests, are constantly operating in various countries.

For one hundred years, while the Schwarzenbach Enterprises have been producing Darbrook Silks, they have been weaving a colorful and enduring background of integrity and outstanding service—traits which are indigenous to the name "Schwarzenbach."

IN KEEPING
WITH THE SOUND PRINCIPLES
OF BANKING

FOR more than three-quarters of a century the policy of The Corn Exchange Bank has been one of individual service to its customers, and of complete protection to their money. This individual service begins first with our Board of Directors and is made available to each customer through our Officers and Employees.

The Corn Exchange Bank has always been a leader in adding those features of service which will be appreciated by its customers, and in opening additional branches as fast as the growing needs of individual sections of our Greater City require superior banking service.

The Corn Exchange Bank stands for safe and conservative management of its depositors' funds; by this is meant that those funds will be invested only in the securities of, or loaned to, conservative and well-established concerns, and for promoting legitimate business, and will not be loaned in speculative enterprises, even though this could be done at greater profit to the bank.

THE CORN EXCHANGE BANK

ESTABLISHED 1853

NOW

CORN EXCHANGE BANK TRUST CO.

---

66 Conveniently Located Branches to Serve You

From the First Advertisement of
THE FARMERS' LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY
[NOW THE CITY BANK FARMERS TRUST COMPANY]
August 6, 1822

"The public will readily perceive, that the advantages of this Company to protect property for the benefit of infants or others, or to answer any special purposes either of a public or private nature, are far greater than those of individual executors or other trustees, who are always liable to casualties, which no foresight can guard against or prevent."

Twenty-three years ago men of broad vision, feeling the stir of a new century, began to see the possibilities in the future development of Fifth Avenue as a Midtown business and financial center. In that year the The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, now the City Bank Farmers Trust Company, (the trust affiliate of The National City Bank of New York), established its Fifth Avenue office at Forty-first street.

Chartered in 1822 and recognized as the oldest trust company in America, The Farmers' was the first downtown trust company to establish a midtown office. It realized the opportunity for the growth of its own business in bringing conveniently to the people and industries of the midtown section its complete trust, custodian and safe deposit facilities and all of the various services which it had developed during more than a century of practical experience in commercial and personal banking.

This Company, now affiliated with the world wide National City organization with its resources exceeding Two Billion dollars, is ready to go forward in the midtown section to still greater things.

CITY BANK FARMERS TRUST CO.

Formerly The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company
Now Affiliated With The National City Bank of New York

22 WILLIAM STREET

(Temporary Headquarters—43 Exchange Place)

Fifth Avenue Office at Forty-first Street
181 Montague Street, Brooklyn

Madison Ave. Office at Forty-second Street
London Office: 15 Cockspur Street, S.W.1.

MANHATTAN COMPANY BANKING SERVICE

ANY history or permanent record of the important elements composing that great section of New York City known as Mid-Manhattan would be incomplete if it did not include reference to The Manhattan Company's group of banking institutions, the Bank of Manhattan Trust Company, the International Acceptance Bank, Inc., and the International Manhattan Company, Incorporated.

When The Manhattan Company was chartered in 1799 and established at 40 Wall Street the Bank of the Manhattan Company, now the Bank of Manhattan Trust Company, New York was a compact little city at the lower end of Manhattan Island, with its center of population close to, if not actually at the Wall Street site on which the Main Office has been located continuously down to the present time.

MADISON AVENUE OFFICE
at Forty-third Street and Madison Avenue

Today, when the history of modern Mid-Manhattan is being recorded in this volume, The Manhattan Company's banks are in the new center of Manhattan population as well as in the old. Two offices, each operating as complete units, have brought "Manhattan Service" to the chief sections of Mid-Manhattan territory, which extends from Washington Square on the South to Central Park on the North.

In the northern section of this territory, in the heart of the retail shopping and hotel districts of Greater New York, are the commodious and attractive quarters of the Madison Avenue Office, at the southeast corner of Forty-third Street and Madison Avenue. The southern section, with its extensive industrial and commercial interests, is served by the Union Square Office, at the northwest corner of Sixteenth Street and Union Square.

To modern Mid-Manhattan, therefore, The Manhattan Company's banks render the same personal and interested banking service that has characterized the operations of the institution since the close of the Eighteenth Century.

In line with The Manhattan Company's long established policy of making its complete banking and trust facilities easily and quickly available to depositors, there have also been established conveniently located offices in numerous other sections of Manhattan and in other Boroughs of Greater New York.

At every office the domestic banking and trust service of the Bank of Manhattan Trust Company, the extensive international banking service of the International Acceptance Bank, Inc., and the modern investment securities service of the International Manhattan Company, Incorporated, are available.

The chief officers of The Manhattan Company, which now operates under its charter of 1799 as a holding company, are Paul M. Warburg, Chairman of the Board of Directors; J. Stewart Baker, Chairman of the Executive Committee, and P. A. Rowley, President.

Of the Bank of Manhattan Trust Company, Stephen Baker is Chairman of the Board of Directors, P. A. Rowley, Vice-Chairman, and J. Stewart Baker, President.

Of the International Acceptance Bank, Inc., Paul M. Warburg is Chairman of the Board of Directors, and F. Abbot Goodhue, President.

Of the International Manhattan Company, Incorporated, James P. Warburg is President.

A CENTURY AGO

A HUNDRED years ago, gentle, brown-eyed heifers were herded in the open spaces between 44th and 46th Streets on Fifth Avenue. Today at the corner of 44th Street and Fifth Avenue, The Bank of United States Building towers 35 stories high —a great monument to the business and mechanical progress which the past century has produced.

Here in Mid-Manhattan is located the main office of The Bank of United States. With 58 offices in Greater New York, with resources of over $300,000,000, The Bank of United States is one of the city's outstanding financial institutions. Its rapid growth exemplifies the swift progressiveness of the twentieth century. But sixteen brief years ago, The Bank of United States had only modest resources and only one office.

Today extending into Manhattan, Bronx, Brooklyn and Queens, The Bank of United States serves over 350,000 depositors.

This rapid development is indicative of the high type of banking service rendered. Only with public recognition, only with public confidence, could such achievements be possible.

In addition to the main office, The Bank of United States has nine other offices in Mid-Manhattan.

The Bank of United States

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

FIFTH AVENUE AT 44TH STREET

AMONG the earliest of the institutions rendering banking, trust and safe deposit service in Mid-Manhattan was the Fifth Avenue Office of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York . . .

This office, originally the Fifth Avenue Trust Company, began business at Fifth Avenue and 43rd Street in 1898—when business did not extend much above Thirty-fourth Street and when the Avenue north of Forty-second Street was almost entirely residential.

The deposits and volume of business of this earlier office were small. The staff of officers and employees numbered, at the beginning, only about fifteen persons.

Then followed the period of Mid-Manhattan's greatest growth—the first quarter of the twentieth century—during which the section has become a metropolis in itself, notable for the beauty and distinction of its buildings, the variety and character of its business and the diversity of its interests. The Guaranty Trust Company has grown with Mid-Manhattan, and with each of the bank's two moves into larger and more modern quarters on Fifth Avenue it has felt increased pride in a long and active association with this great central city.

From its modest beginning, the Guaranty's Fifth Avenue Office has enjoyed a steady expansion that is typical of the development of the district it serves. Its banking quarters and the modern vaults of its affiliate, the Guaranty Safe Deposit Company, are now located at Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street in the building formerly occupied by the famous Sherry's, which the bank acquired and reconstructed in 1920. The staff of that office now comprises more than four hundred people, and offers to the business houses and individuals of Mid-Manhattan the same complete banking, trust and investment service that is available at the Company's Main Office downtown.

BOWERY SAVINGS BANK

MID-MANHATTANITES, hundreds of thousands of them, daily going to and from their offices as executives and employees, pass and repass the arched entrance to the Bowery Savings Bank. For nearly 100 years, both banks of this great financial institution, have devoted their energies to helping people succeed.

Being mutual, the Bowery Savings Bank is owned by its depositors, who receive the assistance and all of the advantages that can be derived from an organization protecting more than $313,000,000 deposited by 230,000 people—the largest number of depositors of any bank in New York.

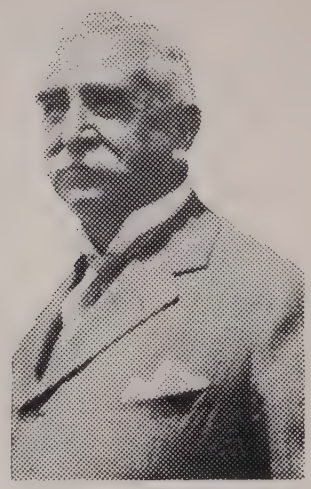
The Bowery Savings Bank under the Presidency of Victor A. Lersner, during the past few months established a new plan of interest from day of deposit to day of withdrawal, together with a 4½% dividend, compounded quarterly, which has acted as a stimulus to savings bank accounts.

The Bowery Savings Bank has built this enormous financial organization on the principle that it is more than a mere savings institution. Offering a safe depository for the people's money and maintaining a liberal interest policy were not sufficient to distinguish it from other savings associations. The executives of the bank feel that here depositors and non-depositors alike should be able to avail themselves of experienced counsel on any financial problem that may confront them. The bank must be able to guide people in the safest and most effective ways of saving and conserving money. This is why the Bowery maintains its Financial Advisory Department where any one is welcome at any time to receive experienced counsel on home ownership, household or personal budgets, life insurance, investments and other money problems.

The depositors of the Bowery Savings Bank also enjoy the convenience of having a modern safe deposit department available right in the building in which they do their banking. This department is equipped with the most modern type of vaults and a number of spacious and comfortable coupon rooms.

The Bowery Savings Bank has assisted many business men to build up the morale of their employees by cooperating with executives in their efforts to help their working force to avoid the financial cleaver that is constantly endeavoring to separate the employee from his wages. A worker, free from money worries, is more apt to be an effective and a satisfactory employee. A body of employees unharrassed by financial cares offers unusual possibilities. Any employer desirous of encouraging thrift among his working personnel, will find the cooperation of the Bowery Savings Bank helpful.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK



JOHN J. PULLEYN, *President*

THE seventy-eight years during which the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank "grew-up" in New York and eventually became the largest institution of its kind in the country, and probably in the world, have about them something of that very romance which attaches to the rise of an individual from small beginnings to vast achievement. The name of the bank, in itself, is an indication of what its beginnings were, and the point it has reached is typical of the country in which so much of our national strength and growth has come from the contributions made by people from all lands of the earth.

Nine years before the Emigrant Bank was incorporated, there was a charitable association in New York known as the Irish Emigrant Society. It was formed to give protection and help to Irish immigrants, and to advise them in finding their way about on these strange shores. Among those intensely interested in the work of this Society was Rt. Rev. Bishop John Hughes, who subsequently became the first Archbishop of New York. He and some of the trustees of the Society soon began to realize that some place was needed where the new arrivals could safely deposit the small funds they had brought with them. The Society found people were leaving with them all sorts of curious articles, some of value and some not—but representing nevertheless the total capital in life of the newly arrived. Stockings with odd coins, bits of jewelry, family souvenirs—everything found its way to the Society, and gave evidence that the savings instinct was strong among these people and needed only a friendly institution of the proper kind to develop it into a consistent habit which would be helpful to them in getting established and in making their way.

Accordingly some of the trustees of the Irish Emigrant Society discussed the matter with some of their business associates and in April, 1850 a group of eighteen well known merchants incorported the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank, and provided out of their own pockets the necessary funds to defray the cost of office rent, books and other initial expenses. The organization of a savings bank differs materially from that of any other business enterprise. There is no capital, the trustees receive no salary nor compensation of any kind, unless serving in an executive capacity, offering their services gratuitously. This meant that the original incorporators founded the Emigrant Bank with no possibility of personal gain or profit —and it has been in that same spirit that the Bank has been conducted ever since.

From two hundred and sixty-five depositors, with total deposits of $34,935 at the close of 1850, the Emigrant Bank has grown in seventy-eight years to its position today of having over 216,000 depositors, with deposits aggregating over $319,000,000, and with total assets over $365,500,000. This makes the largest total of deposits ever concentrated in one savings bank in this country, and an imposing monument to the forces which helped to build the bank from its humble beginnings.

Another factor in the impressive growth of the Emigrant has been its progressive leadership in the methods of interest payment. For years, the Emigrant was the only savings bank in New York paying interest on monthly instead of quarterly or semi-annual balances. More recently, the Emigrant again took the leadership by originating the plan of daily interest—that is, interest from the day of deposit to the day of withdrawal. The spread of this plan to other institutions is the best proof of its essential soundness in giving the depositor the fairest possible return for his confidence and cooperation.

THE GREENWICH SAVINGS BANK

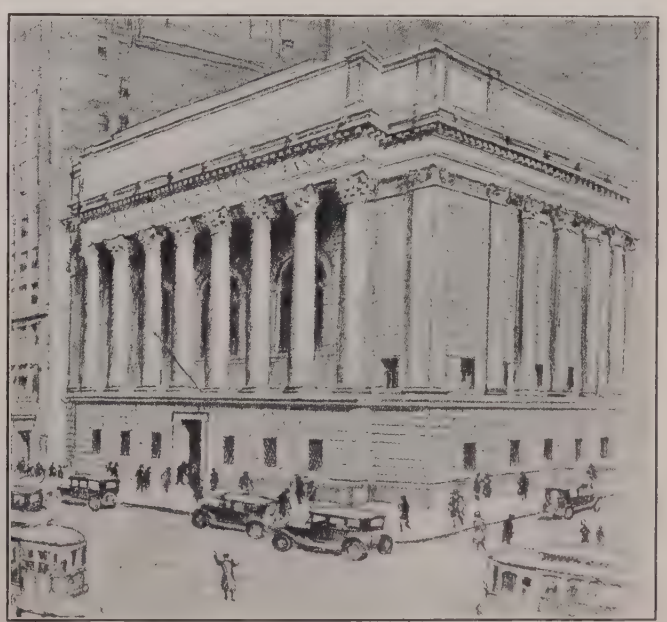
The Bank's first home (1833) at 12 Carmine Street

NEARLY one hundred years ago, on July 1, 1833, The Greenwich Savings Bank first opened its doors for business. From an announcement of the event, an old hand-bill carefully preserved among its historic documents, one may read, "The Bank will be conducive to the best interest of its Depositors by a select number of Trustees, gentlemen of undoubted success in their various lines of endeavor. The Public is assured of courteous treatment and their interests will be borne in mind, in guiding the Institution to future prosperity."

While the third savings bank to be established in the old City of New York, present borough of Manhattan, it was the first to locate in an uptown district, as Greenwich Village, from which its name derives, was then considered. The enterprise prospered and progressed, keeping pace with the notable growth of this great metropolis and the ever shifting centres of business and residence. From its original home, at 12 Carmine Street, the bank moved northward to occupy successively five sites upon Sixth Avenue at numbers 11, 41, 73, 246 and finally 617, its present imposing headquarters comprising half a city block and bounded on the south and west by 36th Street and Broadway. While now identified with the great shopping, manufacturing, hotel and theatre zone radiating from Herald Square, The Greenwich continues to serve the neighborhood of its origin, through a branch, its previous main office, at 16th Street.

Charles M. Dutcher, since 1920 president of the institution, is the eleventh incumbent of this position. His predecessors, with the period of their office, follow: George Suckley, 1833-40; Abraham Van Nest, 1840-51; William Mandeville, 1851-57; Francis T. Luqueer, 1857-60; D. A. Cushman, 1860-62; Benjamin F. Wheelwright, 1863-75; Washington R. Vermilye, 1876; Edward N. Pigot, 1877-78; John Harsen Rhoades, 1878-1906; James Quinlan, 1906-20. True to a prediction in the old hand-bill, the Trustees consistently have comprised "gentlemen of undoubted success in their various lines of endeavor", the present Board listing names long prominent in the city's financial and mercantile affairs.

Deposits, during the bank's distinguished career, have increased from the modest figure of $14,041.11, obtained during the first day's business, to the formidable sum of $125,972,938.82, on April 1, 1929. Dividend disbursements, inaugurated January 1, 1834 and since continued without interruption, have exceeded $100,000,000, a significant testimonial to the rewards of thrift and the effective encouragement of its practice by a true mutual savings bank. Here surely is fulfillment of its founders' promise that this institution would "be conducive to the best interest of its Depositors".



The Bank's present home (1924) at 1356 Broadway-617 Sixth Avenue

THE RAILROAD CO-OPERATIVE BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION

AMONG the concerns that originated and progressed to success in the Mid-Manhattan area is the Railroad Co-Operative Building & Loan Association, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York. Of the 13,000 Building & Loan Associations in the United States, this is now second largest in size.

The history of this Association is interwoven with the ambitions and joys of thousands of people. Its organization was brought about on March 9, 1890, through the philanthropic efforts of a few officials of the New York Central and the American Railway Express Companies with the approval of Cornelius Vanderbilt. The idea was solely to encourage the workers in these two companies to practice thrift and to become home owners.

Main Office of the Railroad Co-Operative Building & Loan Association

For the first few years there was no office rent or salaries, the meetings were held once a month in the rooms of the Railroad men's Y.M.C.A., and the secretary served without pay. At these meetings the members paid their dues, and the money was loaned to members to help finance homes. In 1897 the business had developed to such an extent that it was necessary to rent an office and to engage a man to devote all of his time to it.

The Railroad Co-Operative Building & Loan Association is made up of two classes of members: investors and borrowers. The investors are those who adopt one or more of the savings plans offered. The borrowers are those to whom the funds of the Association are loaned on first mortgage security. The members have the following ways in which to invest their funds: Monthly Installment Shares—Savings Shares—and Income Shares.

Monthly Installment Shares earn the highest rate of dividends and provide a systematic savings plan. The Railroad Co-Operative Building & Loan Association has never paid less than 6% on this class of shares. The shares have a value of $200 and are paid for at the rate of $1.00 a month on each share—with the dividends of 6% compounded semi-annually the shares mature in eleven years and seven months. The members are privileged to carry any number of shares they wish.

Savings Shares provide the ordinary savings plan, whereby payments may be made at any time and in any amounts. The present rate of dividend on this class of shares is 5%.

Income Shares are issued in certificate form in amounts of $100 or multiples thereof. They earn 4½% from the date of issue, or 5% from the date of issue, if held for five years.

The borrowing members are those who secure financial aid for the building, buying, or remodeling of homes. The Association lends on property within fifty miles of New York.

The mortgage is the amortization or monthly pay-off type. Under this plan, the member makes a monthly payment equal to one percent of his mortgage, and part of this payment represents interest charge, and the balance reduction of principle. Under this arrangement, the mortgage is paid off in eleven years and seven months. This type of mortgage is becoming more and more popular, as the member literally saves himself into a home, and often the monthly payment is no more and sometimes less than what the member has been paying in rent for a far less desirable home.

Mr. G. A. Martin, President of the Railroad Co-Operative Building & Loan Association, who has been connected with the Association since 1897, has stated that the officers of the Association have never striven for size, that the growth of the Association came about because of the desire to help people and the ability to pay them a higher rate on their savings than that offered by other types of savings institutions.

Since its organization the Association has assisted more than 30,000 people to become home owners, and now has more than 85,000 members. While during its first years, the membership was made up of New York Central and American Express employees and their families, everyone has always been welcome to join. On June 30th, 1929 its resources were $56,266,056.19.

The main office of the Railroad Co-Operative Building & Loan Association is at 44th Street and Lexington Avenue. Another office is located in the Bronx at Kingsbridge and Fordham Roads.

S. W. STRAUS & CO.

ONE of the most artistic buildings in the mid-town section of Manhattan is the Straus Building, on the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-sixth Street, occupied by S. W. Straus & Co., dealers in investment securities; the Straus National Bank and Trust Company of New York; the S. W. Straus Investing Corporation; and other corporations affiliated with the S. W. Straus interests.

S. W. Straus & Co. was founded in Chicago in 1882. The founder was Mr. Frederick W. Straus, father of Mr. S. W. Straus, and the business has been under unbroken control and management since it was established. Mr. S. W. Straus entered the business forty-three years ago, in 1886. He became head of the company in 1895 and was elected President on its incorporation in Illinois in 1905. The Company was incorporated in New York in 1916. At the end of the year 1928, Mr. Straus, at his own request, was elected Chairman of the Board of Directors, and Mr. Nicholas Roberts, who for many years had been senior Vice-President and executive of the Eastern organization, was elected President.

The Straus Building

In its early years the Company dealt in first mortgages on improved city real estate. It became pioneers in the development of first mortgage real estate bonds, secured by the highest class of income-producing city properties such as office buildings, apartment buildings, hotels and commercial structures. The Company developed year by year into a nationwide organization and today it has more than fifty offices in the principal cities of the United States and Canada, with an organization of approximately one thousand. It deals in a general line of securities including public utility, railroad, municipal, real estate, industrial and foreign bonds and in preferred and common stocks.

Hotel Ambassador

Affiliated with the S. W. Straus interests is the Hotel Ambassador, on the northeast corner of Park Avenue and Fifty-first Street, a part of the Ambassador Hotel system.

S. W. Straus & Co. has contributed much to the development of mid-town Manhattan and other portions of New York City, and of all the principal cities in the United States, by financing the erection of large buildings. Many of the principal office buildings and hotels in the country were financed by this House.

THE PARK AVENUE OPERATING CO., Inc.
512 FIFTH AVENUE
New York City

Our confidence in Mid-Manhattan is reflected by our holdings of Real Estate in this Section.

Builders *Architects*

JOSEPH A. MOLLER, Inc.
51 EAST 42nd STREET
New York City

Designers and builders of apartment, hotel and business structures.

THE prudent owner selects the right builder even before acquiring his site. A builder's organization experienced in investment building can render invaluable advice to his client as to value of property, adaptability of structure and proper planning of same. Avoidable losses in a building project are incurred before construction is started.

Use *all* of your builder's ability and experience and obtain the maximum profit on your investment. We are interested in all types of construction of any magnitude and are prepared to assist in the junior financing of any meritorious project.

FRED T. LEY & CO., Inc.

NEW YORK—SPRINGFIELD—BOSTON
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Santiago, Chile

Fred T. Ley & Cia. Ltda.
Lima, Peru

Fred T. Ley, S. A.
Bogota, Colombia

The Knickerbocker Ice Company *and* Traffic Congestion

WITH the placing in use of 89 new electric trucks the Knickerbocker Ice Company has completely motorized its delivery system serving its expanding business in the metropolitan area. Each of these motor vehicles now in operation will require on the average a street area of about 80 square feet, whereas the average horse drawn vehicle formerly used by the company required about 150 square feet of roadway.

More efficient use of Manhattan's streets will contribute to the relief of traffic congestion.

HOME OFFICE:

UNION CARBIDE AND CARBON CORPORATION AND SUBSIDIARIES

MENTZ STORES

Travellers are proverbially forgetful of little things. In the confusion of getting ready for a journey—even a short one—some little detail is almost invariably overlooked. It may be a comb, or a toothbrush, or a few sheets of stationery—mere trifles in themselves, but of great importance when they are not at hand. Usually these forgotten details are remembered only when it is too late to return home or to one's hotel to supply them.

Some years ago, when he was serving milk and and other refreshing drinks to passengers passing through the Grand Central Terminal, A. V. Mentz made note of this universal failing. He also noted the real distress that can be occasioned to a traveller from lack of some small aid to personal comfort.

Moved partly by sympathy and partly by a vision of a profitable business, Mr. Mentz decided to supply these small but important needs of those who came his way. It was the beginning of the Mentz stores which occupy prominent places in the Grand Central Terminal and are always busy. Men and women who travel frequently over the New York Central and New York, New Haven and Hartford lines no longer worry when they discover that they have overlooked one or more small details in their preparations. "I'll get it at Mentz's," is their comforting reflection—and Mentz has always "it."

Mr. Mentz has acquired prominent and attractive locations in the big terminal, displays his wares attractively and engaged a force of salespeople who serve their customers with courtesy and understanding. From one little stand where fresh milk was served, the Mentz stores have expanded into a group of "service stations." There is, for instance, the Capitol Stationery Shop where the traveller can readily supply himself with writing materials needed on his journey.

Did Milady forget to pack her curling iron or vibrator in the rush of getting ready? She can get another—or any other electrical apparatus—at the Concourse Electric Shop.

Is the traveller hungry as he leaves or arrives? Mentz's Period Restaurant is ready to appease him before he enters his train or leaves the Terminal.

Were sandwiches, or pickles or other edibles left behind in the rush of leaving home? Mentz's Concourse Delicatessen will make up any kind of lunch box desired.

A cool glass of good milk, an orangeade or other refreshing drink can always be obtained at the Mentz stands.

In all of these stores, good service, courtesy and a friendly interest are forthcoming. Patrons are made to feel at home—and they come again, and again.

It is not only travellers who avail themselves of the goods and service of the Mentz stores. Thousands of New Yorkers patronize them regularly because they like the quality of the things sold, the service and the home-like atmosphere of the stores.

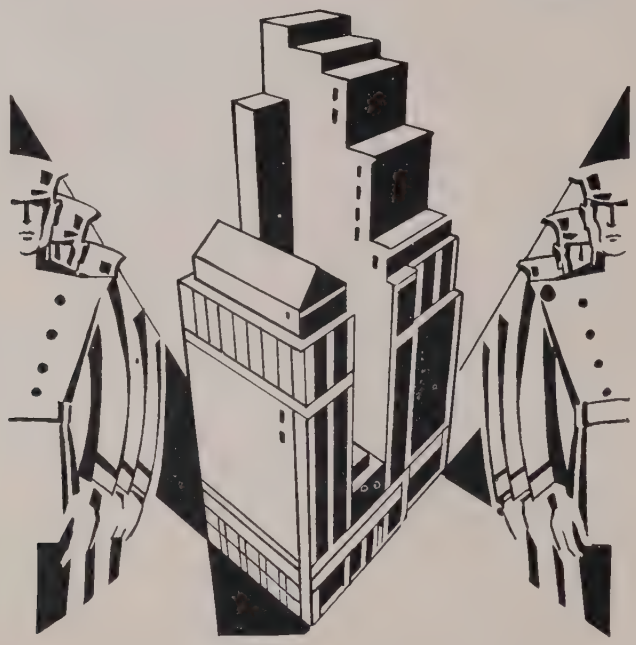
Mr. Mentz gives his personal attention to every branch of the business and keeps his organization on its toes all the time. His theory—and it is universally recognized as sound—is that when all customers are satisfied they will return.

The success of any business depends very largely upon the care used in the selection of its personnel. Service to the public calls for efficiency, tact, good-humor, courtesy and the natural disposition to be helpful to customers. Employees who conspicuously lack any of these qualities can do a great deal of damage to any business even though they are honest and willing to oblige.

In selecting his staff of employees Mr. Mentz has shown rare discrimination and a high order of knowledge of human nature. The result is that at any of the Mentz stores the customer is assured of every consideration, whether his purchase is a single glass of milk or the most costly electrical appliance. Each customer is treated with as much courtesy as if the business had been created for his, or her, especial benefit.

This policy has led to a close friendship between the employees and many of the regular customers, all of which adds prestige to the institution as one of the important mercantile enterprises of the Mid-Manhattan district.

Where the Owner is your Neighbor

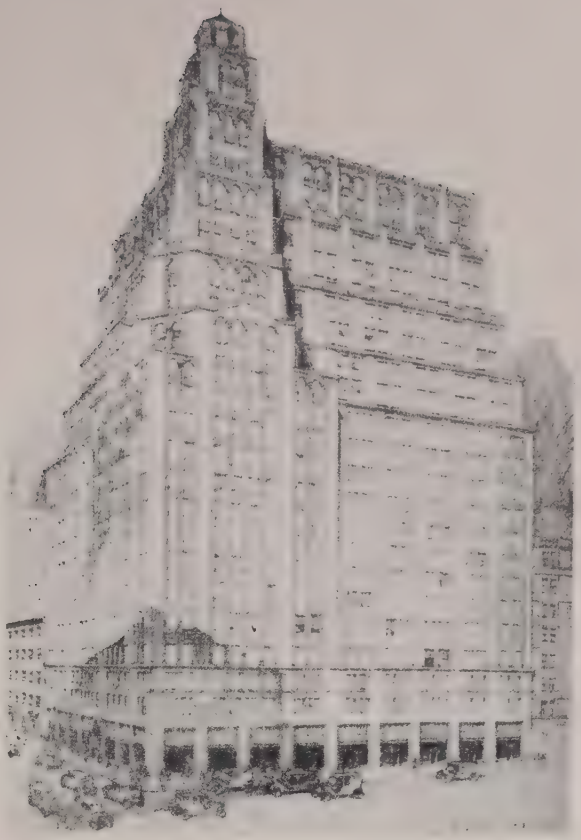


The Borden Building, the home of The Borden Company, is a 23-story modern structure, located in the magic business circle of the Grand Central District. At 45th Street and Madison Avenue, it occupies one of the most prominent locations on the first through cross street above 42nd.

Within the walls of the Borden Building are housed a long list of distinguished tenants. One important reason for retaining such an outstanding clientele is service that is smooth, efficient and constant.

THE BORDEN BUILDING
350 Madison Avenue, at 45th Street
New York

Headquarters:
Tenth Avenue at 36th Street
New York, N. Y.



Sales Office:
285 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

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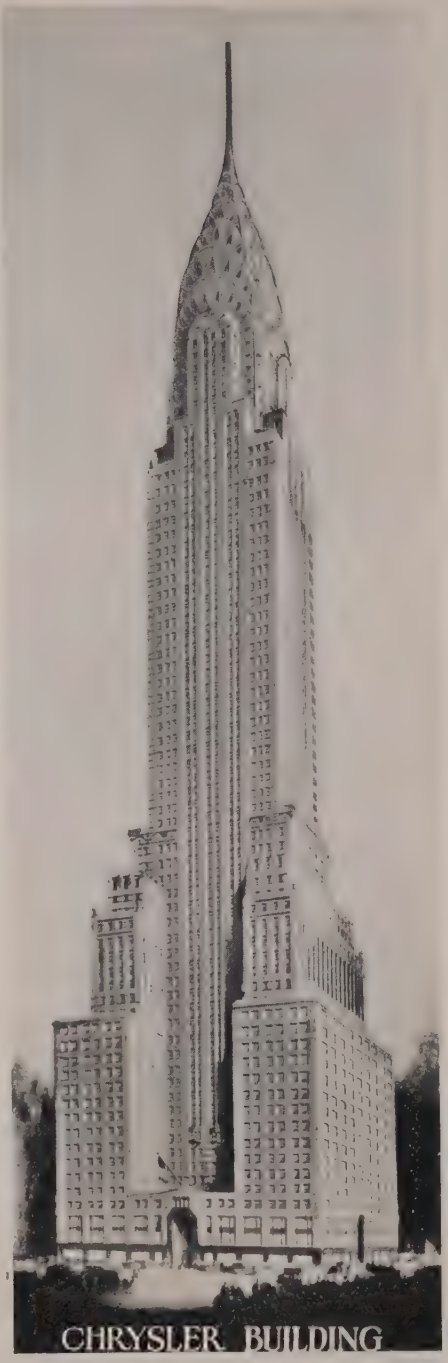
**Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations and Associated Business Papers
*Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations
†First Issue in January, 1930.

Branches in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington, Detroit, St. Louis, Cleveland, Greenville, San Francisco, London

THE CHRYSLER BUILDING

OCCUPYING the entire block, 200 feet on Lexington Avenue between 42nd and 43rd Streets, and directly across and tied into the Grand Central Terminal chain of buildings and subways by direct underground passageway, approximately 300 feet from the main information booth in the Grand Central Terminal, the new Chrysler Building rises as the highest inhabitable structure in the world.

With the progress and development of New York City from its financial and business center Downtown to the Midtown or 42nd Street district with its greatly increased transportation facilities reaching to all parts of the country and the suburban home developments, the Chrysler Building furnishes a home for big business. Business men who locate in this building will daily cut many minutes off their travel and will have the most complete, modern and efficient quarters in which to carry on the work.



CHRYSLER BUILDING

Covering a plot of 37,500 square feet and towering toward the sky in successive set backs, this monarch of buildings has required the use of approximately 22,000 tons of structural steel, and some of the largest steel sections ever used for structural purposes. As a challenge against time use has been made of the most durable as well as beautiful materials to be found. Shastone, a granite from Sweden, has contributed beauty, strength and durability and together with the silver finish of the show windows and entrances lends to the attractiveness of the street and lower floor display spaces. The facing and all exterior walls are of Georgia Marble and glazed Hy-Tex Brick of the most impenetrable and durable character laid up in varying shades of white, black and silver. This contributes not only to the beauty of the structure but guarantees to the occupants the best protection, warmth and comfort known to the builders' art.

For beauty and durability, yet economy of operation, extensive use has been made of a rust and corrosion resisting silver-colored metal in the form of trim and ornament, and also for the covering of the dome. This material has never before been used in this country in building construction.

The main entrance lobby entered from Lexington Avenue, 42nd or 43rd Streets, is unusually modern, the plan being fan-shaped so that after entering the doors on Lexington Avenue, one at once gets the impression of bigness, efficiency and speed, all directed and radiated to the 32 high speed full signal control elevators with self-leveling and safety devices which insure regularity and ease of operation. Many materials and equipments used in the construction of this building are unusual, some having been used for the first time, contributing to the character, convenience and pride of tenancy in a structure which is the outstanding and finest office building of America.

Below the level of the finished floor in all office space an underfloor duct system is installed to carry wires for telephones, desk lights, bells, etc. This permits changes in office arrangements with minimum of interference to the occupants and does away with unsightly wires and moldings. All radiators are built-in flush with the walls and enclosed with metal panels so that a refined finished appearance will prevail. A complete construction and service department will be maintained which will provide efficient and courteous service of the highest character.

Due to transportation facilities, the outstanding height and construction of the Chrysler Building, the enclosed observation gallery in the Dome will be a world-wide magnet for travellers and sightseers presenting an opportunity of seeing New York and the surrounding territory for approximately 100 miles in all directions.

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